CORONET

35c DECEMBER

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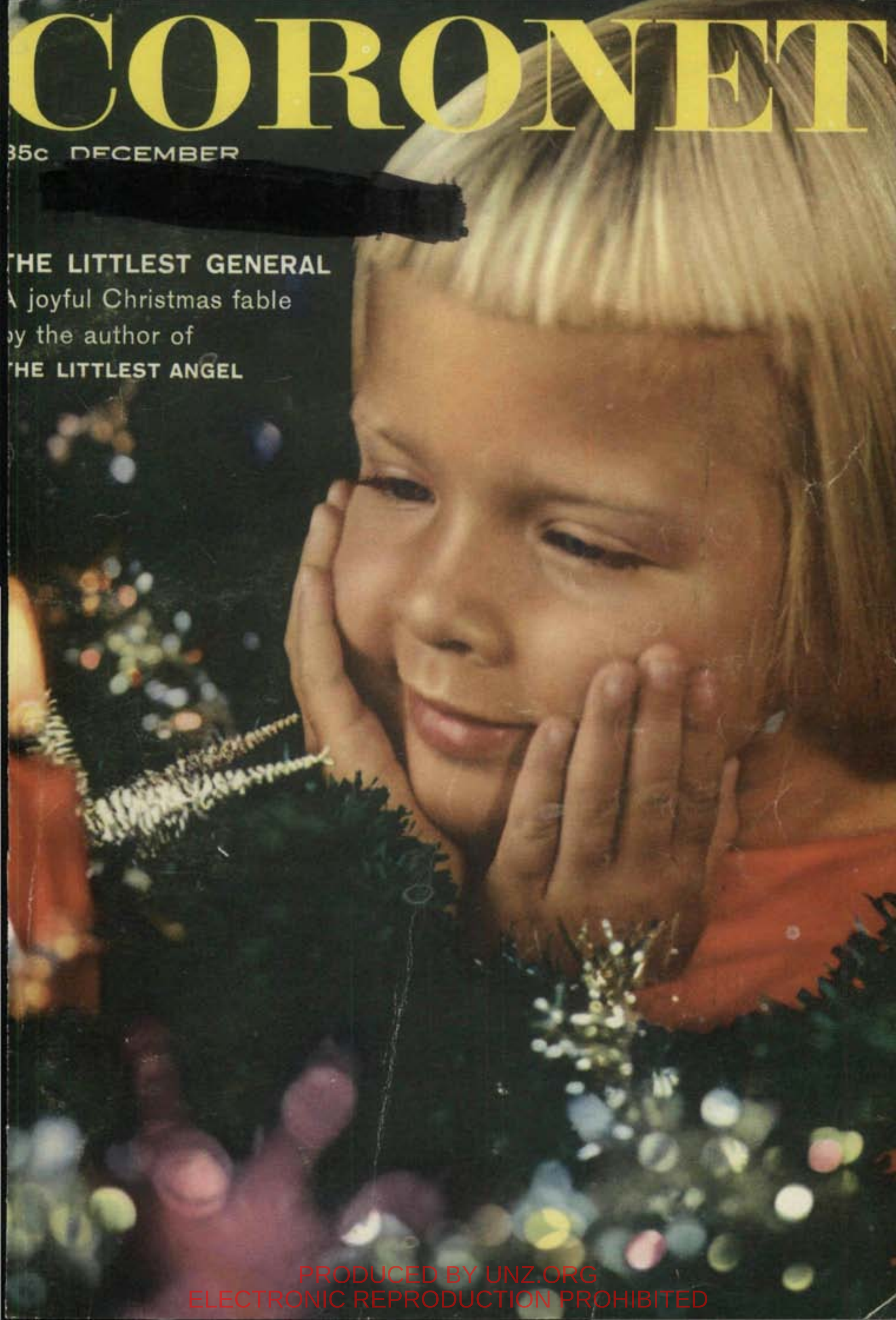

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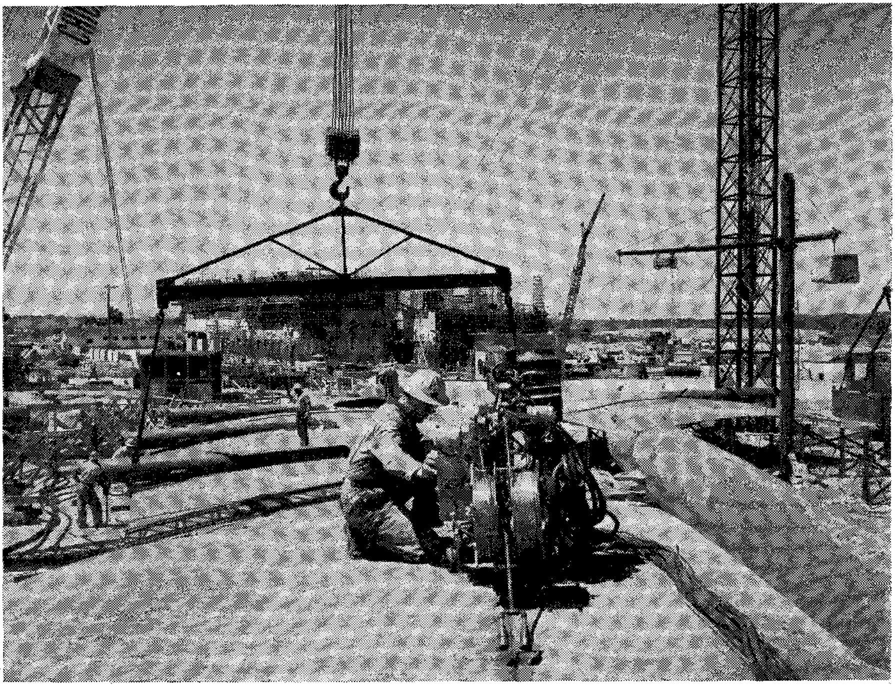

Workmen weld the reactor container (foreground) and construct the power building at the Dresden, Ill., atomic-electric plant, a project of Commonwealth Edison Company, 6 other electric companies and their equipment makers.

New power plants to produce electricit

These photographs show some of the exciting new atomic-electric power plant projects.

These three, and others like them, are being developed by a number of independent electric companies and their equipment manufacturers, and with the cooperation of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Such pioneering plants will produce electricity for thousands of homes, farms and businesses. And more than that, they will provide the knowledge and experience for even more efficient atomic-electric plants in the future.

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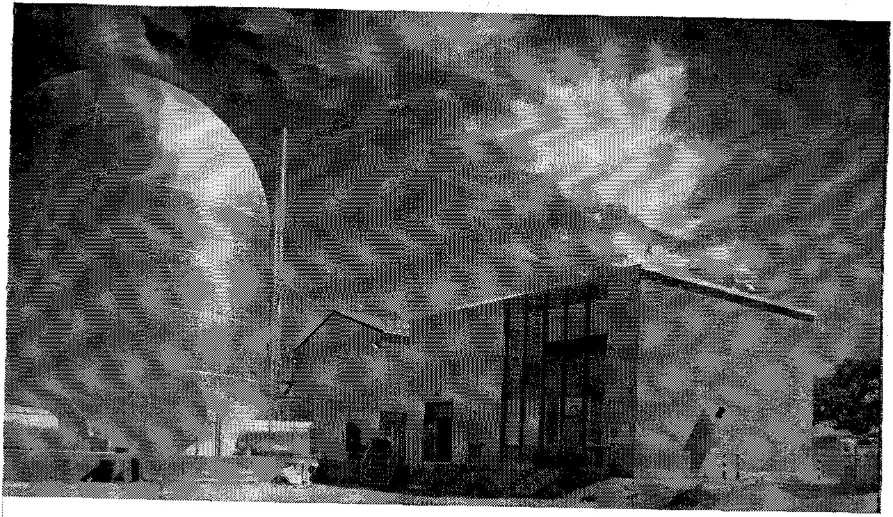
America's Independent Electric Ligl



he new atomic reactor
left) and electric generator
uilding (right) at a de-
elopmental atomic-electric
lant near Pleasanton,
alif. Reactor was built by
eneral Electric Company;
ower plant by Pacific Gas
& Electric Company.

om the atom

ngineers inspect a compli-
ated atomic fuel assembly
– the kind being built for
he Yankee Atomic Electric
lant at Rowe, Mass. Twelve
ew England electric com-
anies, a number of equip-
nent makers and the AEC
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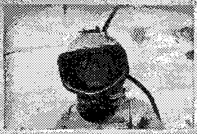

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Dear Reader:

JACQUES LOWE, who photographed our Christmas cover this year, is a man with vivid memories of Yuletide—both happy and sad. He remembers the gaiety of the pre-war holidays he spent as a boy in Cologne, Germany, where he was born 27 years ago. Jacques also recalls the sadness of the holidays spent in Strasbourg, France, while his family—refugees from the Nazis—was hiding out from 1942 to 1945. Fear replaced rejoicing and, instead of brightly wrapped presents and heaping plates of cookies and candies, there was only a slice of bread spread thinly with ersatz marmalade to mark the day as something special.

It was perhaps because of his memories that Jacques was so successful in making five-year-old Gail Kroger a symbol of all childhood in a Christmas setting. But the inspiration was combined with patience and enterprise. Because he took the picture in June, Jacques had trouble finding a Christmas tree. He finally got one at a florist's—for $45. Even then it was so scraggly that he had to thicken it by attaching additional branches. And, to make matters worse, one of the tree's biggest ornaments—a glass ball one foot in diameter—crashed to the floor during the shooting. There was also the problem of Gail and the candles. She wouldn't blow out one candle unless she was allowed to blow out *all* the candles. The process was repeated 40 times; and each time Jacques had to relight *all* the candles, with the result that it took almost five hours to get just the right picture.

Photographer Lowe started out as a violinist. He began playing at three and made his concert debut at 12—but turned to cameras when his father gave him one for passing a swimming test. Now his work is published in leading magazines and covers a wide range of subjects. But he likes nothing better than photographing children. "Make it a game for them," he says, "and they will do anything for you." Jacques and his wife, Jillen, have one lively son, Jamie, 2½, and are expecting another child. They plan on an even half dozen to fill their Greenwich Village house. And this year Jacques looks forward to making Christmas at the Lowes as wonderful and exciting as it should be for all children everywhere—and always.

The Editors

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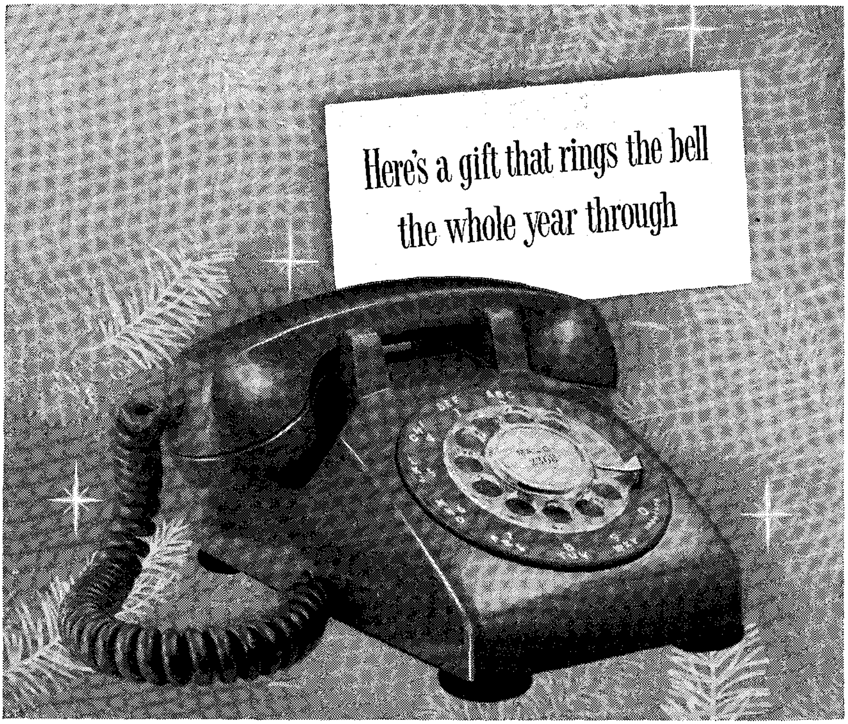

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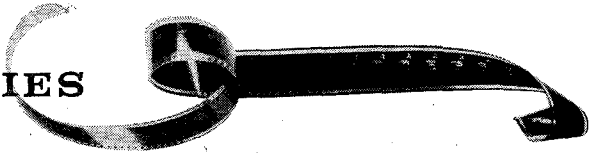
MOVIES



Singing actor without overtones

THE NEWEST PHENOMENON in show business is a singer-actor who can't read music, doesn't smoke, drink or dance, and thus far has refused to kiss his leading ladies in films. This Columbia undergraduate and father of three daughters—Pat Boone (right)—also feels out of place in grease-paint and says he would rather teach—or preach.

Despite—or perhaps because of—these wholesome qualities, Boone is a millionaire at 23—a hit in movies, TV, records (over 14,000,000 sold to date) and on stage.

Yet Boone is disturbed by fleeting time. He gives the impression that he wants to do, see and learn everything all at once. His mental hunger has a physical counterpart, too: his favorite food, says his wife Shirley, is "Food. Plenty of it."

Withal, Boone hopes to make Phi Beta Kappa at graduation in February, when he and his wife expect their fourth child. Pat and Shirley were high school sweethearts, and wed at 19, after he won a TV talent contest. They now live in Leonia, New Jersey.

Claiming direct descent from Daniel Boone, Pat was born Charles Eugene Boone June 1, 1934, son of a Nashville, Tennessee, building contractor. Reared in the Church of Christ, Pat's rigidly proper behavior still startles show business associates including co-star Shirley Jones, whom he refused to kiss in his second movie, *April Love*, released this month. Against his religious convictions, he said. So they finally settled for a peck on the cheek.

Pat attends church three times weekly, and weighs decisions, like not postponing his schooling, very seriously: "Too many teen-agers want to quit school. I can't set a bad example. Besides, I'll need an education to support my family if this bubble ever bursts."

(*Continued on page 10*)

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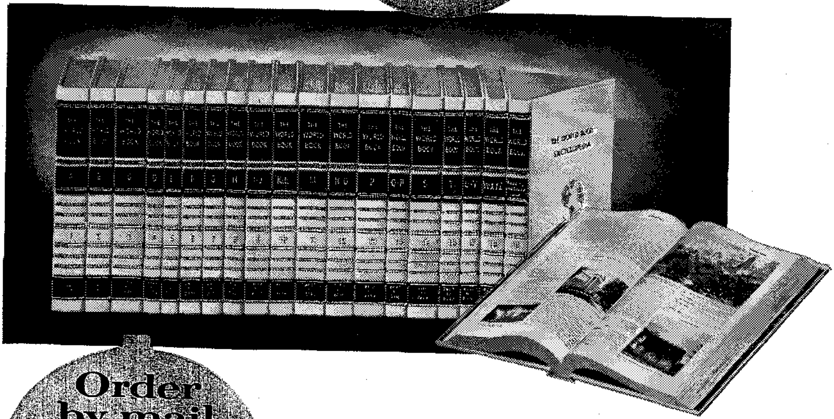

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PAL JOEY Frank Sinatra follows up his fine portrayal of Joe E. Lewis in *The Joker Is Wild* with another first-rate performance. As the skirt-chasing, fast-talking m.c. of a cheap nightclub revue, he puts across the Rodgers & Hart score from this Broadway musical with great skill, and gives a show-stopping treatment to "The Lady Is a Tramp." In the acting department, Sinatra, aided by crisp dialogue, has the picture to himself. His co-stars, Rita Hayworth and Kim Novak, are decorative but contribute little else. The years seem to have drained the fun out of Miss Hayworth, leaving a cold refinement. Kim Novak flutters prettily, but her preoccupied look seems to suggest she is trying to remember the lessons from her last drama class. Sinatra, though, saves the day.

SAYONARA—"goodbye" in Japanese—is an evocative drama fashioned from James Michener's novel by Director Joshua Logan. He has packed the story of an Air Force ace (Marlon Brando) who falls in love with a Japanese music hall entertainer (Miiko Taka, *right*, with Brando) with brilliant color, pageantry and Oriental lore.

A sub-plot spotlights Red Buttons' fine acting as an enlisted man. Brando is forceful, although he occasionally falls out of character. But Miiko Taka embodies all the grace, mystery and beauty of the East. —MARK NICHOLS

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ALL ABOUT YOU

Parental dilemma—discipline vs. freedom; your favorite fruit—it's the odor that counts

MOMMY'S LOST!

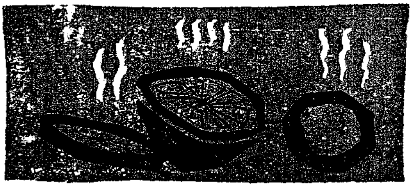
Contrary to popular belief, parents act more childlike than their children when the offspring get lost. This conclusion results from years of observation by lost-and-found personnel at the Abraham & Straus department store in Brooklyn. On being reunited with their children, some parents start bawling, others scream and carry on; still others first hug and kiss their separated offspring almost hysterically, then, suddenly furious, take to cuffing and slapping them mercilessly. It's usually at this point that the children, who've been taking things with comparative calmness, begin to react with considerable emotion.

DISCIPLINING CHILDREN

You can be firm with your child when you lay down the law. But be sure he feels free to do what he'd like within those limits. That's the conclusion of a University of Michigan study, which reveals that the best-liked, most influential and self-assured youngsters are those who are disciplined by their parents but still enjoy high freedom of action. On the other hand, children forced to toe the line too sharply are not as well liked, are often targets of other youngsters, and generally show less initiative and self-reliance, and greater hostility towards the world in general.

YOUR NOSE DOES KNOW!

You don't really taste an orange—you smell it. That's the explanation of biochemist Robert L. Clements of the University of California, who points out that the flavor of an orange—or any fruit—is actually due to volatile material it gives off. This stimulates odor receptors in your nose as you eat the fruit. As a matter of fact, Dr. Clements goes on, most fruits taste much alike, being sweet, sour, salty or bitter to various degrees. It's the odors that differ sharply.

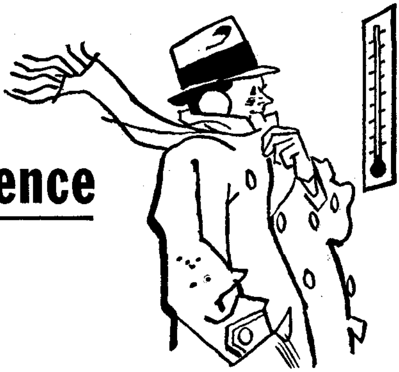


Question: would an orange taste the same if you ate it in a room that was reeking of garlic?

(Continued on page 14)

A few grinding groans, and then....

The loudest silence in the world



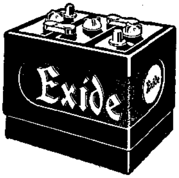
The thermometer beside the front door read two below zero as Jim Mason walked toward his car. Coldest day so far this year. But otherwise, just another morning, with a drive to the plant and a day's work ahead.

As Jim stepped on the starter of his car, though, he knew this would not be just another morning. Instead of the customary whir of his engine turning over, he heard only a few grinding groans—*and then there was silence.*

Probably no other silence in the world is so ominous, so prophetic of trouble, so *loud* as that of a silent engine when you need your car most.

Jim Mason's battery simply did not have the *built-in power* needed to start his car that cold morning, a situation he shared with millions of motorists. For this was the low point of the cold wave that gripped a large part of the country last January. Indeed, Jim Mason's troubles were compounded by the fact that every service station in town was up to its eyebrows in emergency battery calls.

Why did these batteries fail? Some failed because they were discharged or had served their useful lives and should have been replaced prior to the cold spell. But many simply didn't have the *built-in power* to crank a cold engine.



So, remember Jim Mason when you buy your next battery. Be sure you get *built-in power*—it means the difference between easy starting and battery trouble. Insist on a powerful, long-lasting Exide—made and guaranteed by the company that has pioneered so many battery developments over the past fifty years.

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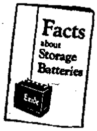
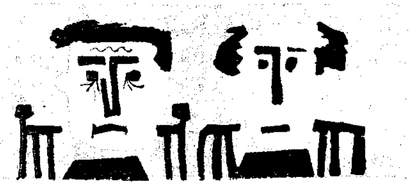


ALL ABOUT

What TV heroes mean to Junior

(*Continued from page 12*)



MIND OVER PAIN

You can endure more pain if you think someone else is suffering with you. So suggests a report in the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology* on a study of combat stress dealing with 133 soldiers. Measures of tolerance to electric shock were made twice for each soldier—once while he was alone with the examiner, again when another man was seated beside him. In the first experiment, the soldier increased the current until he felt he could stand no more. In the second experiment, he was told his companion would receive exactly the amount of current he gave himself. Actually, his partner received no shock at all. But when the soldier thought his buddy was undergoing the same ordeal, he increased the current to a point beyond his first limit.

LOVE? INTELLIGENCE?

Do you know the meaning of "love?" Or "intelligence?" You may think so, but Dr. Garrett Hardin of the University of California asserts we use such words thinking we're really explaining something—when actually we're hiding behind vagueness. When you say, "Intelligence will solve your problem," or "The mind resists change," you're dealing with words capable of so many interpretations that you communicate very little. Their very use stops inquiry because it becomes too complex, or too painful.

LIKE HERO, LIKE SON

A daily dip into your youngster's favorite books, or a check on his radio and TV programs, might give you a real clue as to what makes him act the way he does, according to researcher Robert B. Zajonc of the University of Michigan. He picked two test groups of school children and had one listen to a radio drama in which the hero won success through teamwork. The second group heard a play in which a "power-mad" character won out. All children in group one wanted to be like the hero who emphasized teamwork, while 85 percent in the second group wanted to be like the dominating hero. What it means: kids revere success, care little how it's achieved. The moral: better make sure you expose your children to the type of heroes that you approve of.

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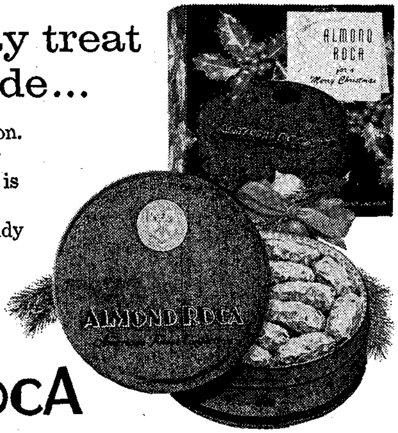
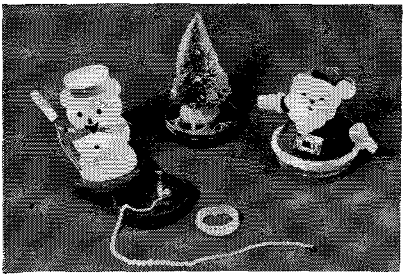


Products on parade

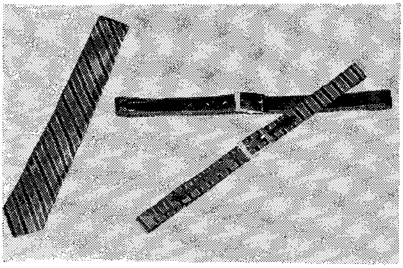
edited by Florence Semon

For your Christmas shopping by mail—gift suggestions for everyone



A little girl will be delighted to find a string of pearls and a matching bracelet in the bottom of these clever Christmas ornaments. Choice of Santa Claus, snowman or Christmas tree. $1.25 pp. Gifts by Gibbs, Box 345, Dept. C, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

* * *



Matching belt and tie set is a 3-fold gift for a man. Belt is reversible. Genuine cowhide leather on one side and ivy fabric stripes on other. Predominating brown, maroon or blue stripes with black. Belt sizes 28 to 40. $5.00 set pp. Pioneer Industries, Dept. C-2, Darby, Pa.

* * *

CANDY HOUSE KIT
IT'S EASY TO MAKE

Shades of Hansel and Gretel. Children will love this Candy House. Easy to build; kit contains candy wafers, gum drops, caramels, etc. House measures 12½″ x 8″. Includes extra candy rewards for little laborers. $2.98 pp. Progress Prods., 4138-K Bailey Ave., Cleveland 13, O.

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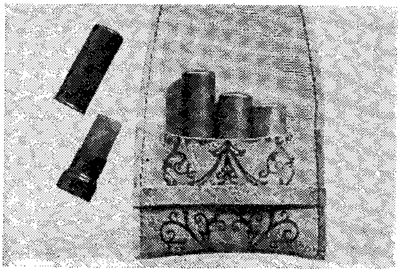


Perfemme petite is a sample kit of 4 lovely Perfume fragrances in solid stick form. Comes in gold Florentine design leatherized case which can be carried in handbag. Wonderful memento gift at only 50¢ pp. Perfemme Inc., Dept. C, P.O. Box 376, Madison Sq. Sta., New York 10, N.Y.

* * *

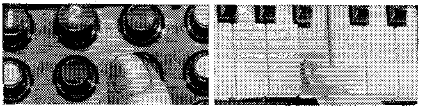
Christmas Morning... and you're playing carols without taking a single lesson!

Not just *singing* carols, but *playing* them . . . melody, chords and all!

With the remarkable Hammond Chord Organ, you play real songs right away *without lessons.* And your music sounds big, because the Hammond Chord is a complete organ . . . with the voices of more than 30 different instruments. Almost like having an orchestra in your living room at Christmas.

Easy terms: Only $97.50 down and about $29.50 a month at most dealers.

Hammond Chord Organ



Here's why it's so easy to play

ONE FINGER of your left hand presses a button to play full, rich chords. On other keyboard instruments, this takes 3 to 5 fingers.

ONE FINGER of your right hand plays the melody. As you progress, you'll be playing three and five finger chord melodies.

Hammond Organ Company
4203 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.
Please send color brochure and tell me how to get FREE LP ORGAN RECORD at my dealer's.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City_______________Zone____State______

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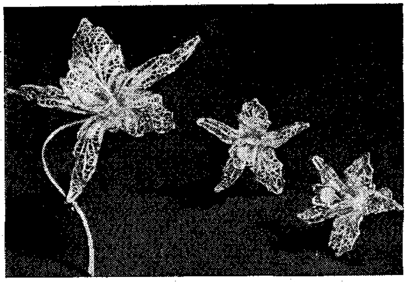
Products on parade



Orchids to her for Christmas with this pin and earring set imported from Italy. Spun from sterling silver, plated with 24 kt. gold, each is delicately tinted with shades of lavender and blue. Pin 2½″, $5.50; earrings, $5.50; set $10.50 pp. Alpine Imp., 505-T 5th Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

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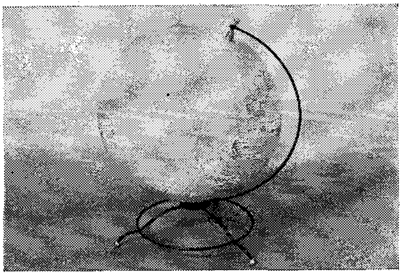

Plastic globe inflates to 12½″ in diameter and will provide the student with a world of information. Printed in 9 colors and protected with laminated coating. Mounted on wrought-iron base. Rotates easily. $5.50 pp. Playtime, C-1, 144 Larchmont Ave., Larchmont, New York.

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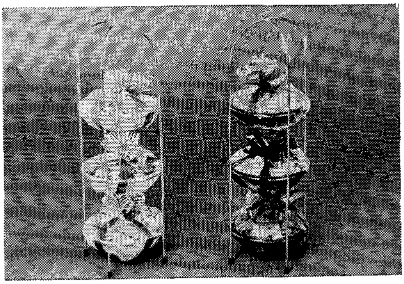

Reproduction of Early American Bun Stand filled with English Pascall candy or cocktail crackers is ideal gift for hostess. Stand is brass-plated with 3 metal dishes. Candy assortment $6.60; cocktail stack $5.65 pp. Popper's Delicacies, Dept. COR, 625 8th Ave., N. Y. 18, N. Y.

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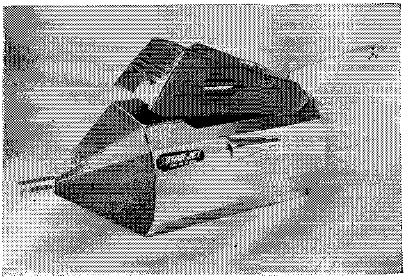


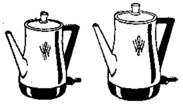
Rocket space ship may not travel to the moon but youngsters will have loads of fun with it. Measures 6′ long; will hold a child. Made of 3-ply fiberboard. Easily assembled. Includes control levers and instrument panel. $3.61 pp. Honor House Products, Dept. CN, Lynbrook, N.Y.

* * *

Grand Gift Idea
• delightful coffee...
• refreshing beauty
WEST BEND®

Flavo-matic Coffeemakers

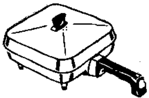
Um-m-m . . . *real* flavor to make *every* coffee occasion more pleasureful. A Flavo-matic gift is the recipe to honest-to-goodness coffee flavor . . . always gently perked, never sacrificing true flavor for speed. Timing is perfectly controlled, *automatically*. Graceful lines of exquisite beauty give the Flavo-matic that touch of elegance to enhance the finest table service.



	2-5 CUP	6-8 CUP
Chrome	$18.50*	$19.95*
Aluminum	11.95*	13.50*
Copper color	13.50*	14.95*

*includes cord and excise tax.

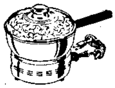
WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO., Dept. 53-C, West Bend, Wisconsin

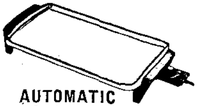

AUTOMATIC SKILLET

TRIG TEA KETTLE

CANISTER SET

ELECTRIC BEAN POT

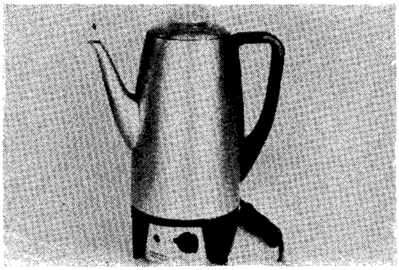

ELECTRIC CORN POPPER


AUTOMATIC GRIDDLE

WEST BEND FASHIONING NEW IDEAS FOR HAPPIER **homemaking**

AT HOUSEWARES, HARDWARE, GIFT AND APPLIANCE STORES; PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA AND HAWAII.

Products on parade



Futuramic 15-cup automatic coffee-maker has dial for desired strength of coffee. Two heating elements, one for perking and other to keep coffee hot. Solid copper $16.45; heavy chrome $15.45; aluminum $13.45 pp. Scott-Mitchell House, C-12, 611 B'way, N. Y. 12, N. Y.

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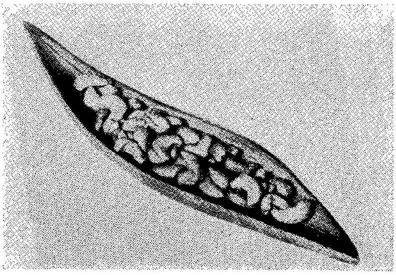

Handsome boat-shaped nut dish is hand-sculptured in Haiti by native craftsmen. Ideal serving piece for holiday party snacks. Made of solid mahogany in light natural color. Is striking table decoration. 12″ long. $1.35 pp. Hobi, Dept. C-12, 15 W. 57th Street, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

*

PERMANENT TRANSFER PICTURES

Book-O-Toys contains a surprise concealed in a hidden pocket in each of its 7 pages. Consists of games, puzzles, balloons, charms, etc., with instructions for their use. Will keep a child entertained for hours. $1.00 pp. Young Ideas, P. O. Box 497, Dept. D, Springfield, Mass.

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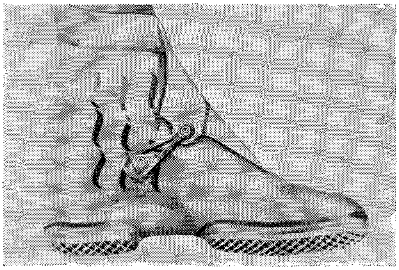

Rain Dears are practical and welcome gift for milady. Made of heavy durable plastic in satin smoke or satin clear colors. Has safe long-wearing tread. Flat, medium or high heel style in 4-to-10 size range. $2.00 pp. Lucky Sales Co., Dept. C, 941 E. 3rd St., Los Angeles 13, Calif.

PERRY COMO
RCA CAMDEN
Dream Along With Me

CAL 403 also on 45 EP

GIVE
COMO
FOR
CHRISTMAS
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ONLY $1.98 ON 12" LONG PLAY ONLY 79¢ ON 45 EP

AND CHOOSE FROM DOZENS OF OTHER BIG NAME RECORDINGS AT ½ THE BIG NAME PRICE —

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Serge Koussevitzky
RICHARD STRAUSS
Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks
PROKOFIEFF
Peter and the Wolf
RCA CAMDEN

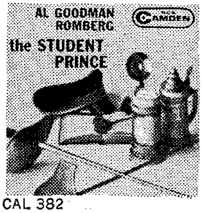
CAL 101

RCA CAMDEN
Stringin' the Standards
Gene Bianco

CAL 366 also on 45 EP

RAY KINNEY
HAWAIIAN FAVORITES
RCA CAMDEN

CAL 229 also on 45 EP


AL GOODMAN
ROMBERG
the STUDENT PRINCE
RCA CAMDEN

CAL 382

RCA CAMDEN
GUY LOMBARDO plays

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PAUL WING
RAY MIDDLETON
AN HOUR OF
FAVORITE STORIES FOR CHILDREN
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Freddy Martin
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CAL 264 also on 45 EP

HI-FI CHRISTMAS PARTY
DOMENICO SAVINO ORCHESTRA
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RCA CAMDEN
LET'S DANCE!
WAYNE KING
and His Orch.

CAL 277 also on 45 EP

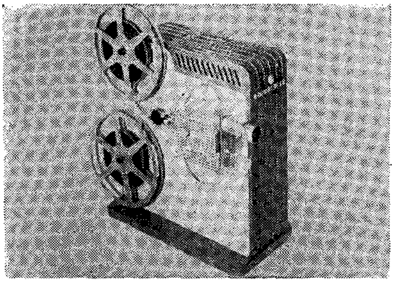
LOWER BASIN STREET
RCA CAMDEN

CAL 321 also on 45 EP

MANUFACTURER'S NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICES SHOWN

RCA CAMDEN
A PRODUCT OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Products on parade



Exceptional Christmas buy is this 8 mm movie projector. Has 200 ft. capacity, is blower cooled and contains 300 watt projection lamp in addition to features found only in more expensive models. In metallic gray metal. $39.95 pp. Brumberger, COR, 34-34th St., Brooklyn 32, N.Y.

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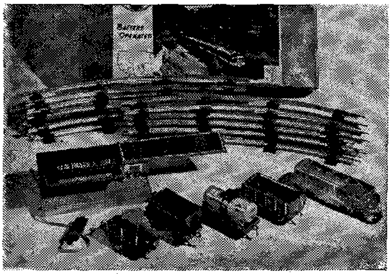

16-Piece Sante Fe model train set will delight the junior railroader. Battery-operated station has remote control for forward, stop, reverse. Includes locomotive, flat car, oil tanker, gondola, cement hopper, and tracks. $4.95 pp. Lincoln Prods., 411-B Lincoln Bldg., N. Y. 17, N.Y.

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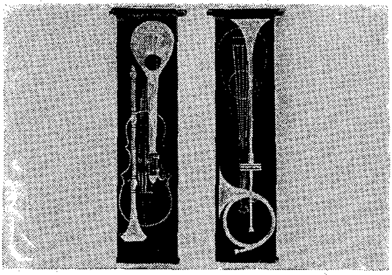

Symphony scrolls are keyed for the music lover. Perfect decoration over hi-fi set or in music room. Hand-printed in gold and white on black parchment; 7½″ wide by 2′ long. Walnut-wood bars with brass ferrules. $3.95 pr. pp. The Art Mart, Box 27648-T, Los Angeles 27, Calif.

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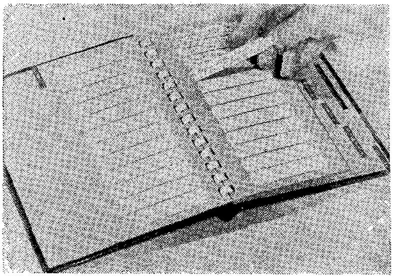


Keep tabs on your friends with an address and phone book that is always up-to-date. When someone moves, you take out the old tab and replace with new one. Simulated leather cover in brown, blue, maroon; 6″x7½″. $5.25 pp. Widder Co., COR, 110 5th Ave., N. Y. 11, N. Y.

⁂

Each year thousands of helpless animals are needlessly subjected to cruel and inhumane treatment in laboratories. The callousness with which avid researchers regard the sufferings of their victims is shocking. The Vivisection Investigation League wages a continuing battle against inhumane practices, and with your help hopes to spare thousands of pets from suffering. Won't you send the coupon below for our informative free booklet on how you can help end these inhumane practices?

SPEAKING
OF UNDERDOGS

SAVE A PET'S LIFE. Check box, mail coupon today to:
Vivisection Investigation League, 11 East 44th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

☐ Please tell me more. Send free booklet.

☐ I want to help. Enclosed is one dollar for associate membership and free booklet.

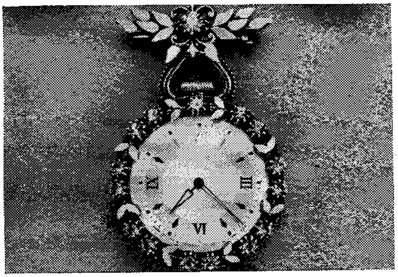
☐ I am deeply interested. Enclosed is my contribution of $............

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY & STATE____________________

Products on parade



Jeweled lapel watch is not only functional but decorative. Reproduction of an antique European heirloom. Gold finish copper frame is encrusted with simulated sapphire, amethyst and peridot stones. $10.95 pp. E. Ziff, Box 3072, Merchandise Mart, Plaza, Chicago 54, Ill.

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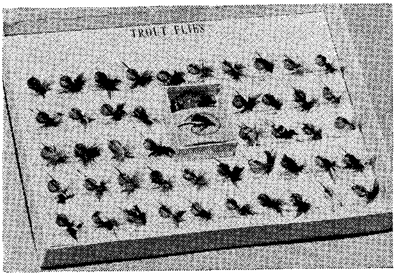

You won't have to fish for compliments from him with this gift. Set of 46 hand-tied fishing flies with cork retainers, together with an automatic cigarette lighter. Case of lighter has genuine fly sealed in plastic. $5.00 pp. Panther Fly, L-46, 108 E. 16th St., New York 3, N. Y.

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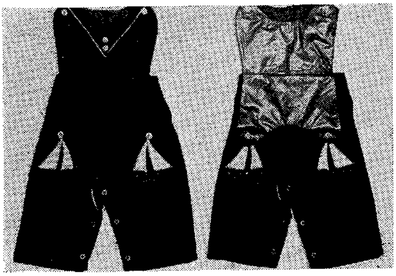

Jack and Jill Bib 'N Tucker overalls are boon to mothers. Unbutton top and you have plastic wipe-clean bib. Rebutton after child finishes meal. Red, white or blue corduroy. Infants, toddler and king sizes. $4.33 pp. Bloomingdale's COR, 59th & Lexington Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

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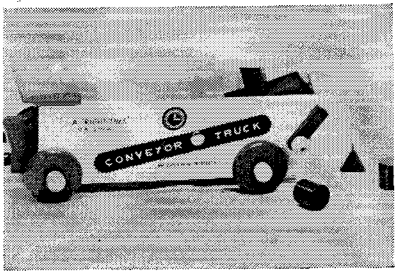


Conveyor truck has a real working conveyor belt. Junior simply turns the handle and belt carries blocks from inside and dumps them over tail. Made of hardwood, with non-toxic paint. 16" long. For 3-8 year olds. $5.00 pp. Childhood Interests, Dept. C, Roselle Park, N. J.

* * *

NOW YOU CAN GROW FAIRY ROSES indoors...on your window sill ALL WINTER!

Bloom Indoors and outdoors almost all year! These heavenly little roses thrive on any sunny window sill—the *only roses that bloom indoors.* Set out in your garden as early as May, they'll bloom till frost! Perfect for borders, edging, rock gardens!

So easy to grow! Despite their delicate appearance, these tiny Fairy Roses are among the world's hardiest! Just follow our simple directions and they'll leaf out and cover the bush with heavenly roses! They'll bloom for years with minimum care.

Yours in 4 glorious colors: A rich red; a soft pink; a pure white; a sunny yellow! Choose your favorite, or have them all in our 4-color assortment. You'll feel as though you've captured tiny drops of the rainbow on your window sill!

Supply limited—act today! Make sure you have these exquisite Swiss Fairy Roses this very winter! Don't delay! For gifts, for yourself, get at the head of the list. Send today!

AVAILABLE NOW FROM STERN'S BY MAIL ONLY
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER—RESULTS GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK

If you are not completely satisfied with your Fairy Roses, we will send free replacement or money back. *Specify color choice.*

$2 each **2 for $3.50** **4 for $6** **10 for $12**
Special assortment (4 plants, 1 of each color) **$6** Prices ppd.

Stern's Nurseries *ARBOR 140, GENEVA, N. Y.*
specialists in rare and choice trees, plants and flowers

These precious Swiss Fairy Roses bloom indoors on your window sill all winter—just like any house plant! Imagine real roses, in your home, when it's snowy and bleak outside! Every lovely flower is a true perfect rose, exquisitely dainty and colorful, and almost unbelievably tiny!

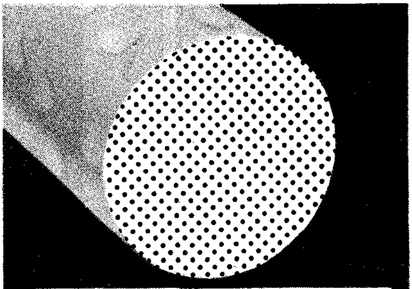
A Rose the Size of a Nickel! *Each bloom is about the size of a nickel—the fairy-size rosebuds are scarcely larger than a finger nail! They'll bloom all winter on graceful bushes that never grow taller than 8" to 12".*

Delightful Living Christmas Gift! Our enchanting Fairy Rosebushes will bloom this very year, in the heart of winter, and bloom for many years, continually reminding your friends of your thoughtfulness. Imagine the pleasure they'll give flower-hungry friends in city apartments... the color and loveliness they bring to any home!

Only Viceroy gives you

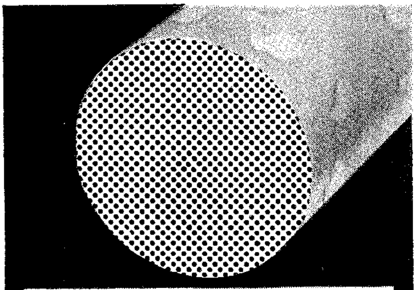
20,000 FILTER TRAPS

FOR THAT SMOOTHER TASTE



AN ORDINARY FILTER

Half as many filter traps in the other two largest-selling filter brands! In Viceroy, 20,000 filter traps . . . *twice as many* . . . for smoother taste!



THE VICEROY FILTER

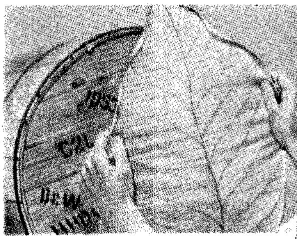
These simplified drawings show the difference . . . show that Viceroy's 20,000 filter traps are actually *twice as many* as the ordinary filter!

Twice as many filter traps as the other two largest-selling filter brands!

Compare! Only Viceroy gives you 20,000 filter traps —*twice as many* as the other two largest-selling filter brands, for smoother taste!

Plus—finest-quality leaf tobacco, Deep-Cured for extra smoothness!

Get Viceroy!



Look! Only golden brown tobacco, Deep-Cured for extra smoothness!

VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES
KING-SIZE

© *1957, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.*

CORONET
DECEMBER 1957

Alexey's red wagon

The ruthless forces
of communism were no match
for the power of
this simple Yuletide gift

by A. Rogers

THE OTHER DAY I received a letter from a friend who works out of the American Embassy in Moscow. He was sorry, he wrote, to have taken six months to reply to my letter, but the favor I had asked had not been particularly easy to accomplish. In fact, he had failed; and he was returning my $50.

However, he wanted to assure me that he had tried hard, and that the worst part of the problem had been *finding* the Polenovs. . . .

Grigory and Marya Polenov had been my neighbors. They had moved into the apartment across the hall from mine a couple of weeks before last Christmas. They were Communists, the real thing.

Grigory Polenov was an interpreter who had been sent to work in one of the Soviet diplomatic agencies in the New York area. They were a shy couple in their mid-thirties, who gave the impression they were living uneasily on borrowed time and felt the need to exist in a state of apology because of it. That is to say, immutable lines of uncertainty and fear were indelibly etched upon their faces whether they smiled or frowned.

I can clearly remember my immediate impression the first time I set eyes on them. I wanted to feed them a good solid meal. Particularly their child—a grave little soul of five who didn't have enough color in his cheeks and didn't seem to know how to laugh. His name was Alexey.

I couldn't talk with Alexey, of course, because of the language barrier. Nevertheless, we became good friends within a week. The main attraction for him in my apartment was the Christmas tree. He would come and sit there silently gazing at it in awe and wonder. When he was ready to leave, he simply stood before my door like a little robot, devoid of all expression except in his eyes. He would turn these upon me questioningly, as if asking to be allowed to leave.

The next day it would be the same. And I got the feeling that the child could not convince himself of the tree's reality and found it necessary to keep returning in order to reassure himself that he had not imagined it.

I decided that there should be a gift beneath the tree for him and found a bright red wagon small enough to wrap up. In the presence of his parents, I presented it to him on Christmas Day.

IT WAS NOT an easy job convincing the child that the wagon was for him. But once he understood, and knew he could take it with him from my apartment, I seldom saw him without it. He pulled it up and down the pavement outside with something akin to desperation, as though time might run out on him at any moment and he had better make every bit of it count.

Marya Polenov explained to me in broken English that he refused to go to sleep unless the wagon was at his bedside.

The small gift I had given Alexey made it possible for me to become better acquainted with the Polenovs. I had the notion that they were human beings first and Communists as an afterthought—not that they had had any choice in the matter. And I wanted to confirm this.

I had them over to watch television, and they were fascinated with the device. But I could feel their nervousness and disquiet reach out across the room and touch me, though they tried to hide it. And I had the feeling they wanted very much to be friends.

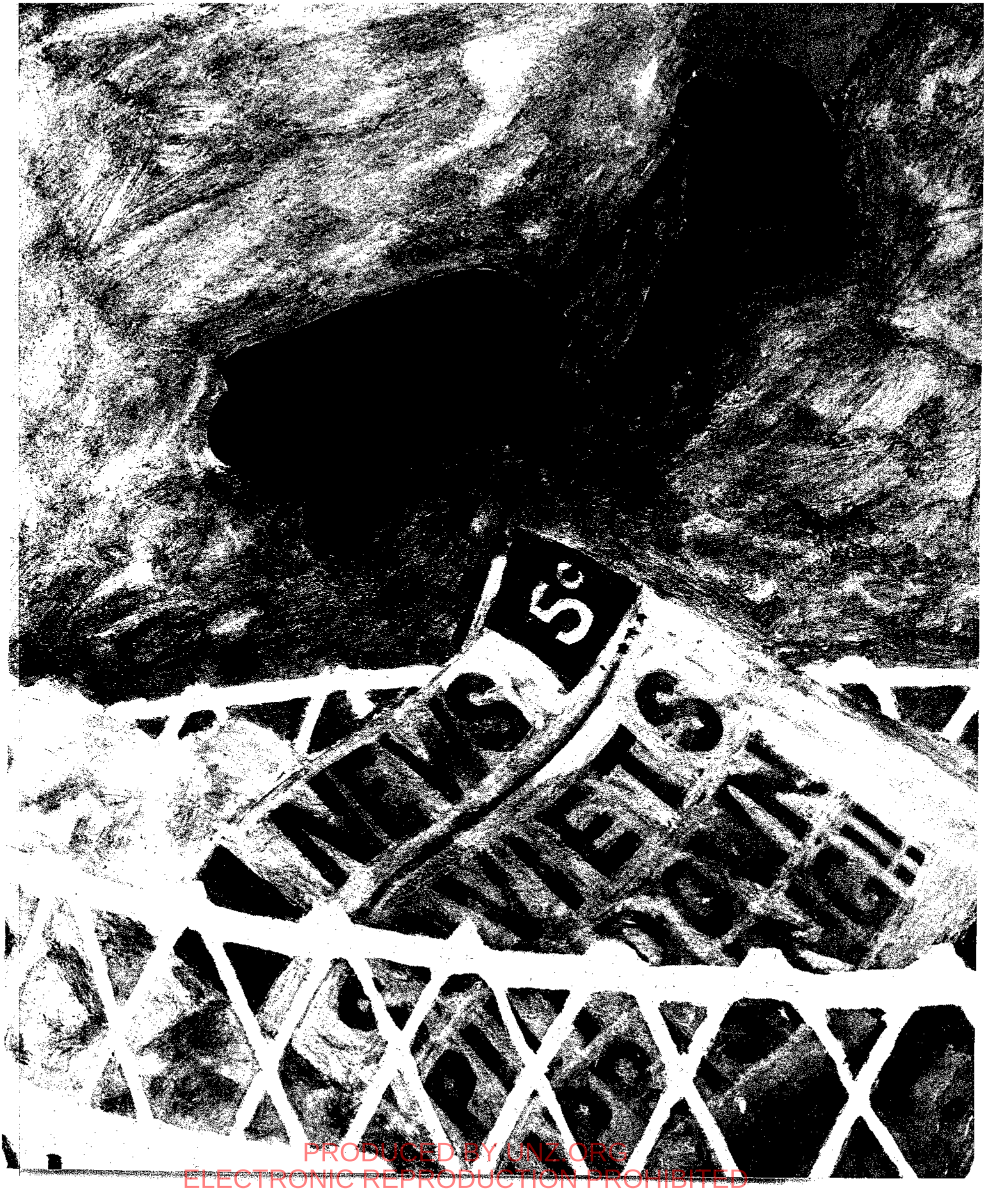
It seemed to me that they were constantly alert for something; perhaps the sound of a car stopping outside, or footsteps, or a knock on the door. It took me several days to discover that this was not idle fantasy.

The man who checked on them came about twice each week, and always at night. The timing of his visits seemed to follow no set routine. Although I did not understand the sharp-edged Russian I overheard him speak in the hallway, I had no doubt that he was assuring himself that they were living within the pattern of life decreed for them. Actually, their last visit to my apartment had been discovered and they were being accused of consorting with an American.

The next evening, I found the red wagon on my doorstep with a terse note fixed to the handle stating that they could not accept my gift.

Though I had never been invited to the Polenovs' apartment I knocked on their door, fully intent on entering and getting an explanation. For I knew that the loss of the little wagon would be a terrible blow to the child.

With great reluctance, Grigory Polenov allowed me to step inside. His fear was so obvious I tried to put


5¢
NEWS

him at ease by saying I would only remain a minute.

He apologetically explained that it had suddenly become necessary for them to return to Russia and that they unfortunately would have no room in their baggage for the red wagon.

As he spoke, something behind him caught my attention. The door to the child's bedroom was ajar. Through it, I could see Alexey Polenov, in an old-fashioned nightshirt, kneeling beside his bed in prayer.

The father, realizing what I had seen, stared at me as though he were looking at death itself. For I had unwittingly stumbled onto what was perhaps his greatest treachery. Not only had he consorted with an American, but even more unforgivable, he had taught his child to consort with God.

I took him by the shoulders, as if in assurance that his secret was in good hands, then turned and left.

They moved out before daybreak, and I never saw them again. . . .

In his letter, my friend said he had found the Polenovs after six months of searching. They had been placed on a run-down farm a hundred miles from Moscow.

Marya Polenov opened the door a crack, apprehensively, when my friend knocked. He explained that he had brought a small sum of money from a mutual friend in America—to be spent on the coming Christmas. Her hand leaped to her mouth in alarm and her husband stepped up beside her that they could face together whatever might come.

Neither of them said a word. They simply stared in disbelief. It was obvious that they would not take the money.

As my friend made his way from the farmhouse, he noticed a small wooden wagon. It was of the crudest construction with chunky, solid wooden wheels, obviously made without proper tools. Covering it were childish scribblings, evidently an attempt to color it with red crayon.

I mulled over the letter for a long time. Somehow, I refuse to accept it as being the end of the story. I want to think that it is, perhaps, only the beginning.

Cause for Consideration

AN OLD BACKWOODSMAN drove his worn old mare into the nearby village one day and bought a few groceries at the general store. After he had been gone for a couple of hours, the storekeeper was surprised to see him trudge slowly across the street towards the store. He had seen the man drive away in his buggy and here he was again, looking as though he had walked miles.

"Where's your horse, Sam?" asked the storekeeper.

"Well, it's this way," slowly replied the old man as he sank into a chair. "I forgot to buy a spool of thread for my woman, and I never thought of it until I was nearly home. I just didn't have the heart to make that poor old horse of mine pay for my mistake, so I tied her to a tree and walked back."

—*Wall Street Journal*

ERNEST BORGNINE: misfit makes good

Always the square peg in the round hole, he tried acting because he couldn't do anything else—and scored one of Hollywood's most surprising triumphs

by Harold Mehling

ERNEST BORGNINE, who made audiences cringe as the sadist in *From Here to Eternity*, and then made them bawl as the pathetic, soulful butcher in *Marty*, is hard to hang a label on. In an atmosphere where beauty, handsomeness and polish are essential physical and personality ingredients, he is all wrong for his role.

He is a hulking, 215-pound man with a wide, beefy, almost sad face. He is thick-necked, 49-inch-chested, and his broad forehead is lined like a detailed road map.

He will tell you what he thinks, candidly; and he is likely to offer you a bite to eat by handing you two slices of bread and some cheese. "It's not fancy, but it's good food, isn't it?"

In a strong sense, Borgnine is a square misfit in the Hollywood round. Just about everything in the background of this unlikely success prepared him for nothing so much as failure. Practically every important event in his life started off on the wrong foot.

He became an actor, for example, only after failing to find his niche elsewhere. His awkward shyness landed him in so many embarrassing situations that his mother said, "You've always managed to make a fool of yourself in front of people, Ernie. Why not try acting?"

Borgnine, in short, has not brought to Hollywood the self-assurance, sophistication and well-honed manner of the usual celebrity. And the fact that he still lacks those traits causes complications.

You sense the first one when you inspect the way he, his stocky, cheerful wife Rhoda and five-year-old

Nancy Alison live. Their home is a $21,000, seven-room house on less than a quarter acre on the in-town fringe of the San Fernando Valley. He is not nickel-poor, as he was a bare four years ago, but he still hasn't traded in his 1951 used car.

The Borgnines haven't yet been to a nightclub in New York, or to Ciro's or the Mocambo in Hollywood. When they throw a party the only people missing are other celebrities. And after Borgnine was introduced to Joe DiMaggio he said to Rhoda, "Imagine—*me* meeting *him!*"

On the other hand, the neighbors on their own street aren't positive that deep down he is one of *them*, either, or that he can be.

There are those in Hollywood who disbelieve anything that smacks of such simplicity or, as they say, of "golden kernels of corn." But, without waiting for time to settle the point, a search for the answer might be made through the 40 years that have produced this odd character.

HIS ITALIAN-BORN father worked steadily through the Depression years in Hamden, Connecticut, so there is no Borgnine poverty story to tell. The story is of the boy Ernest's personality. He was so shy he even balked at entering a railroad station to see what time it was; he was afraid someone might ask him what he was up to.

He was a poor mixer, though he had a couple of close boy friends with whom he camped out and carried on a woodsy life. His shyness followed him into high school where he was a good runner who never went out for the track team. Dances scared him.

"I always envied the fellow who could go right up to a pretty girl and ask her to dance," he says. "When I did they'd always just sprained their ankles. It got so I was always afraid of being rejected. So I just rejected myself first and got out of the situation that way."

Graduation found Ernie aged 18 and aimless. The only work he had done was summer-vacation farming. He got a job as a vegetable truck driver. Three weeks of this and he wandered just as vaguely into the Navy, where he became a gunner's mate. It was a new life, and he loved it.

"I went absolutely wild the first year," he recalls. "I hadn't known there was such a thing as drinking, or going out on the town." He smashes his bear hands together. "Wow! I felt like a man!"

Post-Navy life was full of false starts, too. Borgnine took Pharmacist's Mate Rhoda Kemins out and had too many beers before getting her home to Brooklyn. Her father, a labor relations expert, was brief and decisive in his reaction. "Get rid of him," he said.

Borgnine sauntered out into the night and onto what he thought was his train for Connecticut. He awoke in Albany, New York, wondering if he'd ever see Rhoda again.

He looked for employment. "I peeked in the window of a small-arms factory," he says, "and I saw mobs of people scurrying around. I was afraid they might give me a job so I went home without asking."

After several similar clashes with

the realities of life, mother Borgnine offered her philosophical suggestion that he continue to make a fool of himself by acting. Mostly to please her, he agreed to try. In a small and now defunct dramatic school in Hartford, he misfired again.

The classroom of teenagers was silent as the bulky, 28-year-old war veteran rose to read.

"Dimonds," he said.

"No, Mr. Borgnine," the instructor admonished. "Di-uh-monds. Thu-ree syllables."

He tried four more times, lost control and exploded with a crackling oath. When the class stopped laughing, he was defiantly determined to learn. Several weeks later he had won a role in a Greek tragedy in which he carried a spear and a dead child.

A fellow student told him of the Barter Theater in Abingdon, Virginia. He liked the sound of it and went down to act. Instead, he pounded nails in scenery, loaded and unloaded scenery, moved scenery, washed scenery. Finally he played before a visiting New York producer, Brock Pemberton, who cast him as the hospital attendant in *Harvey,* the rabbit comedy that was about to captivate Broadway.

Small-towner Borgnine pined for a room in a private home, and found one in Brooklyn—the wrong end of Brooklyn. Each night after finishing in *Harvey,* he subwayed to Rhoda's home and much later, after coffee, sandwiches and talk-talk, he subwayed an hour to his room.

In 1949, Rhoda finally said she'd marry him. After a Labor Day weekend honeymoon at the Waldorf-Astoria, they embarked on a rugged nine-month road tour presenting *Harvey* and other plays in one-night stands, for $65 a week. Ernie was determined, in his comic opera way, that his bride would have only the best.

"He wrangled with hotel managers for hours," she says. "In one town in Minnesota he saw every $4 room in the place." Borgnine the actor was coming out of himself.

In town after town they lived in hotels that left the aroma of disinfectant strong in their nostrils. One night Rhoda marks as the date her husband became a true man of the stage. They were asleep in a forlorn room of a tattered hotel when, in the darkness, fire engines rolled up. "Wake up, Ernie," she yelled. "Fire!"

"What should I put on?" he mumbled.

When the tour ended and they returned to New York, Borgnine felt he was becoming an actor at last. He was, which meant he was broke. There were bit parts here and there, and even a Broadway run as Brandon de Wilde's heavy-handed bodyguard in *Mrs. McThing,* at $85 a week. Rhoda's folks helped out, and kept their misgivings to themselves.

Borgnine's real break probably dates from a piece of profanity that occurred at this time. An actor told him to see film producer Louis de Rochemont's casting director about *Whistle at Eaton Falls,* which Robert Siodmak was to direct.

Borgnine walked in unprepared for a bit of show business tomfoolery. Instead of handing him a script, Siodmak ordered him to face the camera and put his dramatic all into the sound of one four-letter vulgarity. Embarrassed by the presence of women (for whom the word is usually altered to "cheese"), he balked.

When Siodmak convinced him that the word was an expressionate revealer of inflection and facial appearance, Borgnine turned, breathed deeply, swore into the camera and smiled.

When de Rochemont saw the tests he said, "There's no role for this Borgnine in the script. But write him into the story." He got $200 a week for six weeks.

Then it was back to small villain parts on radio and TV, largely through the efforts of Elizabeth Mears, who was a casting director for the DuMont TV network. "We were looking for new people," she says, "and he was offbeat, different."

Still, they were pin-money parts, and when Nancy was born in May, 1952, Borgnine considered surrender. He made his decision when, the following New Year's Eve, he counted to $1.50 and found it was all the money he and Rhoda had.

Feeling he had reached the low point of his life, he wandered the Manhattan streets and found his way into St. Patrick's Cathedral. "Dear God," he said, "I need a job, for any money. Just a job."

He doesn't say his prayer was answered, but Elizabeth Mears called to offer him a role as an ogreish television thug on "Captain Video," at $300 a week whenever he appeared.

Even when Columbia Pictures chose him for another villain role, he stubbornly refused to believe he was going to make good. Rhoda washed and ironed his shirts and he went alone to Hollywood, where he burrowed into a cheap men's hotel. Rhoda, by mail, suggested delicately that he give it up and come home. She thought he might consider some nice steady work, like plumbing.

But he made his movie, *The Mob*, and won enough recognition to be selected for the sadistic role of Sergeant Fatso Judson, who ran the stockade in *From Here to Eternity*. It was not a big part (nor particularly lucrative: $200 a week), but dramatically it was juicy.

The film was a triumph, and Borgnine was on location in the Arizona desert for an adventure western called *Bad Day at Black Rock* when he received the script of *Marty*. He returned to his motel one afternoon to find writer Paddy Chayefsky and director Delbert Mann waiting.

"I had just finished beating up a crippled Spencer Tracy," he says. "I was covered with dust, wearing a cowboy hat and talking in a twangy cowboy drawl. Chayefsky wrinkled his face at Mann and said, 'This is our Marty?' "

Two hours later, Borgnine was giving a reading of the fumbling, girl-awkward, lonely Marty. He reached the point at which butcher-boy Marty delivers his passionate, pitying appraisal of himself.

"I'm ugly!" he roared. "I'm ugly—just plain ugly!" He burst into tears, and Mann and Chayefsky were so affected they stared out the window in silence.

"The whole life of that sad, shy

Marty was so nostalgic," he explains. "I couldn't help it."

The only overt sign of Ernie Borgnine's overwhelming triumph in *Marty,* besides a couple of lifetime memberships in butchers' unions, are an Oscar and seven other "best actor" awards in the family room of his home. But in a large cardboard box is another result, and one that has had a profound effect on him.

Marty struck a chord in people who saw their own lives reflected in the character, and hundreds of lonely, homely, shy people wrote plaintive letters to the actor.

"At first Ernie didn't want to answer them," Rhoda explains. "He said, 'Me give advice to anybody else?' But then we decided he might be able to help them out of his own experience."

When a young man wrote that he never seemed to feel at ease with people, Borgnine wrote back: "Don't try so hard to be like them that you're not yourself anymore. If there are things in you for people to like, they'll find them. Sometimes it takes a little time. I waited, too."

Apparently Borgnine has what he was waiting for. "I like acting or I wouldn't be doing it," he says, "but pay checks are still the biggest part of my attitude toward this work."

At home, he and Rhoda seem to complement each other neatly. She helps him learn his cues and provides an even temperament to balance his occasional artistic blow-offs.

Borgnine recently went to Europe to enact the lead role of Ragnar in a big-budget United Artists' production of *The Vikings,* but not even the opportunity to see Norway, Germany and France with co-stars Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh seems to have puffed him up. His only real hobby is golf. However, he still can't bring himself to join an exclusive country club, so he lugs his clubs to a public course and waits his turn to shoot in the low 90s. A big evening consists of a little dancing followed by a lot of pizza and beer.

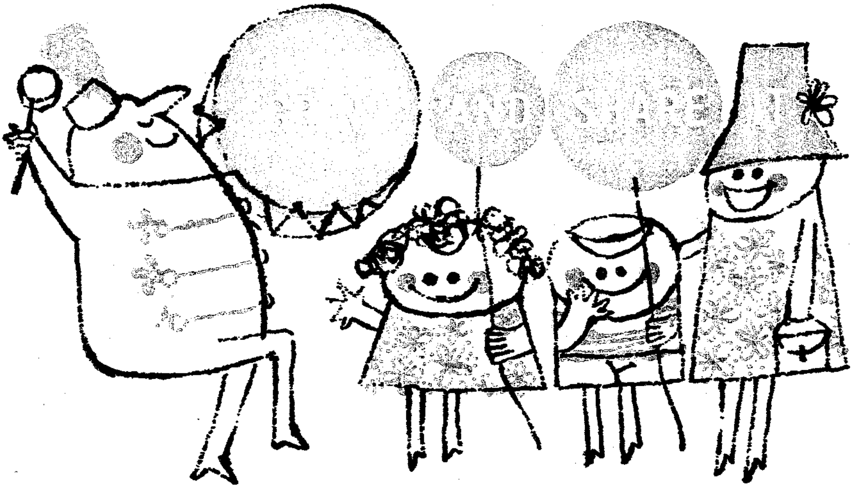
Although his solid success has done much to remind Borgnine of the rocky road he and Rhoda have traveled, it has also taught him a lesson he wishes he'd learned earlier. When a disconsolate youth wrote recently that he hadn't been able to make good at anything and doubted that he ever would, Borgnine replied by telling of his desperate prayer at St. Patrick's, and adding:

"I never thought I'd succeed, either, and sometimes I still find myself wondering if all this can last. I think if I had demanded more faith in myself *from myself,* it might not have taken me as long to make the grade."

Blame The Name

IN LOS ANGELES, California, a mail-truck driver was charged with mail embezzlement. Post office inspectors, in the course of arresting him, discovered his name: Jesse James.

—LOIS CORBIN



A TEXAS WOMAN decided to dye some old curtains blue. While she was hanging them on the line, a little white lamb, gamboling by, fell into the vat. He was fished out, unhurt, and went scurrying off.

A passing motorist saw the bright blue lamb, thought he'd discovered a new species, and offered a fancy price for it. The woman decided she had a pretty good thing going and the next day she dyed a second lamb. It, too, sold at a ridiculously high price.

From this start she developed quite a business, buying, dying and selling lambs. In fact, she turned out to be the biggest lamb dyer in Texas. —*Quote*

ENGLISH actor-manager Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree once hired a conceited young actor whose ego became even more inflated with each new successful performance.

One night, as he strutted off the stage into the wings, there was a terrific explosion in the street outside. The blast rocked the theater. The dazed cast looked at Tree, whose eyes were filled with wonder.

"My God," he gasped, "his head has burst!" —S. E. EDGAR

A LIBRARY CLERK commented of a woman just leaving her desk: "That woman gets more out of a mystery novel than anyone I know."

"How come?" she was asked by a co-worker.

"Well, she starts the story in the middle, so she not only wonders how it came out, but how it began." —*Capper's Weekly*

A TRAVELING salesman decided to go cross-country by some of the unpaved back roads in order to catch up with his itinerary. He was doing fine—until he came to a large water hole in the middle of a seldom used road. There on the other side, by some strange coincidence, was a man with a team of mules.

After a pause and fearing if he attempted to cross by himself he might get stuck in the middle of the water hole he shouted to the man, "What will you charge to get me across?"

"Three dollars," replied the stranger.

The salesman gave his approval for the deal and upon arrival on the other side commented, "It must keep you busy hauling people across this water hole."

"Sure does," replied the stranger, "keeps me busy day and night—pulling people across all day long and hauling water all night long."

—JOE NAVOICHICK

THE WIFE of Artur Rodzinski, the conductor, was chatting with the wife of a musician who played in his orchestra. Mrs. Rodzinski said, "My husband wakes up each morning grumpy and feeling awful. Then he goes to the orchestra rehearsal and comes back home feeling wonderful."

"That's strange," the musician's wife answered. "With my husband it's exactly the opposite."

—LEONARD LYONS

A LITTLE ALABAMA boy hid a cap pistol in his pocket on Sunday before starting for church with his parents. When the preacher began his sermon, Johnny yanked the pistol from his pocket, pulled the trigger, and a loud report resulted. The horrified father grabbed his son by the arm and marched him up the aisle.

An old lady who was sitting in one of the back pews stopped them.

"Don't take that child out," she said. "He has scared hell out of more people today than that preacher has during the entire ten years he's been preaching here!"

—MRS. PETER BROWNE RUFFIN

AT THE CLOSE of the War Between The States, a representative of an insurance company offered Robert E. Lee the presidency of the firm at a salary of $10,000 a year. Lee replied that, while he wished to earn his living, he doubted whether his services would be worth that sum.

"We don't want your services," the representative told him, "we want your name."

"That," said Lee quietly, "is not for sale."

He accepted instead the presidency of a college at $1,500 a year.

—*Thru the Meshes*

ESTHER WILLIAMS, who now prefers straight dramatic to swimming roles, accepted a part in a movie being filmed in Italy.

During the shooting, her director suggested she do one scene under water.

"Underwater?" she gasped. "But what about my lines?"

"Don't worry about your lines," the director smiled. "We'll make sure they see them."

—LEONARD LYONS

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE INNOCENT KILLER

by Madelyn Carlisle

SHE WAS AMERICA'S strangest prisoner. For though she served a life term, she was never accused of any crime, never given a trial by jury, never sentenced by a judge. Yet her very name struck terror to the hearts of millions of New Yorkers. Not her real name, which was Mary Mallon, but the dreaded one by which she came to be known—Typhoid Mary.

Perhaps Mary Mallon might have lived her life in obscurity—and deadly freedom—if health expert Dr. George Soper had not undertaken one of history's greatest feats of medical detection. Young Dr. Soper, a lean, serious-faced scientist, had a burning hatred of typhoid fever, a scourge that killed thousands annually in the early years of this century.

In January, 1906, he was called to a house in Oyster Bay, Long Island. The summer before, typhoid had stricken six of the occupants. Yet no one else in the community had been affected.

Dr. Soper's patient investigation revealed that the typhoid had not come from anything in the house, nor from any food, water or milk that had been brought in. No one in the household had been exposed to any known case of typhoid. The baffled Dr. Soper was forced to admit that none of the ways in which typhoid was known to be transmitted could account for the outbreak.

As he puzzled over the mystery, he recalled a controversial lecture recently given by the great German scientist Robert Koch, who had startled his colleagues by announcing that typhoid bacilli could be carried by persons who did not themselves have the disease.

A CARRIER! Soper eagerly ran down the list of people who had occupied the house. A name and date in his penciled notes stopped him: Mary Mallon. Cook. Hired August 4. Not taken ill.

He asked her employer, who had survived the epidemic, what she knew about Mary Mallon. Well, she was a large woman, very healthy looking, and quite competent. She had been hired through a New York employment agency for domestics.

The agency gave Soper a list of names and addresses where Mary Mallon had worked. Carefully he copied it, and the next day set out for the first place, a family in Mamaroneck who had employed Mary Mallon for a short time in 1900.

Yes, the lady of the house did remember a cook by that name. She hadn't stayed long because a house guest had come down with typhoid.

With growing excitement, Soper hurried to the office of a lawyer named Drayton.

Drayton well remembered the terrible summer of 1902. There had been an outbreak of typhoid in his summer home at Dark Harbor, Maine. Everybody in the house had been stricken except he himself, who was immune due to a previous illness—and the cook.

"Don't know what I'd have done without her," Drayton said. "She worked side by side with me, nursing the sick." In gratitude he had given her a $50 bonus. He would gladly have hired her in New York, but she had found other employment.

As he paid a dozen more visits, the record grew in horror. Wherever Mary Mallon had worked, people sickened and died. The facts were incontestable.

Where was Mary Mallon now? The trail stopped at a home in Tuxedo where, true to form, typhoid had struck. Finally, through a letter to a former employer, he picked up the trail again. Two weeks earlier, Mary Mallon had gone to work at a home on Park Avenue in New York.

Soper hurried there, intending to give a grim warning. He was too late. A child already lay dying of typhoid.

Soper went straight to the kitchen where a woman was bending over the stove.

"Mary Mallon?"

For one moment, his faith in his conviction wavered. It seemed preposterous that this healthy looking woman possessed the ghastly power to carry death. Then he remembered the mourning mother upstairs and started talking.

Mary Mallon went rigid with fright. It was like a nightmare, the things he was saying . . . typhoid . . . hadn't there been typhoid wherever she went? *Think back, Mary Mallon, think back.*

Her big red hands went to her throat.

You carry typhoid.

"No. . . ."

It couldn't be. You work hard all your life, from a poverty stricken childhood on. You like to cook. You do a good job. Your employers recommend you. And now this stranger is telling you this terrible thing.

When you cook, you kill. Remem-

ber the house in Oyster Bay . . . the house in Dark Harbor.

"No . . . I didn't make them sick. I helped them. I nursed them. I have done nothing wrong."

Think of this house, of the girl who is dying.

The words went on and on, telling her this dark and awful thing that could not be. Wild eyed, Mary Mallon seized a great carving fork and lunged.

Dr. Soper ran.

When he went to talk to her again, the result was the same. She flew into a rage and drove him away.

Dr. Soper had to make a decision. Up to this time he had been on his own in this search for living proof of Dr. Koch's theories. Now it was plain he needed outside help.

NEW YORK Health Department authorities listened to his strange story, first with skepticism, then with shocked conviction.

"All right," the Commissioner said. "What do you propose to do about Mary Mallon?"

Soper shrugged. "What can we do? If she won't listen to reason, we'll have to lock her up. She's a walking culture tube."

"But it's unprecedented!" the Commissioner protested.

In the end, however, he reached the same conclusion.

So one morning policemen came to the house on Park Avenue. A Health Department doctor rang the bell. Looking out a window, Mary saw the policemen and knew why they were there.

She ran, down a long, dark hall and out into the little back yard, where a high wooden fence faced her. Frantically, her strong arms pulled her up and over. She dropped in a pile of snow on the other side. She climbed another fence, saw a small shed, jerked open the door and sprang inside. She stood panting there in the darkness, her heart pounding.

Later, she heard the crunch of footsteps on the snow. Her calico dress, caught in the door, had revealed her hiding place.

Tests proved that Mary Mallon was exactly what Dr. Soper said she was—a walking culture tube. The typhoid bacilli, swarming on her hands, contaminated whatever she touched.

After that, for Mary, it was a succession of doctors, asking questions, watching her, writing notes, talking, studying her. Reporters came to get her life story.

Mary Mallon, the obscure cook, was suddenly famous—and the subject of controversy. Did the Health Department have the right to hold her a prisoner against her will? Indignant readers wrote letters to newspapers, lawyers discussed the matter in ponderous legal terms. Medical men searched for precedent in the quarantine rules.

Among Mary's visitors was a lawyer named George Francis O'Neill, as indignant at her imprisonment as Mary herself.

"It's not legal," he reassured her. "I'll get you out. I'll carry it to the Supreme Court."

Through one court after another, O'Neill argued the case.

"Unconstitutional!" he cried. "Imprisonment without due process!"

Finally the New York Supreme Court ruled. The good of society must come first. Though the case was strange and the action regrettable, it was right that a public menace be imprisoned.

Doctors had now determined that the gall bladder was the home of the typhoid germ. If Mary Mallon would submit to an operation to have hers removed, it would probably put a stop to her tragic affliction. Doctors argued with her, but it was no use.

After that they moved her to Riverside Hospital on North Brother Island in the East River. A bungalow once occupied by a superintendent was turned over to Mary. She lived there, alone. She talked to no one, not even the nurse who brought her food, still refusing to believe that she was a carrier of death.

Later, in a changed administration of the Health Department, she found allies, who felt that she should not be kept prisoner. If they released her, would she promise she would report regularly and never again cook for other people?

Mary promised, and left North Brother Island bitterly insisting that all the awful happenings were coincidence. Her resentment was not against nature, which had given her a strange affliction, but against the doctors who had found it out.

Months went by and her feeling that she had been unjustly dealt with was at the boiling point the day she usually reported to Health Department authorities. She started toward the office, and then suddenly turned around and hurried back to her room. Hastily she threw her clothes into a cheap suitcase.

A few hours later, she signed her name as Marie Breshof in a dingy downtown hotel. Under that name she got work as a cleaning woman.

At first she was terribly afraid that the authorities were going to find her. She trembled whenever she saw a policeman. She moved several times, changing her name each time. Then she began to feel that she had escaped.

However, life was not dealing kindly with her. She hurt her hand, and when an infection set in was afraid to go to a doctor. She lay in her room for days, tortured by pain.

At some point, perhaps then, she began to blame her troubles on the fact that she was doing uncongenial work, not the cooking she liked. Restaurant jobs were easy to get. She felt that her chances of detection were small now. And she still believed the doctors were wrong.

So one day she got a job as second cook in a restaurant. After several weeks, there were no reports of typhoid among fellow workers, or the diners. Nevertheless, she quit and changed her name again. After that she got a succession of cooking jobs, never staying in one place very long.

For five years, she lived this strange, haunted existence. Then it happened. At a Broadway restaurant where she had worked for two weeks, typhoid struck. Mary fled, but there were headlines. A cook was suspected of being a carrier. From the descriptions of her, it might be the long missing Typhoid Mary. The city was terrified.

Mary Mallon walked the streets,

jobless, afraid to apply at any restaurant. Then she saw a help-wanted advertisement that gave her an idea. There was one place they would never look for her!

A few weeks later, a telephone call came to Dr. Soper from Dr. Edward Cragin, attending obstetrician and gynecologist at the Sloane Hospital for Women.

"We have an outbreak of typhoid," he said. "Twenty-five cases. Very serious."

"Typhoid Mary?" Dr. Soper asked.

"We have a woman working in the kitchen here who might—just might—be Mary Mallon. You knew her well. Could you identify her?"

"Easily," Dr. Soper said.

Mary Mallon did not resist when they came for her this time.

Back at her little house on North Brother Island, she lived a quiet, uncommunicative existence. As time passed she turned to the faith that had never had strong ties for her before. A new calm came to her. And from then on she seemed resigned.

Life flowed by Mary Mallon, one of the most famous figures in the annals of medicine. And, as the years went on, doctors learned much of typhoid. They found how to deal with carriers, not by imprisoning them, but by careful registration and guidance so that they might live with their odd affliction.

Almost all danger can be avoided if carriers are forbidden to handle food, deal with children, and nurse the sick, and if they are required to report regularly for medical examination. With carriers under control, typhoid outbreaks have decreased, and this in turn has made the task of spotting new carriers far easier. Today, though there are several thousand registered carriers—375 in New York City alone—few are ever found who do not cooperate fully. The memory of Mary Mallon is not easily forgotten.

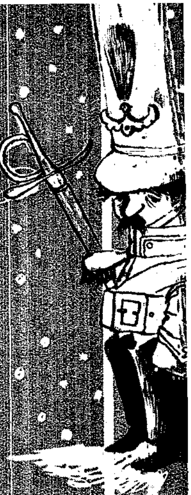
In time, Mary was permitted to take all-day trips, unescorted. But she no longer hoped for freedom. The rest of her life would be a penance for the scores, or hundreds, of innocent people—no one really knows how many—to whom she had brought sickness and death.

Mary Mallon died in 1938. There is no epitaph on her grave. If one had been put there, it might well bear the words of the man who found her out and brought about her pathetic captivity.

She was, said Dr. George Soper, "a character apart . . . strangely chosen to bear the burden of a great lesson to the world."

Prophetic Wisdom

SACHA GUITRY's fifth wife sometimes seemed jealous of her predecessors. Guitry reassured her with a prophetic line: "The others were only my wives. But you, my dear, will be my widow." —LEONARD LYONS



THE LITTLES

ON CALENDARS all over the wor
first day of December is usually
That is as it should be. Because
duckling beginning of a month
beautiful in the whole year—a
makers with the merry red-let

But in Londontown—and m
of the ancient firm of Leroy Li
is *one* calendar on which the
red-coated as the Queen's Ow
November's leaf is torn off, th
and shout to the Messrs. Lion
Gentlemen, it's D-Day! I'm th

D-Day, of course, stands for
for the great firm of Lion and U
maker of toy tin soldiers. Ever
thousands of small military fig
shipping room—each company
proper box by its officers—an
corner of our holly-wreathed g

Well, on one now memorable D-Day it was exactly ten minutes past closing time—and the very last company of little metal soldiers was marching smartly into the very last box—when suddenly Mr. Lion pointed a shaking finger and said in a most horrified whisper, "Uriah! *What* is *that?*"

"Well, now, Leroy," Mr. Unicorn replied soothingly, "that little fellow is supposed to be a *general.*"

"*That* misshapen little blob of nothing a general?"

"I'm afraid it is," Mr. Unicorn said meekly. "You see, I was just a mite *short* on my last mixture of metal. So I left his mold till the last and by *that* time I had only a dib and a dab left to pour."

"Then it's our duty to remove this drop-and-a-drip officer from his command before anyone sees him!" roared his partner. "Quick, you fetch the paint remover to strip him of his uniform, while I make out his dishonorable discharge!"

"We can't do that," protested Mr. Unicorn. "Why, this regiment is being dispatched to a shop in Christmas Valley. In America." He grinned slyly. "Unless it embarks on tonight's tide, it will never arrive in time to protect the Yankee shoppers from scalpers."

"Bah!" snapped Mr. Lion. "Better the loss of a few scalps than a deathblow to our reputation, Uriah!"

"I know what we can do," beamed Mr. Unicorn. "We just won't bill that Christmas Valley storekeeper for the shipping charges! Don't you see, Leroy? Since the charges are so very large—and this general's so very small—that will make everything come out even-Steven."

That was the way it was settled. And that night the Littlest General sailed with his regiment for America.

As the ship moved slowly down the Thames to the sea, the box of toy soldiers was so filled with soft whispering that it hissed like a teakettle. The Littlest General's face blushed a brighter shade of red enamel because he knew they were talking about him and his disgrace. One toy rifleman had even remembered Mr. Lion's exact words—"a drop-and-a-drip officer"—and the Littlest General heard the humiliating phrase repeated again and again as each soldier passed it along to his neighbor. Then the ship started to roll and the

toy regiment became seasick. Quite sure that no one would notice him now, the Littlest General pushed up the lid and sneaked out of the box.

Everyone was asleep save the helmsman and the ship's Cat. The Littlest General came face to whisker with the latter on the deserted promenade deck.

"Are you," demanded the Cat, "a new variety of quick-frozen mouse?"

"By no means!" the Littlest General replied with great dignity. "*I am a General, madame!*"

"*Miss!*" corrected the Cat. "You might as well get it right. I'm Miss Catherine—or informally—Kitty. Tell me—what are you doing?"

"Well," said the Littlest General, "I was wondering—"

"I do that a lot, too," purred the Cat. "Now just a moment ago I was wondering how many saucers of cream there were to a well-adjusted Jersey cow. What were you wondering?"

"Where I could find a mirror," answered the Littlest General. "You see, I've never seen myself. I would like to get a general idea of my general appearance."

"If I were you, I wouldn't want to know," said the Cat. "However—follow me. The cook has a mirror in the galley."

Standing on a faucet handle over the galley sink, the Littlest General studied himself in the cook's mirror. He was, he decided, the very worst thing he had ever seen. His legs were so short that his boots came up to his hips. His oversized tunic fell in folds like an unopened umbrella. And his golden epaulets stuck straight out beyond his tiny shoulders and gave him the appearance of a midget jet bomber. But most ridiculous was his sword, of which he had been so proud. The tip dragged on the ground, while the hilt and guard were on a level with his right eye, so that anyone who didn't know better would think he was looking at them through a lorgnette.

Tears of shame ran down the Littlest General's face and fell drip-splash into the tops of his boots. "I'm a disgrace!" he muttered. Then, with some difficulty, he drew his sword from its scabbard. "I shall fall upon my blade and thereby end my miserable existence for the honor of the regiment!"

like the label on a can of cat-food. It's what's inside the can—or the man—that counts."

"No one has ever been as ugly as I am!" cried the Littlest General.

"Well—probably not," admitted the Cat, "but you could still be pretty."

"*Pretty?*" said the Littlest General. "I?"

"Absolutely," answered the Cat. "Pretty smart. Pretty brave. Pretty dependable. Pretty good at something." She pointed a paw at the Littlest General's sword. "For instance, are you any kind of a swordsman?"

"No-o-o," admitted the Littlest General. "They didn't give me one single lesson at the tin-soldier factory."

"Then if you'll follow my teaching," said the ship's Cat, "I promise to make you the prettiest swordsman ever to arrive in America! *I* am an accomplished fencer. My dear parents, bless their departed 18 lives and souls, had me tutored all through my kittenhood by Old Tom—champion back-fencer of Hogan's Alley."

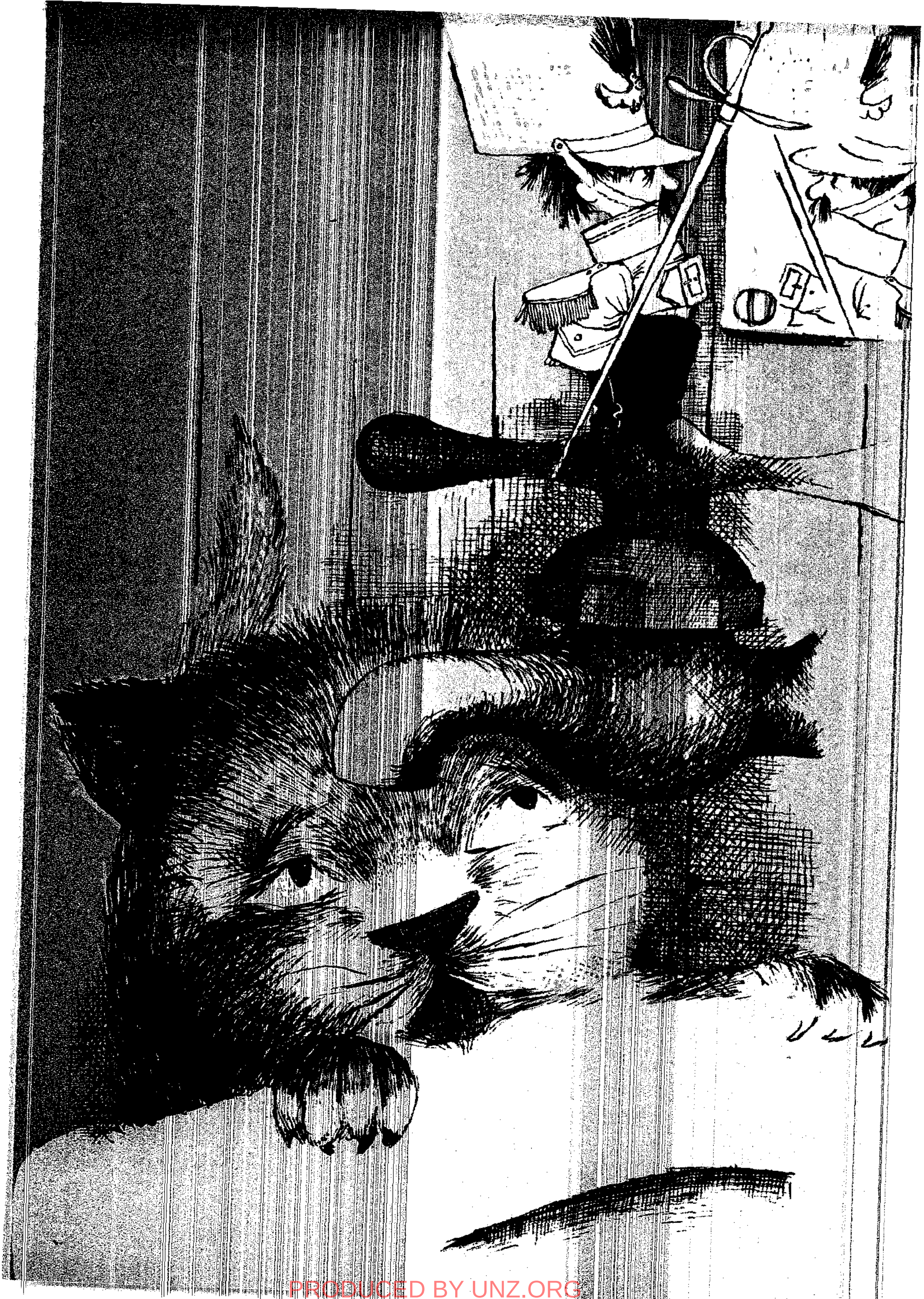
"I shall be deeply grateful for your help," murmured the Littlest General. "Miss Catherine—or may I be so bold as to call you Kitty—you are an angel in cat's clothing!"

The Cat smiled modestly. "The lessons will begin tomorrow morning on the after-deck after breakfast!"

In the days that followed, the clash and clatter of the Littlest General's sword rang out at all hours as the Cat taught him all her fighting lore—the Siamese lunge, the Angora parry and the swift and deadly Persian riposte.

The last night of the voyage, the tired Littlest General, his lessons over, lay sleepless in the box with his regiment. Tomorrow they would be taken from the ship and sent speeding to Christmas Valley. How would the citizens receive him? Would they smile? Would they snicker?

To give himself courage, he whispered to himself, "I'm *not* ugly on the *inside*! On the *inside*, I'm not *ugly* at all! On the inside, I'm *pretty good*! The Cat said so today and gave me her paw on it! *I'm pretty good!*" . . . and then a terrible,



[illegible]

[illegible] produced [illegible] by [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] — [illegible] [illegible] Well [illegible] till [illegible] the box in the window [illegible] For Sale Cheap.

[illegible] the Littlest General [illegible] the window in front of his [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] heavy [illegible] the Christmas shoppers.

[illegible] the card says, "For Sale Cheap." [illegible]

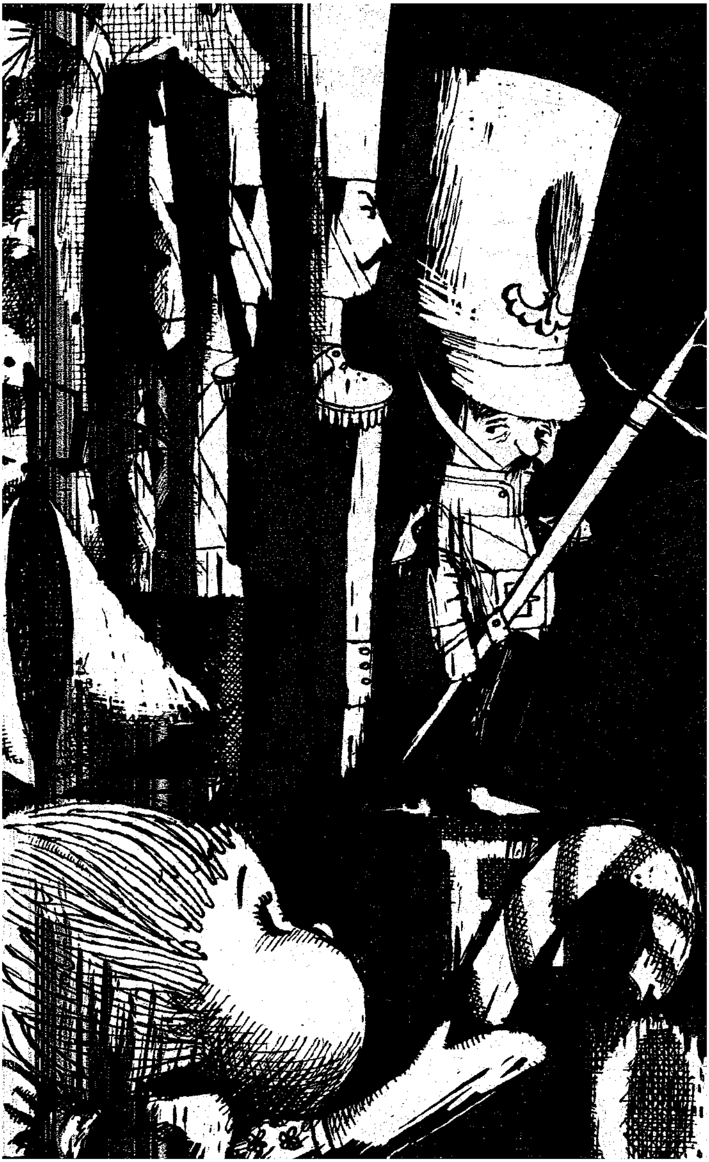
"Well, there's [illegible] example of [illegible] [illegible] toy officer had lots of dash and [illegible]

One morning, exactly a week and a day [illegible] in front of the toy [illegible] with excited people. "This," thought the Littlest General, [illegible] Mr. [illegible] [illegible] These [illegible] [illegible] the protection of my regiment [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] down the street [illegible] heads were turned [illegible] the Littlest General [illegible] host of [illegible] [illegible] a giant fir tree to the Town Square.

"Why, it's a Christmas tree!" he [illegible] "The tallest, greenest, most beautiful [illegible]"

[illegible] that night, when his regiment and all the town were fast asleep, the Littlest General crept out [illegible]



slot in the toy-shop door and marched down to the snowy Square to see this towering symbol of Christmas. Never before had he seen anything so big—and never before had he felt so small. Marching at a steady 16 strides to the foot, it took almost 45 minutes to go around the enormous trunk.

Leaning against the tree to catch his breath before starting back to the toy shop, he heard the town clock yawn three sleepy clangs. Then from somewhere on the other side of the tree's great trunk he also heard the rough voices of two men.

"Now this is the way we'll work it!" said the first voice. "We'll park our car right in front of the bank. Then, right after eight o'clock Christmas Eve, we'll jimmy the lock on the bank's door an' go in an' clean the safe of every last Christmas dollar an' dime!"

"But the bank's right here in plain sight on the Town Square," the second voice growled. "What about the police?"

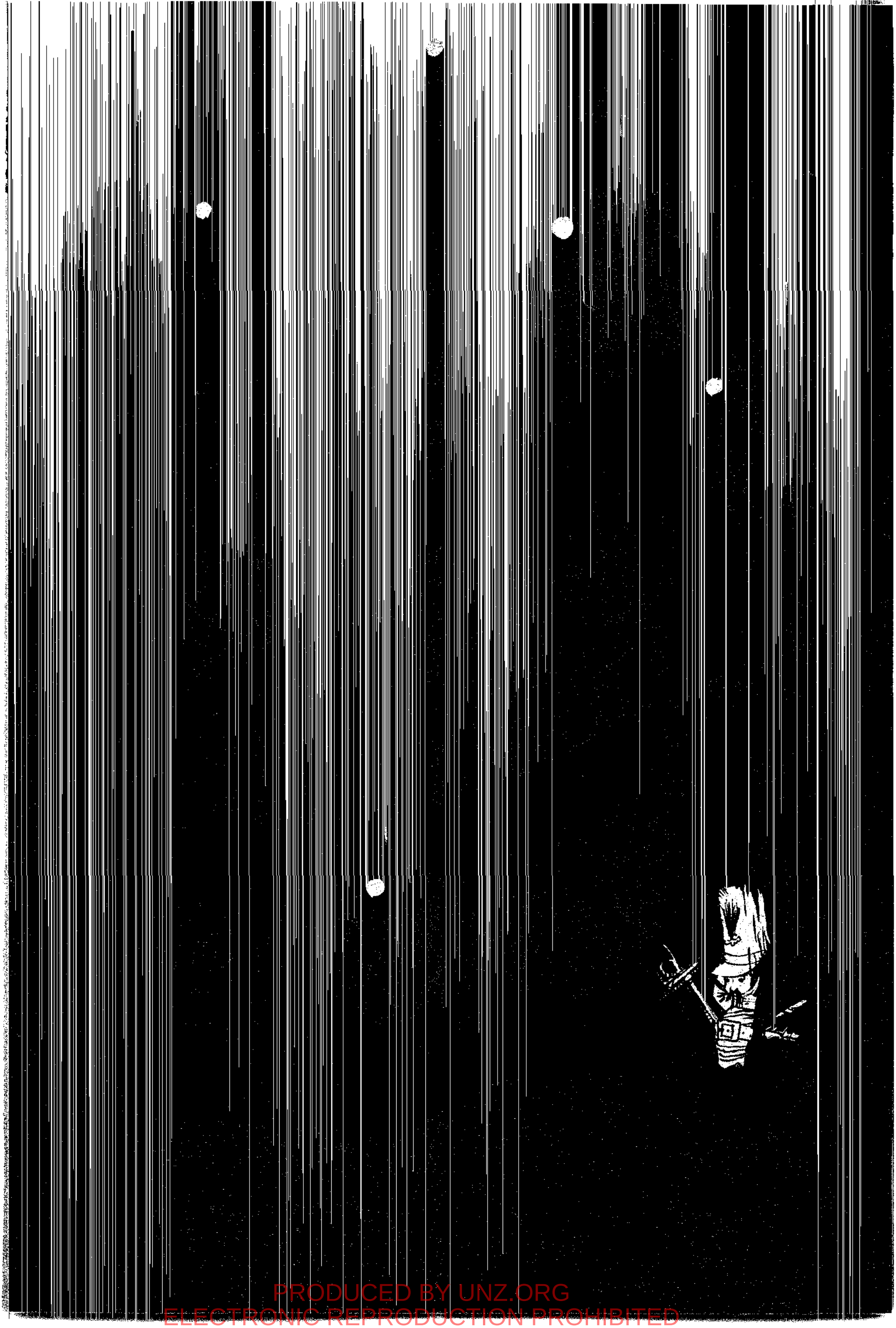
"Don't you worry about them!" laughed the first voice. "At eight o'clock it's all fixed for the Mayor to throw the switch that turns on the lights on this tree. Then all the town yokels—cops included—start singin' Christmas carols. With everybody lookin' at the tree an' makin' like canaries—who's gonna even notice we're robbin' the bank?"

"Sounds okay to me," said the second voice, fading as two pairs of feet stole softly away.

"Think of it, making plans to *take* instead of *give* on the wonderful night before Christmas!" exclaimed the Littlest General, running on his short legs toward the toy shop. "I must find some way to foil this dastardly scheme!"

He spent the rest of that night and all the following day composing a letter of warning to the Mayor. Then, when darkness fell and the toy shop was closed, he began the long job of scratching his composition into the frost of the window's corner with the point of his sword.

He finished the last word as dawn was breaking, and scrambled out through the letter slot to examine his work from the street side of the window. After one glance, he sat down on a burnt match and wept bitter tears. From the street every word he had scratched on the window appeared hindside-to! He'd have to do the whole weary job over—and



this time scratch it backwards so it would march out through the glass frontwards.

It took two nights of sword-scratching for the Littlest General to complete his warning in reverse.

When the town awakened, he took his stand in the center of the window—his sword pointing dramatically to the words he had written in the frost. The hours passed, and at the end of that day he was just a little depressed. At the end of the next day he was more than a little despondent. By the third day he was sunk in the deepest, blackest despair!

Hundreds of Christmas shoppers had passed the window. Dozens had even stopped and laughed at the Littlest General. But no one—not one person—*had even so much as glanced at his warning in the frost!*

"I must do something to capture their attention," vowed the Littlest General on the fourth day, "even if I am court-martialed for conduct unbecoming an officer. For tonight is Christmas Eve. But if I can cause a crowd to collect, maybe one pair of eyes will read and heed my warning."

But no crowd gathered when he turned somersaults back and forth across the toy-shop window. No passerby even hesitated when he stood on his head and waved his black boots in the air. Only one small boy stopped and pressed his nose against the glass when the Littlest General walked on his hands up the tall pyramid of alphabet blocks.

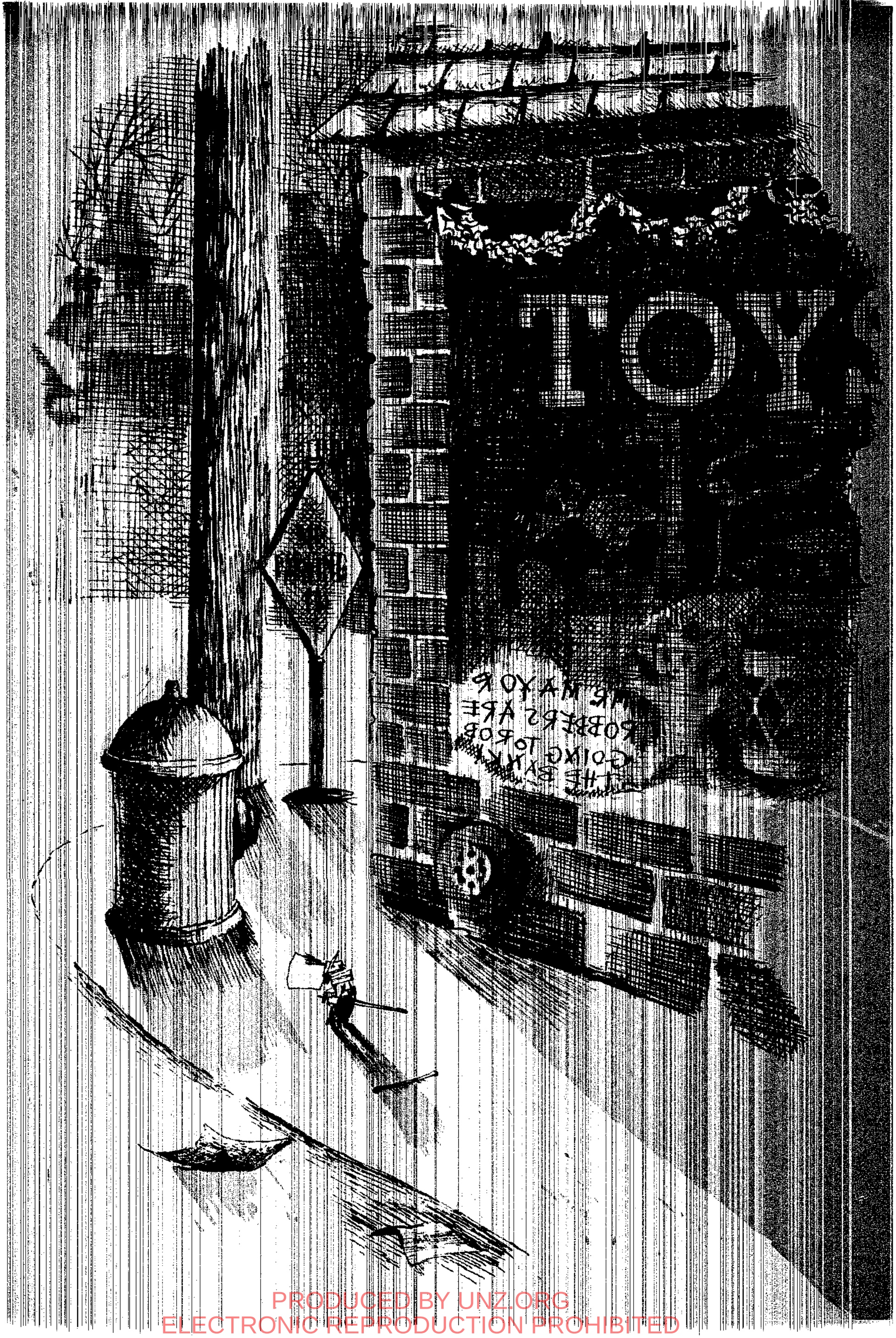
The Littlest General looked at the boy and his small heart shot up into his tiny boots. The boy's steamy breath was slowly melting the frost and erasing one of the Littlest General's sword-scratched words!

"Go away!" shouted the Littlest General. "Oh, please, *please* go away! You're spoiling my warning!"

He started to run down the pyramid of alphabet blocks. But he tripped and fell all the steep and dreadful way from letter A to letter Z with a clatter and crash that shook the toy-shop window. When he got to his feet, the boy was gone; the frost was gone; the letter of warning was gone.

"Now," sobbed the Littlest General, "whatever shall I do!"

The whole afternoon of that Christmas Eve, he marched up and down the toy-shop window with his minute eyebrows



TOY
MR MAYOR
ROBBERS ARE
GOING TO ROB
THE BANK

savage, marched dead against him. He fought his way up the street inch by inch. But this gusty enemy so delayed him that the tower clock struck eight before he even reached the Square. It was 20 minutes after the hour when he came in sight of the bank.

“I'm much too late!” cried the Littlest General. “And for being such a miserable failure I should be exiled to the most dismal dungeon till I'm nothing but a pinch of rust!”

At that moment two masked men raced out of the bank's door and leaped into a car at the curb. The car's motor roared and its tires screamed as it came hurtling down the street toward the Littlest General.

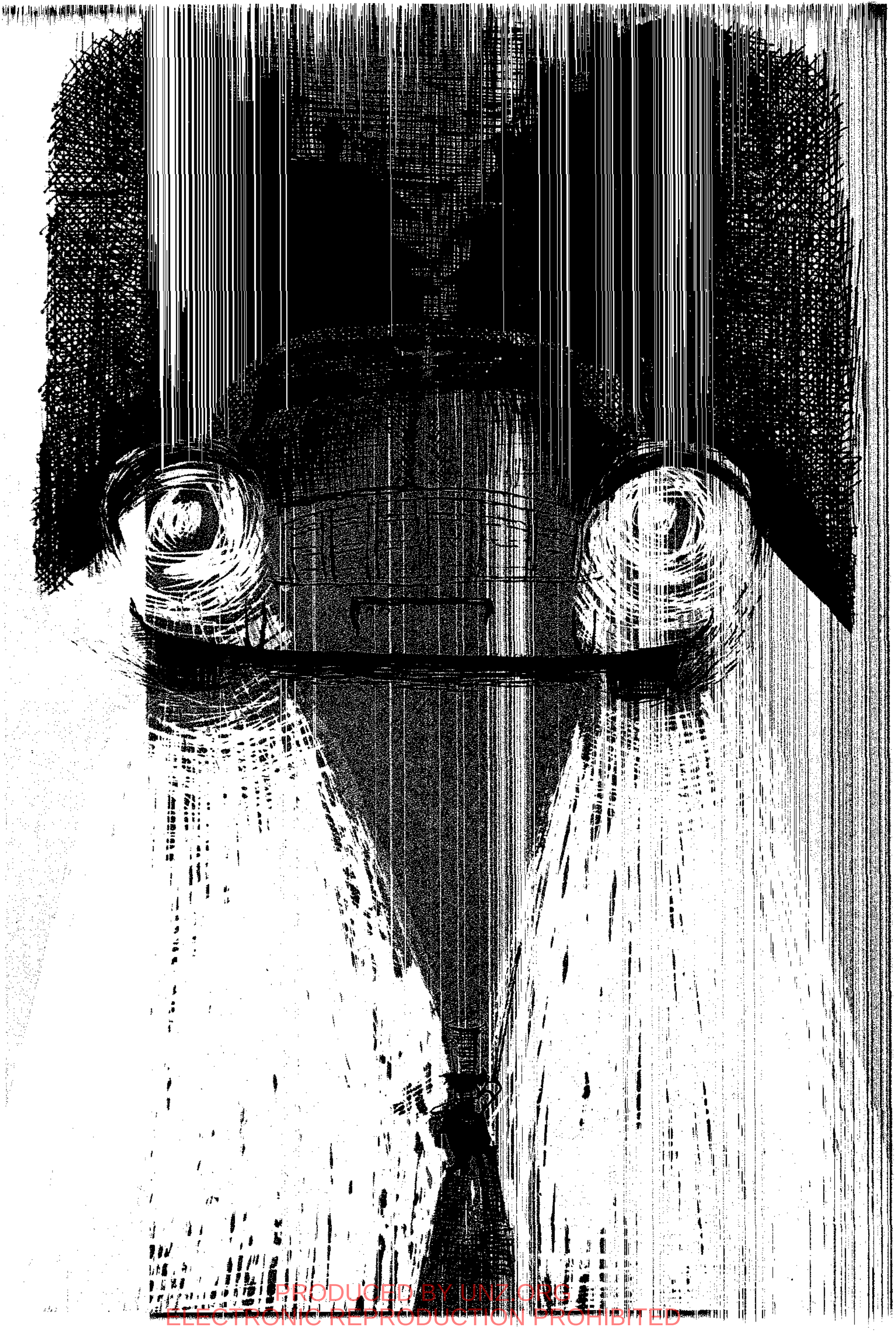
“The robbers. And they're escaping with all the Christmas money!” exclaimed the breathless Littlest General. Whisking out his small sword, he flew into the path of the speeding car like a pellet shot from an airgun. “Vive St. Nicolas!” he shouted. “They shall not pass!”

His sword flashed in the lights of the great Christmas tree, stabbing straight and true and swift as lightning into the car's front tire.

The Littlest General heard a tremendous explosion, and he felt an unbearable weight grind him into the pavement. Then there was nothing but darkness. A jet-black darkness—as though someone had turned off every Christmas tree light in the whole world. He never saw the thieves' car go wobbling down the street on its flat tire and crash into the fire hydrant. Nor did he see the broken hydrant spout water like a geyser into the sub-zero air. The water fell on the car and instantly froze it into an icy prison. And locked inside were the Littlest General's enemies, who *took* instead of *gave* at Christmas time!

Well, the townspeople all came running, and when they discovered a tiny sword sticking in the tire, they went looking for the Littlest General. When they picked him up out of the gutter, he was as flat as a washer.

“Oh, this is dreadful!” moaned the Jeweler. “But if I had



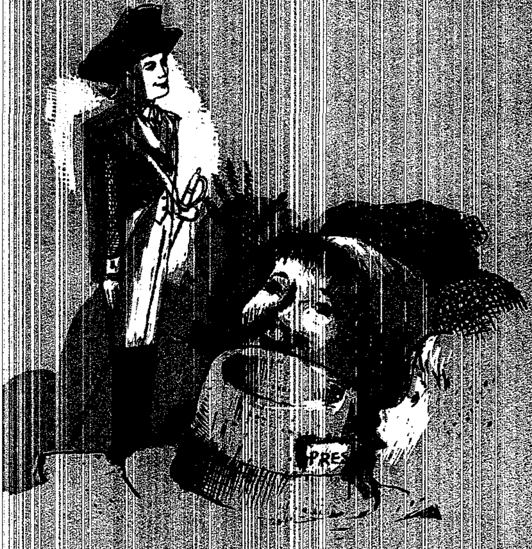
“I happen to have a piece of very old lead,” said the Mayor. “I'll fetch it directly!”

“He'll need a new face,” mused the Famous Artist who usually only painted presidents. “I think I can supply that!”

“A new uniform is most important!” said the Foremost Costumer, who designed army togs only for war movies with ten-million-dollar budgets. “I'll dress this General in some-*thing exceedingly dignified but sensationally stupendous!*”

On Christmas afternoon, the Town Square was so crowded with people that it couldn't hold another person—no matter how small or skinny. The Littlest General, now as handsome and as perfect as paint, polish and perseverance could make him, stood in the place of honor under the great tree. His spotless uniform was the blue and buff of 1776—and he had an absolute and inalienable right to wear it because the bit of lead, which had made him whole again, was a patriot bullet from a rifle that had crossed the Delaware with Washington on a most historic Christmas.

Yes—and gleaming bright on his small shoulders were not the paltry five silver stars of a General of the Army. He had six *stars* of *platinum*—which made him the one and only General of Generals—and Supreme Commander of every toy soldier in the whole wide world!



“Speech!” cried all the townsfolk.

“Dear Friends—” said the Littlest General. “Dear Friends, Gentle Romantics and Fellow Countrymen. Christmas is *of* all people —*by* all people—and *for* all people.” His head lifted and his eyes sought the star on the top of the great tree. “As long as people *love* Christmas and *keep* Christmas—*it shall not perish from this earth!*”

Ideal Toy Corporation's Golden Age of Toys

"KISSING PINK" REVLON DOLL (above left) Dressed with pearl earrings and necklace. Crisp crinoline slip under dress. 18", $11.95; 20", $15.95; 23", $19.95.

"QUEEN OF DIAMONDS" REVLON DOLL (center) exquisitely dressed with real fur stole, rhinestone earrings, necklace and ring! 18" tall, $15.95; 20", $19.95; 23", $24.95.

"CHERRIES A LA MODE" REVLON DOLL . . . (above right) "Wash 'n Wear" nylon dress, crinoline slip, smart hat, pearl earrings and necklace complete this lovely lady's outfit. 18" tall, $13.95; 20", $17.95; 23", $21.95.

Revlon dolls by IDEAL

These beautiful dolls all have full-formed teen-age figures; bend from the waist, and pirouette on nylon-stockinged legs in high-heeled shoes. Their "Magic Touch" skin can be bathed and powdered; their lovely rooted Saran hair can be washed and waved. All are beautifully dressed in high fashion style with smart personal jewelry.

It's fun to mother

BETSY WETSY

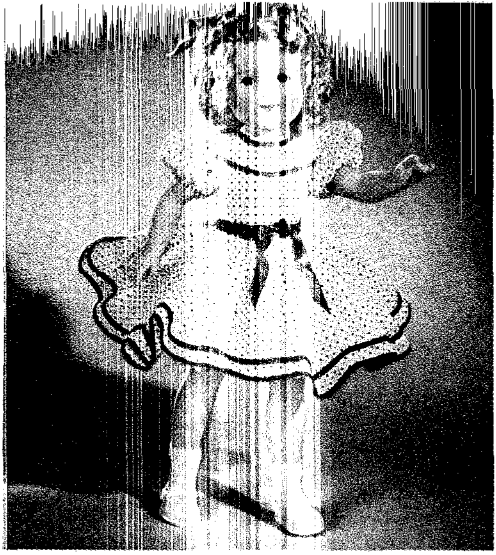
America's favorite crying and wetting doll! She drinks, sleeps, cries real tears and wets! Betsy's soft vinyl body can be bathed, powdered, lotioned; her rooted Saran hair can be combed, shampooed and waved! Every little girl wants Betsy Wetsy, so durably made she will be her favorite doll for years.

DELUXE BETSY WETSY (Above) with soft vinyl head and rooted hair. In carrying case with dress, bonnet, shirt, diaper, puffs, bottle, nipple, clothespins, soap. 11½" $8.98; 13½" $10.98; 16" $13.95

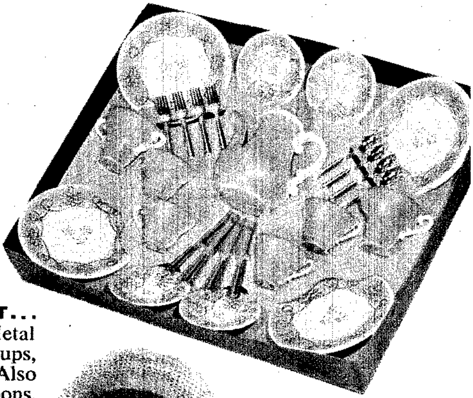
BETSY WETSY (Above) with molded hair has layette including: dress, bonnet, slip, shirt, diaper, pins, bottle, nipple, wash cloth, soap and puffs. 11½" $5.98; 13½" $7.98; 16" $9.98.

DELUXE BETSY WETSY IN STURDY SUITCASE (Right) containing: pretty dress, bonnet, slip, shirt, diaper, rubber panties, booties, bottle, pins, soap, puffs. Size: 11½" $10.98; 13½" $12.95; 16" $15.95.

She's a wonderful doll, she's IDEAL



SHIRLEY TEMPLE DOLL. An authentic reproduction of the famous curly haired child star who is now back on TV in your favorite Shirley Temple movies. Doll features all-washable "magic touch" skin. Dressed in attractive outfit complete with party dress, petticoat and vinyl shoes. Her famous golden curls are made of the finest rooted Saran hair. This is the "real" Shirley Temple—from her hazel eyes to the adorable dimpled cheeks. $11.95 and up.



CROWN PRINCESS TEA SET... A beautiful service for four. Metal plates and saucers, plastic cups, teapot, sugar and creamer. Also metalized knives, forks and spoons. Only $2.98. Service for 2, $1.98.

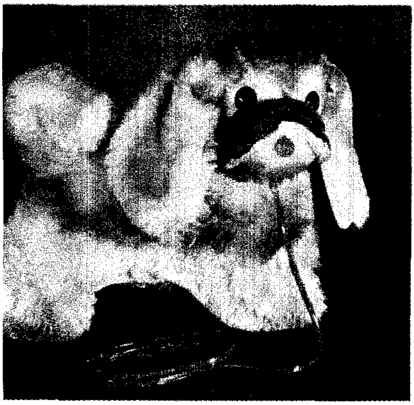
It's a wonderful toy, it's IDEAL

"TWINKLE EYES"... Soft, life-like . . . the only doll whose eyes sleep, and move from side to side. Pony-tail style hair-do can be washed, set, waved. Pinafore-dress, undies, socks, shoes, bonnet. 17" $7.98; 19" $9.98; 21" $11.95; 23" $13.95; 25" $15.95.

RUSSEL WRIGHT AMERICAN MODERN TEA SET. Includes plates, cups, saucers, teapot, creamer, sugar, metalized utensils. Authentic reproduction of originals, even mottled finish . . . $2.98. Also in $1.98 and 98c. sizes.

MIGHTY MOUSE... famous TV and movie hero! Soft plastic face, hands and shoes, and a satin cape over his plush body. Elastic cord suspended from plastic ring for more fun. 19″ $5.98. With satin body, hands and shoes, 15″ $3.98; 11″ $1.98.

MIGHTY
MOUSE



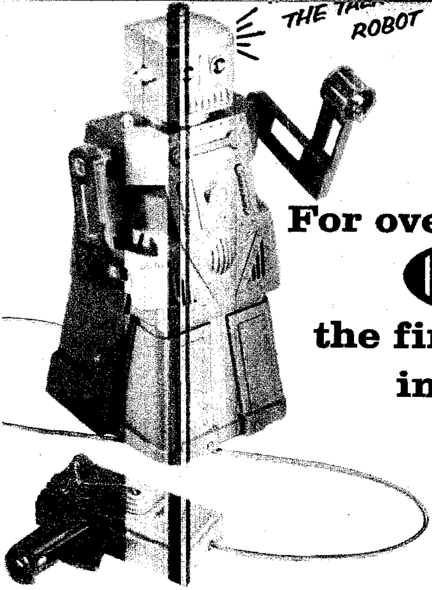
MING-TOY ... THE PEKINGESE, in extra soft and cuddly plush with sparkling safety-lock eyes, collar, felt tongue and plastic nose. 12″ $4.98 with leash; 10″, $3.98.

Only IDEAL plush toys are Sanitized!*

HOBO MUTT... This amusing dog has plush tail in a splint, a patch on hip, felt hat, eye-patch and soft plastic face with 5 o'clock shadow! Wired legs and ears can be bent to hold any position. 16″ $4.98.

SWEET SKUNK-IN-A-BASKET. 8″ miniature skunk in soft plush sits in wicker gift basket with ribbon and flower spray. Squeaks when hugged. Also as sleepy doll or tiger, $2.98 each. Dog and cat, panda and monkey as pairs, in basket $4.98.

**Sanitized* protects your child's health, and inhibits growth of bacteria. Ideal's Sanitized toys are antiseptically clean, non-toxic, non-irritating. They stay Sanitized through repeated cleanings.



ROBERT, THE TALKING ROBOT, moves forward, backward, right or left; by remote control crank and trigger. Hands clutch objects. Eyes light. Unbreakable plastic record repeats: "I am Robert Robot, mechanical man. Drive me and steer me wherever you can." 14″ tall $5.98.

For over 50 years

IDEAL

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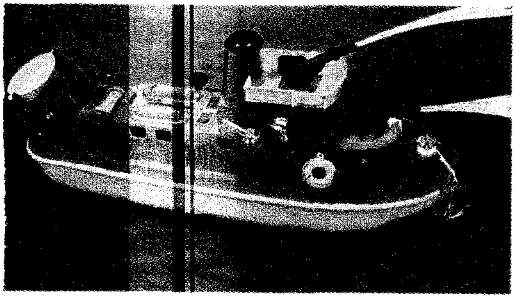
JOE PALOOKA
'BOP BAG'

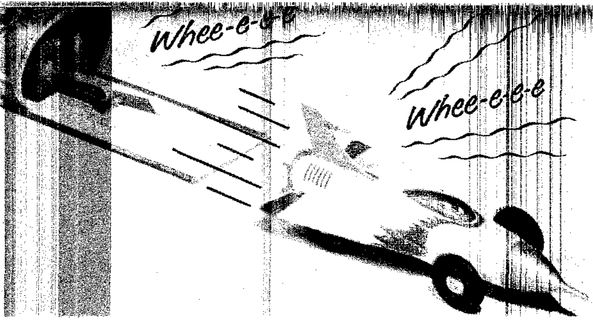
WATER PUMPING FIREBOAT. Two rotating fire-guns pump water in steady long-range stream as siren screams. Metalized deck accessories. Lifeboat and anchor lower into water. 15″ long. $4.98.



JOE PALOOKA BOP BAG with 3-D boxing gloves and squeaker. Always bounces back for more. In box with Inflato Pump and book on how to box by Joe himself. 54″ high $4.98; 36″, $2.98.

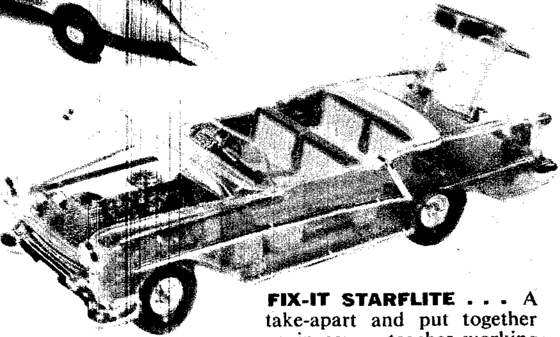
ROY ROGERS FIX-IT CHUCK WAGON fresh from the west with its own "cook out" pots and pans, wheel-changing jack, wrench and pry-bar. Plus Pat's hilarious action jeep, "Nellybelle" and figures of Roy, Dale, Pat, Bullet. 26″ long, $5.98.

Roy Rogers
CHUCK WAGON

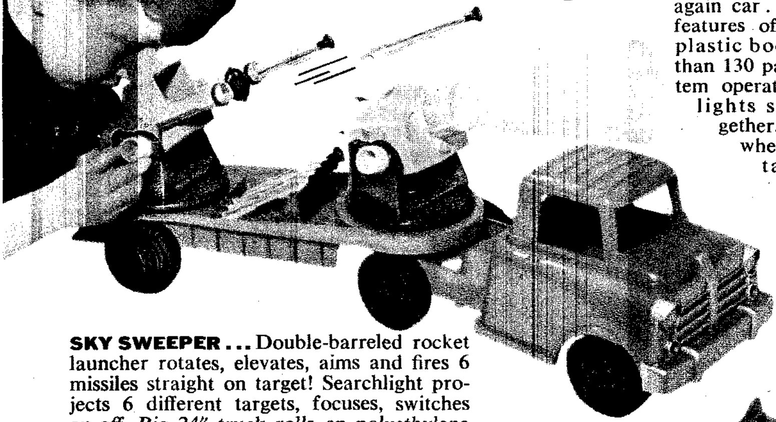


TURBO JET AND ROCKET LAUNCHING PLATFORM . . . 12" Turbo Jet Car with friction motor, has screaming siren when released from 10" platform. Harmless polyethylene tip on nose. $3.98.

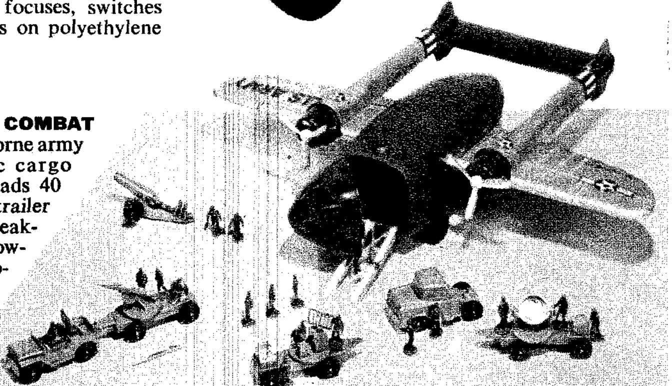
Action toys for every age from IDEAL



FIX-IT STARFLITE . . . A take-apart and put together again car . . . teaches working features of real auto. Clear plastic body encloses more than 130 parts. Electrical system operates front and rear lights separately or together. Working steering wheel, cylinders, planetary gear system, drive shaft. 20" $14.95.



SKY SWEEPER . . . Double-barreled rocket launcher rotates, elevates, aims and fires 6 missiles straight on target! Searchlight projects 6 different targets, focuses, switches on-off. Big 24" truck rolls on polyethylene wheels. $7.98.



FLYING BOX CAR AND COMBAT TEAM . . . Complete airborne army in big 2-engine plastic cargo plane. Nose opens, unloads 40 pieces including radar trailer with rotating screen, unbreakable soldiers, operating howitzer, rocket launcher, rotating searchlight trailer, plus army jeep and cab. $5.98.

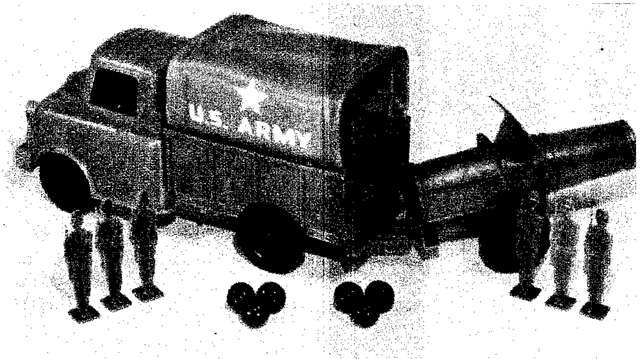
The best toys for girls and boys are by IDEAL

COMBAT ENGINEERS SET... Action-packed unit including bridge, radar tower, quonset hut, 16 soldiers, bulldozer, and an elevating Nike launcher that fires harmless missiles . . . assembles and disassembles quickly, fits in trailer-truck to move to new "Combat area"! Complete $5.98.

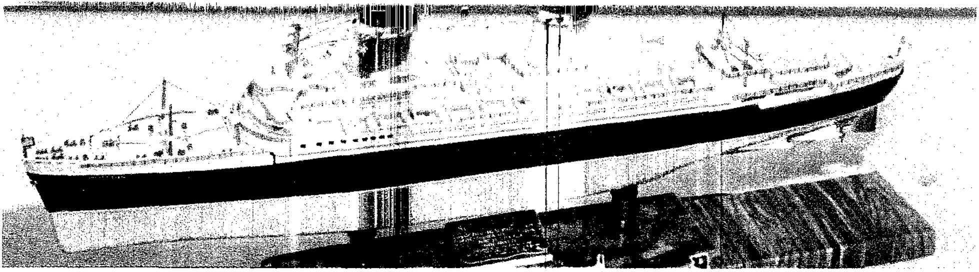
SATELLITE LAUNCHER TRUCK... Fires four polyethylene flying saucers 75 feet into the air. Launching platform can be aimed by dial control. Radar screen can be elevated and driver's cab rotated 360 degrees. $4.98.

BOY! IT REALLY WORKS!

PERSON-TO-PERSON PHONE SET...An electronic intercom that lets you talk from room to room on two life-size modern, dial phones. Dials... bell rings opposite phone. "On" button lights. Includes insulated wire (batteries not included). $8.98.

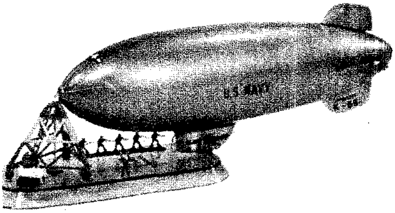


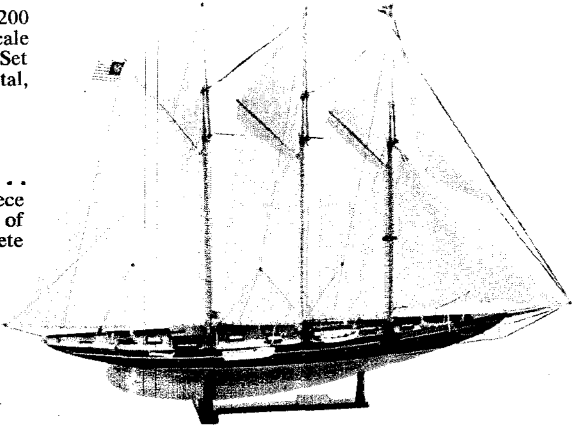
CANNON TRUCK... Rugged military transport with removable vinyl canopy carries 6 soldiers, tows Big Bertha that shoots 6 harmless cannonballs. It's big! 26" long; made of unbreakable polyethylene. No sharp edges; color won't chip or peel. $4.98.



S. S. UNITED STATES . . . More than 200 prepainted, plastic parts assemble to scale model of world's fastest luxury ship. Set includes light, wiring equipment, pedestal, plaque for mounting. 29″ long, $9.98.

U. S. NAVY PATROL BLIMP K-68 . . . Scale 1″ to 28′. Kit of 28 parts plus 6-piece mooring mast (3½″ high) and replica of towing tractor. Blimp 11″ long. Complete 98c.





YACHT ATLANTIC . . . Precision assembly kit of more than 200 parts for scale model of historic sailing vessel. Vacuum formed sails; ship-stand and nameplate included. Scale ⅛″ to 1′. Complete $4.98.

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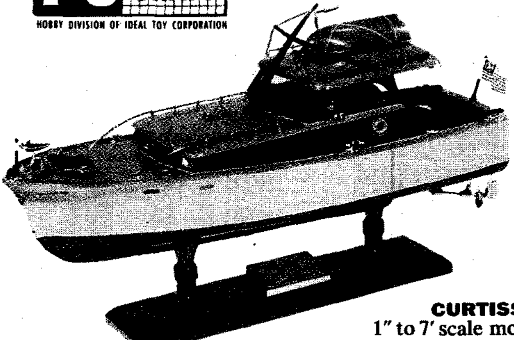

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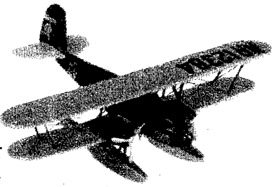

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Norwalk —Jack & Jill
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Wilmington —Rosenbaums Inc.

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—Shulman's Juvenile Center
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IDEAL

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—Satty's Carriage Co.
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—Stadium Stores
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—Shifman
—Rugby
Queens —Terminal Toyland
—Parsont's
—J. F. Sokol
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—Juvenile Play Pen
—Gibbs Furniture Co.
—Jackson Carriage Co.
Long Island —Huntington—Toy Town
—Levittown—Lishitz & Skurnik
—*Manhasset—Hobby Horse*
—Seaford—L & B Furniture
—Valley Stream—Goldberg & Nadler
Westchester —Pelham—Lauricella's
—Rye—Lepler Bros.
—Yonkers—McHugh Bros.
Rochester —Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
Schenectady —H. S. Barney Company
Syracuse —Dey Brothers
Utica —Playworld Shop

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheboro —Toy & Hobby Shop
Asheville —Fortune Paint & Hardware
Charlotte —Belk's
—J. B. Ivey, Company
—Center Hardware & Hobby Shop
Fayetteville —Roundhouse Hobby Shop
Greensboro —Toy & Hobby Shop
Salisbury —Greer Hardware Company
Winston-Salem —Bocock-Stroud
—Tiny Town

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown —Hess Brothers
Bethlehem —Milgreen 5 & 10 Store
Darby —Wellworth Dept. Store
Greensburg —Jan and Jeff's Toychest
Harrisburg —Pomeroy's
—Seymour, Inc.
Indiana —Blatts
Jenkintown —Jack & Jill Shop
Media —Bishop's Toy Shop
Monaca —Broman's Paint Store
Philadelphia —Gimbel Brothers
—Lit Brothers
—Snellenburg's
—Stern's
—Strawbridge & Clothier
—John Wanamaker
—L. Campell
—Leo's 5 & 10
—Phillips Juvenile
—Stacey's
—Toy Town
—Trump's Gift Shop
Pittsburgh —Gimbel Brothers
—Kaufmann's
—Slumber Shop
Scranton —Scranton Dry Goods
—The Globe Store
Uniontown —Jan and Jeff's Toychest
Wilkes-Barre —Pomeroy's

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Providence —Outlet Company
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Charleston —Robinson's Bicycle
—The Nursery Nook
Columbia —Palmetto Hardware & Supply Co.
—Toy Town
—Hillman's
Greenville —The Toyland
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—Kiddie's World
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Falls Church —Toy Fair
—Rogers Toy Shops
—Culmore Juvenile Center
—Peter Pan Variety
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Harrisonburg —Joseph Ney's
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Norfolk —Smith & Welton
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—Rogers Toy Shops
Richmond —Miller & Rhoads, Inc.
—Thalhimer Bros.
—Bratman's Variety Store
—Rogers Toy Shops
Rockville —Toy Fair
Staunton —Sterrett's
Vienna —Peter Pan Variety

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ARTHRITIS WITHOUT PAIN

Simple and scientific, this home therapy based upon rest, posture, heat, massage, exercise —and faith—helps even the most serious of cases

This article is based on the book "Overcome Arthritis" by William Kitay. Mr. Kitay, a leading non-professional authority on arthritis, wrote this book with the cooperation of the medical staff of The Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation.

MEDICAL SCIENCE has worked out a simple, inexpensive do-it-yourself home treatment for arthritis that gives new pain-free life to even the most serious cases. Its five-point program is based on an extended study at a famous American hospital and on the work and pooled knowledge of more than a thousand specialists and research scientists.

Impressive testimony as to the effectiveness of this new approach to arthritis treatment comes from research scientists who selected a group of badly deformed arthritic patients, gave them the same treatment over a two-year testing period that they had worked out for home use, and observed the following results:

Of the 80 percent of the severely crippled patients involved in the experiment who were discharged from the hospital, half were totally self-sufficient and able to perform daily home and work functions normally. The remaining 40 percent were partially self-sufficient on discharge, with ability to perform everyday activity increased to 26 percent.

At the study's conclusion, all less-severely disabled patients were discharged. Of these, 80 percent were self-sufficient and more than 30 percent were able to accept full-time

From the book *Overcome Arthritis*. © Copyright, 1957, by William Kitay. Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc.

jobs, many for the first time in years.

The five-point home treatment of arthritis involves no miracle drugs, trick diets or quick cures. It is administered with the aid of a relative or friend. There is little to buy; the few simple appliances needed can be made at home without difficulty.

The treatment is based on physical therapy involving thorough, careful self-application of (1) rest, (2) good posture, (3) heat, (4) massage and (5) exercise.

Proper rest does much to overcome arthritic pain and disability. This means *complete* rest, with the entire body, or just the involved joints, immobilized in exactly the right way.

For active, painful arthritis, minimum resting periods should total about 12 hours daily, mostly in the afternoon and early evening, and always in bed (in addition to the eight or more hours of night sleep). The amount of rest needed depends on the severity of the case.

The proper way for an arthritic to rest is to remain flat on his back, keeping all joints straight and relaxed yet with no undue effort to do so. Fingers, wrists, elbows and knees must remain comfortably straight. Although this seems virtually impossible at first, once it is tried for several hours the patient feels more relaxed and has less pain on arising.

As the condition of the patient's joints improves, the amount of rest he needs decreases. A proper balance is the minimum amount needed to enable him to go about without experiencing muscle stiffness and pain.

When posture is bad, various parts of the body are not being held in proper alignment by its muscles, and the extensive damage that can result from improper standing or sitting is at times fantastic.

Good posture, on the other hand, helps prevent fatigue which, according to some medical authorities, is one of the greatest contributing and precipitating factors of all diseases. Elimination of fatigue does much to restore the mental and physical endurance of individuals with rheumatoid arthritis. Good posture also lessens strain on inflamed joints, and distressed muscles, eases pain and reduces chances of deformity and crippling.

HEAT is also a valuable part of the home-care program: its pain-relieving qualities are often almost magical and it is considered one of the most useful weapons available in the treatment of arthritis. When possible, and under doctor's orders, heat should be applied to the affected joints several times daily.

It rests arthritic joints by lessening their aches and pains, and prepares the patient for the essential therapeutic exercises that are to follow. It is heat, too, that makes it possible to move involved joints through a greater range of motion, thus not only preventing crippling but also correcting any deformities that may have begun.

Generally, heat should be applied for no more than 20 or 30 minutes at a time, and not more than twice a day. The doctor, for particular reasons, may decide to prescribe a longer and more frequent exposure to heat therapy, but this judgment should not be undertaken by the patient, as the haphazard application of heat can be harmful.

Massage is a medical art that can be learned by any normally intelligent person, once he is shown how. Like heat, it is one of the most useful methods for overcoming arthritic misery. It increases the circulation within an arthritic joint, thereby providing a more constant supply of fresh blood. It reduces swelling by speeding the drainage of waste matter from the joint.

Massage helps the bodily substance called "lymph" to carry off a certain pain-causing chemical about which little is known. It also has a kind of sedative effect that gives blessed relaxation to a distraught arthritic body. Mechanical massagers and vibrators now on the market are of no value in arthritis and many have proved harmful.

True arthritic exercise is a combination of carefully designed procedures intended to carry an affected joint through its normal range of motion. Each exercise is aimed at overcoming a very definite problem in a particular joint.

True arthritic exercise actually avoids physical exertion and overactivity on the affected joints. It is a specialized therapeutic procedure aimed at one particular group of muscles at a time. It maintains a joint's normal range of motion and increases it, if it has been restricted, but without harming it any further.

Five-point home care is the most effective treatment now available to arthritics and is distilled from all present knowledge of the disease. It is not a substitute for something else or a cut-rate form of treatment for those who cannot afford more expensive medical care.

Here are vital questions and answers covering subject matter which most commonly occurs in any discussion of arthritis.

Q: Is chloroquine a "wonder" drug for treatment of rheumatoid arthritis?

A: Although some foreign clinical investigators are enthusiastic about use of this potent drug to inactivate what they call rheumatoid arthritis, many others see it as just another drug that might help some patients but not all. Some investigators report serious side effects from the drug, originally developed as an anti-malarial.

Past performance of anti-rheumatic drugs has shown that better results and fewer side reactions are always obtained when the potent ones are dispensed only by arthritic specialists.

Q: What are an arthritic's chances of recovery?

A: Seven out of every ten persons with crippling arthritis show marked improvement after proper medical care.

Q: Should he continue at his regular job?

A: By all means, if the arthritis is not severe or disabling and the work does not aggravate involved joints.

Q: What about the patent medicines advertised for arthritis?

A: These usually contain one of the salicylates such as aspirin. No matter how expensive, they do no more than provide the relief from pain made possible by the low-cost aspirin they contain.

Q: Does the weather have any

affect on an arthritic patient?

A: It does influence the severity of the aches and pains.

Q: Does excessive tension affect arthritis?

A: Persons with the disease seem to feel worse when under some emotional strain.

Q: Is arthritis emotional in origin?

A: In some people an emotional upheaval can trigger an arthritic attack.

Q: What are the most often ignored warning signs of arthritis?

A: The slight joint swellings that come and go over the years.

Q: Can rheumatoid arthritis be prevented?

A: There are no sure measures. The precipitating causes that bring on the disease are too common or not sufficiently specific to be readily controlled.

Q: Is there a medicine to cure arthritis?

A: No. There is no known medicinal cure for the disease.

Q: Is it possible to stop rheumatoid arthritis?

A: The progress of the disease may be interrupted temporarily or permanently at any stage. No patient is beyond aid.

Q: Will all arthritics be crippled?

A: Only a very small percentage of rheumatoid arthritics are in danger of crippling. However, deformities in most of these cases can be successfully prevented.

Q: Does arthritis ever cure itself without treatment?

A: Yes, in some cases even of active rheumatoid arthritis. However, there is no way of being able to identify these cases in advance.

Q: Will the use of orange juice and cod liver oil "lubricate" the joints of a person suffering from arthritis?

A: No, for these substances—or any other foods, for that matter—play no part in the lubrication of the joints.

Q: Can heavy manual labor cause arthritis?

A: It can no doubt contribute to the onset of the disease, but there is great doubt that it is a cause.

Q: Do children ever get arthritis?

A: Children as young as eight months of age have been known to have rheumatoid arthritis.

Q: Will arthritis of the spine affect the brain?

A: No. This is confined to the joints of the spinal column.

Q: How is arthritis distinguished from muscular dystrophy?

A: Arthritis is a progressive inflammation of the joints; muscular dystrophy is a wasting away of the muscles.

Q: Is it safe to take salicylates such as aspirin for an indefinite length of time?

A: Generally, yes. They are the safest of all the drugs used in the treatment of arthritis and usually are prescribed first, to reduce pain and inflammation. They have no affect on the disease process.

Q: Is bee venom used to treat arthritis?

A: Not any more. This form of therapy produces so few beneficial results that it has long been discontinued as of no value.

Q: Are there any vaccines for the treatment of arthritis?

A: None are now in use. The one-time belief in vaccines for this purpose no longer exists.

Q: Will hormones retard the aging of the joints?

A: No. In some patients they have led to bone destruction.

Q: Is premature graying of the hair caused by arthritis?

A: No.

Q: Are varicose veins or tingling of the extremities signs of arthritis?

A: No.

Q: When joints are stiff in the morning is that a sign of arthritis?

A: Morning stiffness may be an early sign of arthritis, but not necessarily. Other symptoms must also be present.

Q: Are iodine foods of value in treating arthritis?

A: There is no scientific evidence to suggest that iodine will help arthritics or victims of any other rheumatic disease.

Q: Is there any relationship between constipation and arthritis?

A: None whatsoever. There is no such diagnosis as "chronic constipated arthritis" as many believe.

Q: Are gold salts of value in the treatment of arthritis?

A: Yes, but only in the rheumatoid form of the disease.

Q: Are simple muscle pains a symptom of arthritis?

A: Probably not. Not all aches and pains mean arthritis.

Q: Is it a waste of time to use liniments for arthritis?

A: An infrared lamp is a far more efficient way of producing beneficial heat.

Q: Do arthritic joints make noise?

A: Some do. In rheumatoid arthritis, granulation tissue in a joint may cause a rubbing sound. A coarse grating or grinding sound is often more felt than heard in osteo-arthritis.

Q: Do backaches indicate arthritis?

A: Since there are about 85 different causes of backache, including arthritis, a doctor should be consulted.

Q: What causes the swelling in arthritis?

A: Usually, the presence of abnormally large amounts of fluid.

Q: What causes arthritic fingers to curl up?

A: Destruction of the joints that results in a union of bony parts, along with a wasting of ligaments and muscles.

Q: Does high humidity cause discomfort in arthritis?

A: Humidity seems to have a definite effect upon the symptoms of many arthritics. Most feel better on hot dry days or on cold dry days and worse on hot humid days or on cold damp days.

Q: What can be done for stiff finger joints?

A: Heat and exercise as prescribed by a doctor should help.

Q: Is poor appetite a sign of arthritis?

A: Along with gradual loss of weight and anemia, it is.

Q: Does evening thirst and general distress mean arthritis?

A: If this combination is associated with the low-grade fever that may persist for months during active rheumatoid arthritis—yes.

Q: Is it possible to have arthritis in the head?

A: Not in the brain but in the

jaw, which has the only joints in the head.

Q: Is ultrasonic therapy a cure for arthritis?

A: It is another way of providing internal heat; but it is not a cure.

Q: What joints are most often crippled by arthritis?

A: Those of the hands and fingers.

Q: Can crippling be predicted in advance?

A: No. A method for determining this is something doctors have been seeking for years.

Q: Is there any particular age at which most arthritis starts?

A: There is no accurate indication of when the disease actually starts. Arthritis is insidious and may be slowly smoldering beneath the surface for years before it breaks out.

Q: Should an arthritic move to a warmer climate?

A: It is not advisable to endanger economic status or disrupt social ties in a vain effort to seek a climate that will cure arthritis. It will be better to fight the problem at home with the aid of medical supervision.

Q: Are there any tests for arthritis?

A: A blood test is now being perfected. However, there are no generally useful diagnostic tests that can be compared to the tests for diabetes or tuberculosis.

Q: Are there more women arthritics than men?

A: Only when rheumatoid arthritis is concerned. The reason is not entirely clear, though the female hormonal structure may be implicated.

Q: Is osteo-arthritis solely a disease of aging?

A: There is some relationship between osteo-arthritis and advancing age, though there is evidence that other factors may be involved.

Q: Will the wearing of proper shoes lessen the aches and pains of osteo-arthritis?

A: Foot disorders often transmit undue stress upward, producing damaging effects on many joints. Improving foot mechanics and wearing properly fitted shoes will relieve the pain due to osteo-arthritis.

IN JANUARY CORONET

A NEW VIEW ON DELINQUENCY

James T. Farrell, famed author, compares the world of delinquency typified in his Studs Lonigan trilogy, with the problem today—in an unique, original analysis.

HOW TO STICK TO A DIET

What's eating you when you overeat? By following the five foolproof rules of Dr. Wilfred Dorfman, noted nutrition expert, you can conquer excess appetite.

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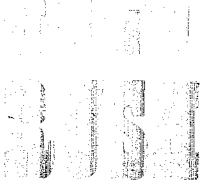
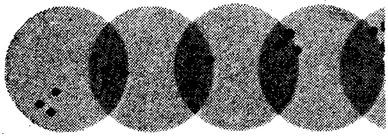
A CORONET QUICK QUIZ



The glitter of gold is a lure difficult to resist—and there's a golden opportunity for some armchair prospecting in the mine of information below, says Guest Quizmaster Bud Collyer, m.c. of CBS-TV's "To Tell the Truth" (Tuesdays, 9 p.m., EST). Start digging and picking, Bud suggests, and check all nugget finds on page 132.

1. Half of the world's gold comes from
   (a) Alaska (b) Africa (c) Western United States
2. The largest known gold nugget was found in
   (a) California (b) Alaska (c) Australia
3. The value of an ounce of pure 24-carat gold in the United States is
   (a) $35 (b) $25 (c) $20.67
4. An ounce of gold can be pounded and stretched into wire as long as
   (a) 60 miles (b) 5280 feet (c) 10 rods
5. "Black Gold" refers to
   (a) oil (b) lumber (c) coffee
6. The Golden Horn is in
   (a) Europe (b) North America (c) Africa
7. The Golden Calf of the Bible was made by
   (a) Solomon (b) Aaron (c) Jacob
8. Jason's ship, in which he searched for the Golden Fleece, was
   (a) Medea (b) Argo (c) Scylla
9. Midas changed into a statue of gold his
   (a) wife (b) niece (c) daughter
10. "The Golden Ass" was written by
    (a) Rabelais (b) Apuleius (c) Zola
11. "All that glisters is not gold" is found in Shakespeare's
    (a) Hamlet (b) Merchant of Venice (c) The Tempest
12. The Golden Spike was used in the first East Coast-West Coast railroad at
    (a) Promontory, Utah (b) Cheyenne, Wyo. (c) Kansas City, Mo.
13. Fool's Gold is
    (a) wishful dreaming (b) low grade of gold (c) copper pyrites
14. It became illegal to possess over $100 in gold in
    (a) 1918 (b) 1929 (c) 1933
15. The Golden Gloves Tournament originated in 1926 in
    (a) New York (b) Chicago (c) Dallas
16. The Golden City is
    (a) the new Jerusalem (b) San Francisco (c) Johannesburg
17. "The Golden Bough" is
    (a) a painting (b) a treatise on magic and religion (c) a hymn

THE BIG BOWLING



by W. G. Houseman

"Bowlers," said the proprietor of a palatial bowling emporium in a Chicago suburb, "come in all shapes, sizes and ages today." He glanced at his watch, then nodded toward the entrance. "In exactly five minutes, the whole Donahue family, including Grandma and the kids, will troop in."

Right on schedule, five Donahues carrying five bowling balls arrived to take their places on the lanes while about them on 42 glistening alleys, roughly covering the acreage of a truck farm, balls rumbled endlessly toward their targets and tenpins collapsed with an acoustically muffled clatter.

Never in the history of sports has there been anything like today's bowling boom. In a few short years, it has emerged as America's leading participant sport, with over 20,000,000 bowlers spending $250,000,000 annually at some 7,500 bowling establishments.

And these establishments aren't what they used to be. Gone are the racetrack touts, the adjoining smoke-filled poolrooms and the surly pinboys who set your pins or didn't, depending on their frame of mind.

Today's most successful centers have moved from Skid Road out into the suburbs, and they often possess the architectural quality of a modern hotel or office building. Most of them are spacious, air conditioned and tastefully decorated to lure wives, girl friends and grandmothers.

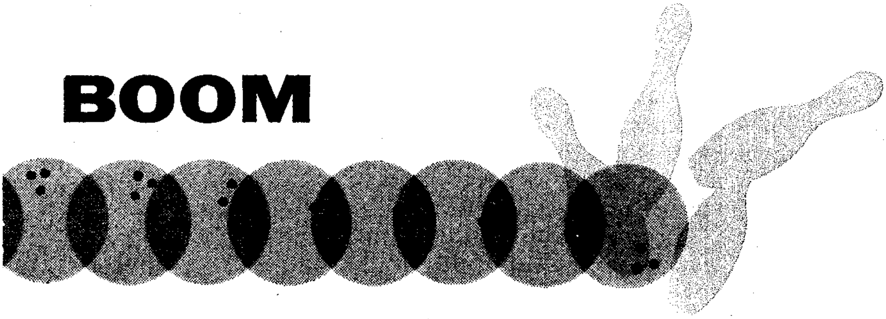
Good times and increasing leisure created a favorable background for the present bowling rage. But virtually all experts agree that the game's dramatic upsurge can be traced directly to two powerful stimulants: television and automatic pinspotters.

It may surprise baseball fans to learn that more TV time now is devoted to bowling than to any other sport. Last year this amounted to a staggering 9,000 hours. Chicago had no less than seven bowling programs a week, New York four, Detroit three.

Before TV focussed on bowling, the sport had its stars, of course. But only the most dedicated amateurs knew who they were—or cared. Today, keglers like Billy Welu, Dick Weber, and Lou Campi, perhaps bowling's most popular performer, are recognized on the streets as authentic celebrities and are thus fair game for autograph hounds.

One of bowling's most appealing points is its apparent simplicity. Television has bolstered this notion, thereby giving the game an enormous lift. The armchair bowler watching the TV stars effortlessly knock down pins figures the sport is a cinch. So he heads for the nearest lanes to roll a perfect 300 game. (Actually, according to the Ameri-

BOOM



America's No. 1 participant sport is also our No. 1 all-family sport

can Bowling Congress, the average bowler competing in league play has a season's average of 154.)

The beginning of the revolution in the sport coincided exactly with the production in 1950 of the first automatic pinspotter by the American Machine and Foundry Company. Electronically controlled and foolproof, the pinspotter has made bowling a four-season, 24-hour-a-day business.

Every time a ball hits the pit cushion at the rear of the lane, the pinspotter is set in motion. A sweeper bar brushes the lane clear of fallen pins and ten fresh ones are set in place.

If, as happens more often than not, a bowler fails to knock down all the pins with the first ball, the standing pins are lifted while the others are swept clear. Then they are lowered in place for the second ball. Thanks to the machine's remarkable "memory," the pins are re-spotted exactly, even when they are jarred out of position by the first ball. Invisible underlane channels return the balls swiftly and quietly.

Once the chronic pinboy shortage was solved by automatic pinspotters, bowling lanes could be kept humming with the precision—and high profit—of an automobile assembly line. Neighborhood mothers start the ball rolling in daytime leagues. School kids pick up the pace in the afternoon, to be followed by their parents, aunts and uncles who bowl until succeeded by night owls on late dates and other assorted insomniacs. After that, in industrial areas at least, the lanes may be engulfed by bowlers fresh from the swing shift.

In most places, the couple who walk into a center off the street will pay between 40 and 50 cents apiece for a game of ten frames—ten chances each to knock down ten pins with two balls. The average couple will roll three or four games. Time spent: a little better than an hour. Money spent: a minimum of $2.50, not counting refreshments.

Relatively little bowling revenue, however, comes from such couples. Organized league play is what pays the bills. Scarcely an industry, social or fraternal club in any city is not represented in some form of organized play. And there are Tuesday

Afternoon Housewives' Leagues, Professors' Leagues, Nurses' Leagues, Airline Pilots' Leagues and Just for the Heck of It Leagues.

Everything possible is done to encourage the beginner to improve his skill. Paramus Bowling, a 42-lane establishment in suburban New Jersey, for example, sponsors clinics at which nationally famous bowlers lecture to several hundred novices comfortably seated in the gallery section, then patiently coach each of them for long hours on the alleys themselves. The coaching is free, the bowling is free, and shoes and balls can be borrowed from the management.

Physically handicapped groups bowl for nothing, and school kids fill the lanes on Saturday mornings, playing at reduced rates. Mothers who bowl can leave their pre-school children in the supervised nursery.

One of today's palatial bowling centers may represent an investment of a million dollars or more, but efficiently managed and going at full steam it can return a profit matched by few other industries. Most proprietors own and mortgage their land and buildings but lease the automatic bowling equipment. It is not unusual for a well-located center with a bar to earn as much as 30 to 40 percent a year on its net investment.

A really first-rate bowler, too, can make his skill pay. For if he is blessed with an iron constitution he can compete almost nightly in tournaments and pick up at least a modest bit of the prize money.

At this year's ABC championships in Fort Worth, Texas, for instance, prize money amounting to $228,157 was paid out in a fantastic total of 7,710 checks. And in the tournaments on network TV expert competitors have earned prize money running into five figures.

But even better than TV for the gifted few is a spot on the "advisory board" of such major equipment manufacturers as AMF and Brunswick-Balke-Collender. By teaching, directing clinics and wearing the sponsor's silks in the important tournaments, a hustling advisor can earn as much as $30,000 a year.

Sylvia Wene, who was Woman Bowler of the Year in 1955, is one of the few women advisors. Before she reached championship form, she made $45 a week clerking in a Philadelphia grocery store. Now a full-time $22,000-a-year bowler wearing the magic triangle insignia of her sponsor, AMF, she has bought the store she once worked in.

FOR VARIOUS and frustrating reasons, bowling until recently has always been linked in America with sinning. The Dutch brought the game of ninepins with them to New York in the 17th century and played it in a pleasant park. That site, now in the heart of the city's financial district, is still known as Bowling Green.

The sport eventually spread to New England, where the Puritans legislated against it because of the excessive gambling that went along with it. Enthusiasts circumvented the anti-ninepins law by adding a tenth pin. This changed the pin formation from a diamond to a triangular shape, and bowling then assumed the basic form it still retains.

Today, bowling is so well thought of that in the public school systems of many cities it is being added to the physical education curriculum. And at well over 200 colleges and universities, bowling teams are coached to compete in both intramural and intercollegiate competition.

The most impressive youth movement in the country is the American Junior Bowling Congress, an offshoot of the ABC. It started 20 years ago in Chicago when a teacher named Milton Raymer organized a modest bowling program with 16 students as a means of combatting juvenile delinquency. Today it has 130,000 members.

But it is the ladies who have been largely responsible for pushing the game to its present impressive state. Once they began organizing themselves into leagues, it was clear that bowling was on its way.

In numerous suburban areas, the most successful leagues are now made up of mixed teams. The wives, at long last, are granted handicaps which elevate them to equality with their husbands in a sport once pursued by a scant handful of males. And not very distinguished ones, at that.

Noël, Noël

DURING CHRISTMAS week the Georgia Power Company of Valdosta, Georgia, centers its glass walled lobby with a beautiful lighted tree. Nightly Santa sits beside it and waves and nods to passers-by. Youngsters, with doting adults, cause near traffic jams.

On Christmas Eve, Santa is conspicuously absent. On his chair rests a large placard which reads,

"Sorry—this is my busy night. Santa Claus."

—MRS. J. T. BRIDGES

A LARGE SIGN on the outskirts of Hartford, Ky., reads:

Welcome to Hartford, Ky., Home of 2000
Happy People and a Few Soreheads.

Above this large sign during the Christmas season was an additional sign:

Even the Few Soreheads Wish You a Merry Christmas!

—JOHN CARTER WELDON

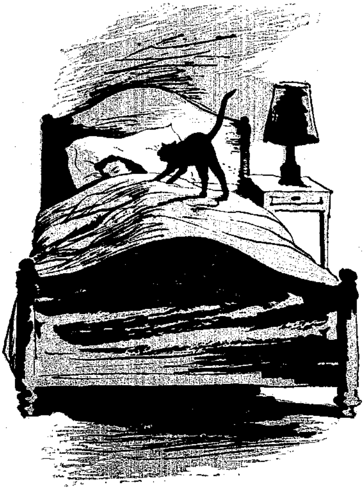
THIS CHRISTMAS most parents will spend more money on their kids than they did on the honeymoon that started it all. —S. OMAR BARKER, *Quote*

A NEW KIND of Christmas Club started early this year—you save enough money to pay for last year's gifts.

—*A. M. A. Journal*

Bugsy's Miracle

by Anne Pinkerton



On a dark night a black cat crossed a sick woman's path—and saved her life

I SHALL ALWAYS BELIEVE he knew I was in trouble, and did what instinct told him was the only thing he could do to save me. Call it coincidence, conditioned reflex, whatever you will—I know what I know.

He lives with my daughter Florrie and her husband, and his name is Bugsy, and he is a small, smoke-black, half-Siamese. My daughter says he has a "batwing sweep of ear and eyes like ripe gooseberries." She also says he has the heart of a lion and is a mighty guardian of the peace of their premises. In his kittenhood, once, he was seen furiously climbing up the leg of the gardener's horse in an effort to drive the hateful thing off the place.

Always he will attack "marauding" snakes, pigs and, of course, dogs, in any numbers and any combination of sizes. Indeed, the slogan of this small warrior must be: "Peace—it's wonderful!" And he seems always on the lookout to defend to the utmost his family's right to that peace.

Scrabbling children, even "household" children, are viewed with disapproval and to the accompaniment of loud cries. And, as for the adults, even the slightest raised inflection in a voice over the morning toast and coffee is immediately questioned in anxious, insistent half-Siamese, accompanied by a haughty elevation of the tail.

Into this peace-conditioned atmosphere I was brought after my heart attack last fall. I didn't dislike cats; rather, I had never been around them much.

Bugsy was friendly and much interested in my arrival and, after the custom of cats, carefully inspected the new sickroom's furnishings, as well as all visitors to it.

A single slight gesture from me, however, was enough to let him know that his company was not desired on the bed beside me. And from that time on, all I saw of him was the curling tip of his black tail above the bed as he moved past it on his way to and from the attic where he slept, and which could only be reached through my room.

Then came the night when, all of

a sudden, a great weight seemed to crash down on my chest. No longer was there room in it for breath. Fear immobilized me in a kind of icy paralysis. I couldn't move a muscle, not even to reach for the box of pills on the bedside table. One every five minutes, the doctor had said, till three had been taken. After that, if I still couldn't breathe, the hospital and life-giving oxygen, as fast as an ambulance could take me.

Struggling frantically for breath, my panic swelled till it seemed as if it verily forced the choking sounds from my constricted throat: "Flor-rie!"

And then, suddenly, it came to me! I was virtually alone.

My son-in-law was away on business and my daughter was the only other person in the house. She was in a room across the hall, exhausted by the arduous duties of caring alone for an invalid. Besides, her "sleep of the just" was something we had always joked about in the family. She would never hear me, no matter how loudly I screamed.

As the realization of my utter helplessness came flooding over me, my mind temporarily blacked out. I came back to consciousness on the awareness that I must get help, somewhere, somehow.

Once more I tried to fumble for the pills; once more I couldn't make a move. I must waken my daughter somehow, otherwise I would surely die!

"Flor-rie! Flor-rie!"

Again and again I called, hoarsely, urgently, but with very little hope. Then, in the dim light from the bed lamp, I saw a small black shadow—a *familiar*, small black shadow—upright, slightly curling at the tip, not more than three inches tall. Bugsy's tail!

I must have awakened him by my calling, feeble as it was. I felt a surge of gratitude. Not that he could be of any help, but I wasn't so alone now, and forsaken.

Quietly, matter-of-factly, Bugsy moved past the bed and out of the room. And then, all of a sudden, there came a piercing, unearthly shriek.

Bugsy was calling, for me. He had jumped upon my daughter's bed and was standing on her chest, peering worriedly down into her face and "screaming his head off."

Over and beyond the furor he was making, she said, she caught the faint sound of my voice from across the hall, and in a flash was out of bed. . . .

I got the three pills—but had breakfast that morning in a hospital room, after all. But before the ambulance came for me, the little black cat never left my bedside. And when the stretcher men carried me out to the ambulance, he followed closely behind us, mumbling querulously to himself.

The last thing I saw as the ambulance moved away was his small figure walking around my daughter's feet, looking up into her face as though he were anxious, or troubled.

Concidence, or just another of his ways of keeping his family from harm? Decide it any way you like. *I know.*

Florence Foster Jenkins

THE DIVA OF DIN

by Daniel Dixon

IN THE FALL OF 1944, it was announced that Florence Foster Jenkins was to lift her voice in song from the hallowed stage of Carnegie Hall in New York. Immediately the world of music was seized by a rare excitement. The concert was sold out for weeks in advance, with tickets scalped for as much as $20 apiece.

Madame Jenkins' recital was the incredible climax of a bizarre career. For Madame Jenkins' shortcomings as an artiste were nothing short of awesome.

A dumpy coloratura soprano, her voice was not even mediocre—it was preposterous! She clucked and squawked, trumpeted and quavered. She couldn't carry a tune. Her sense of rhythm was uncertain. In the treacherous upper registers, her voice often vanished into thin air, leaving an audience with its ear cocked for notes with which she might just as well have never taxed her throat.

One critic dolefully described her as "the first lady of the sliding scale." Peevishly remarked another: "She sounds like a cuckoo in its cups."

Such tart comments were heaped upon Madame Jenkins throughout the 30-odd years that she performed in public. Yet throughout them she was immensely popular among her colleagues. Many of the world's most distinguished musicians—Enrico Caruso for one—regarded her with affection and respect.

Audiences laughed at her—laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks, laughed until they stuffed handkerchiefs in their mouths to stifle the mirth—but she was never dismayed.

Even when a song was punctured

by rowdy applause (her listeners sometimes responded to a piercing clinker with whoops of "Bravo! Bravo!") the diva simply smiled and bowed. After all, she modestly murmured, didn't Frank Sinatra arouse the same sort of buoyant enthusiasm among his adoring bobby soxers?

However meagerly endowed she may have been in voice, Madame Jenkins was a truly remarkable woman.

SHE WAS BORN Florence Foster, the daughter of a starchy Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, banker. As was customary for young girls of her station in those culture-conscious Victorian times, she was given music lessons. Her career was launched at the age of eight with a piano recital in Philadelphia. At 17, she announced her wish to go abroad and take up music as a profession. But Father Foster was one of those heavy-handed gentlemen who believed that a woman belonged at home, surrounded by teacups and servants, embroideries and children. He declined to foot the bills.

Florence had an answer to that. She eloped to Philadelphia with Frank Thornton Jenkins, a young doctor. But it was an unhappy marriage and divorce came in 1902.

Cut off by her unyielding father, Florence scratched out a precarious living as a teacher and pianist. In 1909, Father Foster passed away. He had relented, it turned out, and left Madame Jenkins a comfortable estate. With that, her career began in earnest.

"Her singing instructor," said St. Clair Bayfield, who acted as her manager for over 36 years, "was a great opera star. But there is only one person in the world"—he pointed to himself—"who knows the name."

In 1912, at her own expense, Madame staged her maiden concert. At the start, she performed exclusively in such favored cities as Newport, Washington, Boston and Saratoga Springs. Soon she had gathered about her a devoutly loyal cluster of tone-deaf clubwomen.

Madame had stupendous energy. She founded, supported and presided over the Verdi Club. In addition, she belonged to and frequently arranged musical benefits for many other women's organizations.

In staging these affairs, Madame Jenkins proved herself a shrewd executive and a canny promoter. Most of her productions made money, perhaps because she herself was usually billed as the feature attraction.

The proceeds of her private recitals were generally handed out to needy and deserving young artists, as were large chunks of her personal fortune. "She only thought," Bayfield insisted, "of making other people happy."

When Madame had attracted the notice of a few astonished critics, she decided that the time had come to set up headquarters in New York. It was here that, year by year and recital by recital, her single-minded zeal was rewarded. She became a celebrity, then a legend.

Madame performed in New York at least two times a year at Sherry's on Park Avenue, and once a year she gave a private concert at the Ritz-Carleton Hotel—an event to which only a select assortment of friends, admirers, colleagues and critics were invited. These appearances, one newspaper declared, were "awaited with more than the customary gusto." Upwards of 800 cheering people were crushed into the brocaded ballroom. Gate-crashers had to be herded away by the police.

To Madame Jenkins, a song recital was more than a matter of music. Simply to produce what she called "pure and radiant tones" was not enough. So her audience—"the lonely women and artistic men" to whom, said St. Clair Bayfield, "she afforded so much happiness"—were given beauty of atmosphere as well.

The stage was invariably smothered in flowers and greenery, it being the diva's theory that their perfumes would mingle deliciously with the trills and arabesques of her voice. And, in order to call forth an even deeper response to her offerings, she made it a habit to appear in costume.

One of her favorite selections, "Angel of Inspiration," brought her before the audience in tulle and tinsel, a rather pudgy apparition in sturdy golden wings, standing amid potted palms.

In another of her most popular renditions, a Latin number called "Clavelitos," she rigged herself up in a vivid Spanish shawl and put a large red flower in her hair. Archly fluttering an enormous fan, she marked the rhythmic cadences of the song by strewing handful after handful of rosebuds among the audience.

Once she got so worked up that she tossed not only blooms, but the basket in which they were carried, into the crowd. This caused a sensation. When her delighted listeners roared for an encore, she had an assistant hurry out front and gather up the blossoms. Then she repeated the whole routine.

No bravura was too difficult for Madame to challenge. Her programs regularly included some of the most strenuous and exacting vocal works in the musical library. In addition to Mozart and Verdi and Rachmaninoff, however, there were less demanding selections from the pen of her steadfast accompanist, Cosme McMoon, and occasionally even an air composed by herself. One of her most frequently repeated numbers was a song by Brahms, subtitled on her gilt programs: "O singer, if thou canst not dream, leave this song unsung."

At the conclusion of a concert, "flushed and happy, surrounded with flowers," she often delivered a little speech in which she invited members of the audience to write and tell her which songs they had enjoyed most. "It may not be important to you," she would say, "but it is very important to me."

As her reputation mounted, it was inevitable that Madame Jenkins should be asked to record. This she did—incomparably. And in her four immortal recordings, she adopted a highly individual approach.

"Rehearsals, the niceties of pitch and volume, considerations of acoustics—all," wrote an official of the recording company, "were thrust aside by her with ease and authority. She simply sang and the disc recorded." More often than not, she would pronounce the first rough test of a song to be "excellent—virtually beyond improvement" and order all copies to be made from such primitive pressings.

Only once did she betray any misgivings. On that occasion she phoned on the day following a session to say that she felt a trifle worried about "a note" at the end of an aria from "The Magic Flute," by Mozart.

But The Melotone Recording Studio's director Mera M. Weinstock gracefully quieted her fears. "My dear Madame Jenkins," she said, "you need feel no anxiety about any single note."

She didn't. She had a superb faith in her destiny as a diva—a faith so staunch and unswerving that it plugged her ears to the sour notes of the truth. "When it came to singing," accompanist McMoon once explained, "she forgot everything. Nothing could stop her. She thought that she was a great artist."

Shyly, but firmly, she informed a Melotone executive that she had listened to a certain aria from "The Magic Flute" as recorded by famed prima donnas Hempel and Tetrazzini, and that her own rendition was "beyond doubt the most outstanding of the three."

To Madame Jenkins, criticism sounded like kudos, ridicule like acclaim. Praise was detected on the lips of the most unsympathetic reviewers. Those whose remarks were uncompromisingly harsh were either shrugged off with queenly disdain or denounced as unlettered louts. "They are so ignorant, ignorant!" she once burst out.

When, as sometimes happened, the laughter of her audience grew so raucous that it would no longer be overlooked, she simply ascribed the boorish behavior to "professional jealousy" or to "those hoodlums." The hoodlums were, of course, her "spiteful enemies."

It was self-deception carried to outlandish extremes—but it was harmless and gentle and, in its own weird way, magnificent. Only once was her confidence observed to falter. On that occasion she told a friend, "Some may say that I couldn't sing, but no one can say that I *didn't* sing."

Without question, Madame Jenkins was a star. That she was touched with a gentle madness made no difference. For she had the unfathomable glint and glitter about her that, wherever encountered, divides the unique from the ordinary.

Whether by intention or by accident, she was an inspired showman. Bayfield once said of her: "You know, on a stage a person will sometimes draw the attention of a whole audience. There's something about her personality that makes everyone look at her with relish. That's what Mrs. Jenkins had. You could feel it in the applause. That's why she drew such enormous audiences to her concerts with very little instrument in voice. People may have laughed at her singing, but the applause was real."

For years her admirers urged Madame Jenkins to make an appearance at Carnegie Hall. And for years she resisted such suggestions. Why? Nobody knows, exactly.

But in 1944 she was 76—and there might not be many chances left. So the momentous arrangements were made. And on October 25th, the concert took place, with 2,000 bitterly disappointed customers turned away. It was, of course, a thundering commercial success.

As always, Madame's singing was an irresistible burlesque. She costumed herself as the "Angel of Inspiration" and, complete to the abandoned tossing of rosebuds, offered the stylish gathering her rendition of "Clavelitos." Unable to contain itself, the audience clutched at its sides in agonies of mirth. The critics simply winced.

The next morning's reviews were dutifully severe. They reported, for instance, that "she was undaunted by . . . the composer's intent," that "her singing was hopelessly lacking in semblance of pitch," and that "only Mrs. Jenkins has perfected the art of giving added zest by improvising quarter tones, either above or below the original notes."

Yet, on the whole, the accounts were remarkably gentle. Most of the critics discreetly refrained from any elaboration of the diva's most grievous defects.

"Everybody," one reviewer volunteered, "had a pleasant evening." Wrote another: "Her attitude was at all times that of a singer who performed her task to the best of her ability." Another discerned "a certain poignancy in her delivery."

Robert Bager of the *New York World-Telegram* observed: "She was exceedingly happy in her work. It is a pity so few artists are. And her happiness was communicated as if by magic to her listeners . . . who were stimulated to the point of audible cheering, even joyous laughter and ecstasy by the inimitable singing."

It was a typical reaction. Though most people viewed Madame Jenkins as an amusing oddity, their mirth was very often mingled with respect. For there was a quaint nobility about this woman that quelled derision and softened ridicule. She was tireless. She was genuine. And she was indomitable. Neither she nor the vision to which she clung could be squelched.

More than anything else, it was this that moved the sympathy and stirred the understanding of her listeners. She became the comic symbol of the longing for grace and beauty that is in some way shared by everyone who is clumsy and shy and ill-favored. In the end, after all the laughter, Madame Jenkins was more than a joke. She was also an eloquent lesson in fidelity and courage.

That concert was her last public appearance. The effort and excitement was too much and she fell ill. But she was content. Her mission was fulfilled.

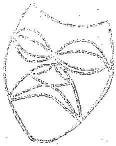
On November 26th, just one month after her final triumph at Carnegie Hall, the voice of Florence Foster Jenkins was stilled forever.

Bon Mot

AN INTELLECTUAL is a man who hears the name of Monroe and thinks of the Doctrine.

—CLARENCE MORGAN (*Cholly Knickerbocker*)

Human Comedy



WHEN THE MAN arrived to install a phone in a very small house shared by two ladies they insisted they each wanted a separate telephone.

Puzzled by their request, he asked, "Why not one phone and an extension?"

"One phone would never do for us," it was explained with complete female logic. "You see, when our personalities clash, we just call each other up and straighten everything out."

—E. CRENSHAW

IT WAS during one of the Russian delegate's interminable speeches and it was a stuffy August afternoon. An assembly member from one of the Western European nations, looking around, noticed that everyone except the elderly gentleman next to him seemed to be drowsing. Turning to the man he whispered sympathetically, "Do you *also* have insomnia?"

—MARY ALKUS (*Your Health*)

MY SON TIMMY banged his finger while playing with a hammer and let out a cuss word—the first time I'd heard him use such an expression.

"Timmy, that's not a nice word," I said firmly. "You're too young to use a word like that."

He thought about it for a minute and then replied, "You're right, Mommy. That's one of Daddy's words. I'll have to save it until I grow up."

—MRS. NORMAN MILLER

A VIRGINIA Selective Service Board received the following request for a deferment:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I wish to inform you of a change of address.

Also I would like to bring something else to your attention. The Laws of our Lord are based on the Holy Bible, and in the 24th Chapter of Deuteronomy, 5th verse of the Holy Bible it says, quote:

"When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free to stay at home for one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken." (unquote)

I wish to appeal for a deferment on these grounds. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

The Draft Board wrote a halfway happy ending to this story. The registrant got six months in which to "cheer up" his wife.

—*The Lebanon News*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Science and industry are making a jack-of-all-trades out of magnets, the . . .

Metal with Muscles

by Norman Carlisle

"LOOK, DOC—I can move *both* of my eyes!"

An incredulous and very happy veteran was looking at himself in the mirror, and there was good reason for his excitement. One of his eyes was artificial and yet, instead of remaining in a fixed, glassy stare, it followed the same motions as his natural eye. The veteran winked, glanced quickly to right and left. In every action the artificial eye behaved exactly like the good one.

Drs. Everett Tomb and Donald F. Gearhart of the Boston Veterans Administration Hospital were smilingly sharing their patient's joy. They had reason to be happy too, for they had just performed a surgical triumph, which has since been applied successfully to 300 other veterans who had lost the sight of one eye. In the artificial eye, and in the muscular tissue behind it, the doctors had implanted tiny Alnico magnets which, connected by their invisible lines of force, transmitted movements from the ocular muscles to the artificial eye.

This medical miracle was made possible by a new alloy—Alnico. By juggling aluminum, nickel, iron, cobalt and other metals, scientists hit upon this metal marvel, which has the ability to lift up to 1,500 times its own weight. In a variety of forms, this metal with the built-in lift is finding an astonishing range of uses in homes, cars, factories, and even in the human body itself.

Just how powerful Alnico magnets can be is a matter of amazement even to scientists. A single one about twice the size of an ordinary brick, for example, was used as the sole coupling between a loaded freight car and a locomotive.

Magnets themselves are of course not new. More than 2,000 years ago men knew about the curious properties of nature's only magnetic material—magnetite, or the lodestone. According to legend, it was discovered by a Cretan shepherd named Magnes, who was amazed when his iron-shod crook stuck to some odd rocks. Its first practical use was found by seamen who observed that when a piece of lodestone was placed on a stick of wood and floated in water, the stick always aligned itself in the same direction.

Centuries later, in the age of electricity, scientists discovered that a piece of steel or iron could be temporarily magnetized by passing electric current through it. When the current was turned off, the metal lost its magnetism. Just why, nobody knew.

The theory is that metal, particularly iron, is actually made up of many microscopic zones, each of which has two opposite poles. These zones, each of which is, in effect, a tiny magnet, are called domains. In magnetite, these domains are arranged in such a way that they all pull together. In ordinary metals they are arranged in a helter-skelter fashion so that they cancel out each other's magnetic effects.

When a current is passed through ordinary metal, something remarkable happens. The domains all straighten out, organize themselves in an orderly pattern and pull together, turning the metal into a big magnet with the combined magnetic power of all the domains. When the current is shut off, the domains return to their old crazy-quilt patterns, and the metal loses its magnetic power.

With Alnico, however, it is different. Pass a current through a piece of it and the domains align themselves to make the metal magnetic, as in ordinary iron or steel. Take away the current and they remain in the same position. Years later they will still be exerting their joint pull as powerfully as an electromagnet.

Uses for this metal that stays magnetic have been found at a pace astonishing even to the technicians of General Electric, the American firm that turned it from the laboratory curiosity of 25 years ago into a highly practical jack-of-all-trades. But when the company put up a huge new factory to make Alnico, officials were worried as to whether they could really sell all the muscular metal such a plant could turn out. True, millions of magnets were going into defense equipment such as radar, guided missiles, and communications equipment; and into household items like telephones, TV sets and electric meters. But there had to be uses, and plenty of them.

At that point, a company engineer remembered the joy of his 12-year-old son when handed some spare magnets his father had brought home.

"Let people play around with them," the engineer suggested. "They'll find their own uses."

Rigging up a kit of 12 assorted magnets, the company offered it for sale at $15.

The hunch paid off. Those kits led to the discovery by scientists, engineers and amateurs alike of hundreds of ways to put the magnet to work.

A refrigerator concern, for instance, abandoned catches on its doors, using magnets instead; and the idea was quickly adopted for kitchen cabinets. A camera maker found a way to use a magnet to improve the shutter mechanism.

An enterprising inventor, watching his wife iron a shirt, thought perhaps magnets could do some of the work. He put several magnets inside the iron and devised an ironing board of magnetic material to help pull the iron.

Magnetic watchdogs were devised to whisk metal out of grain, foods, candies, drugs, textiles and even out of oil and chemicals flowing through pipes. Attached to trucks, they snatch up tire-slashing nails and pieces of metal. Minnesota highway department trucks traveling along a 75-mile stretch of main roadway picked up no less than 643 pounds of metal items.

Industrial engineers keep turning up new jobs for the potent little magnets. Take the case of the weedy fields. Seed companies found it almost impossible to get clover seed without weed seed, an unhappy situation for farmers who wanted weedless fields. The trouble was that the seeds of many weeds are almost exactly the same size as clover seed, which means that they cannot be separated by screening.

One day a seed expert happened to hear about magnets being used in food factories to pick up pieces of metal that might otherwise have fallen into the food. Of course, seeds weren't metal, and there was no way a magnet could pick up a seed—or was there?

The engineer looked at some of the offending weed seeds through a magnifying glass. Their surfaces were rough and soft compared with the hard, smooth clover seeds. He tried spraying the seeds with a fog of wet iron particles. They stuck to the weed seeds, but not to the clover. When they were run along a conveyor underneath a magnet, it magically snatched up every one of the weed seeds.

But the magnet makers doubt that anyone will be likely to top the novel task that was found for the little metal marvels by a California veterinarian, Dr. R. E. Carroll.

"Another cow in trouble," a worried farm hand announced recently to Dr. Carroll, who has charge of a big dairy herd near Los Angeles.

The vet looked at the cow and made a quick diagnosis: "traumatic gastritis"—injury from something the animal had swallowed.

After surgical removal of a handful of nails from the cow's stomach, Dr. Carroll got to thinking about the fact that in a single year he had operated on 200 cows for the same trouble.

Maybe it was impossible to keep cows from swallowing metal objects—but suppose there was a way to keep sharp metal points away from delicate stomach walls? How about a magnet, *inside* the cow, which would at least hold all the metal in one place? It seemed like a crazy idea, but Dr. Carroll hustled out and bought 42 bar magnets which the cows in a special herd obediently swallowed.

Six months later, during which time the doctor had been forced to operate on 33 of the cows in a 58-cow control herd, his surgical services had been required for only two of the 42 magnetized bovines.

All Too True

A WOMAN'S IDEA of keeping a secret is refusing to tell who told it to her.

—FRANCES RODMAN
Atlantic Log

HORSE SENSE, quite naturally, will be found dwelling in a stable mind.

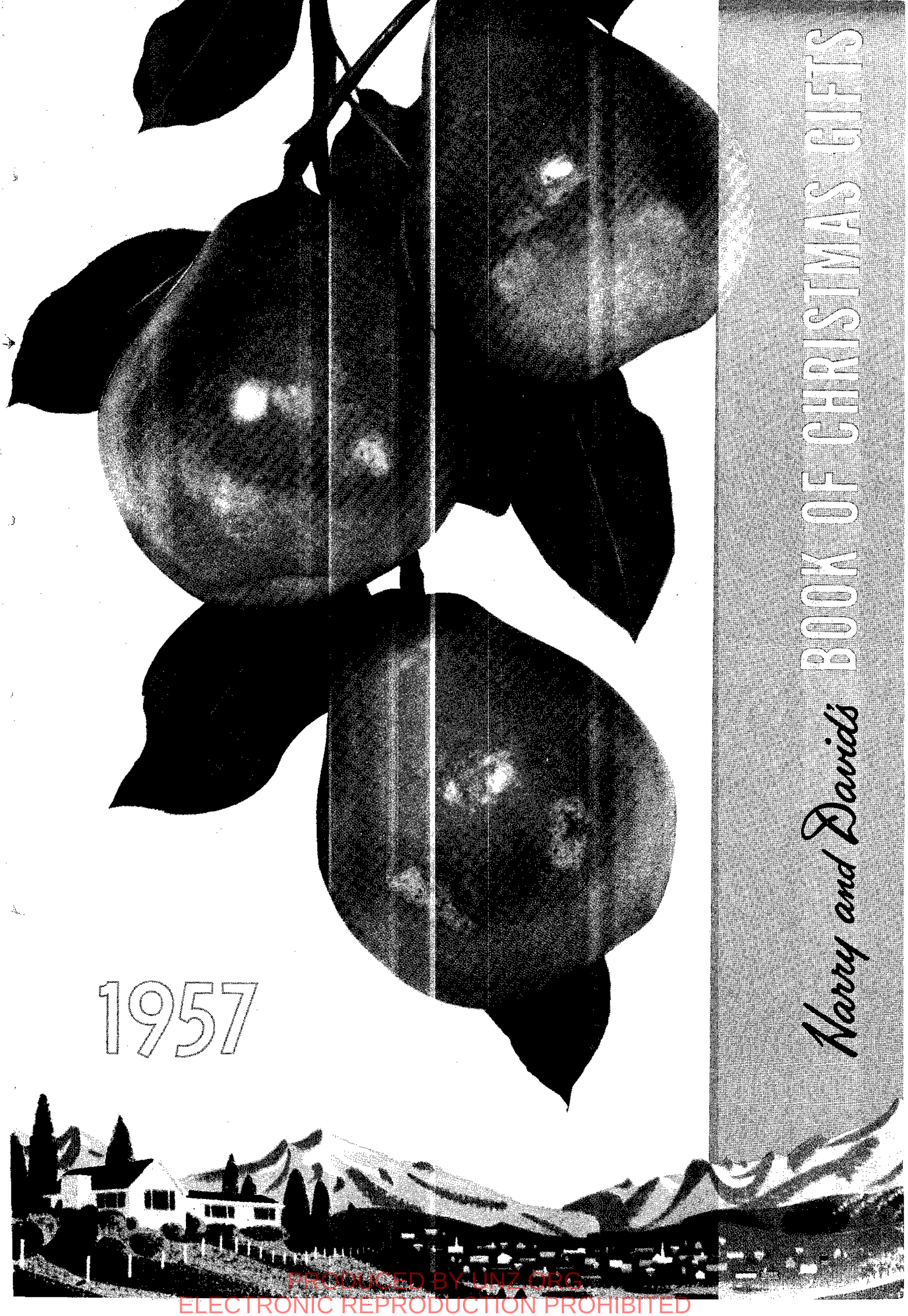
—*Postage Stamp*

SCIENCE has produced so many substitutes lately that it's hard to remember what it was we needed in the first place.

—*Woodmen of the World*

Harry and David's BOOK OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

1957



Shopping for Surprises*

with Harry and David

No fuss 'n bother — no sky-high prices — no taking chances!

YOU'LL IMPRESS THEM! You just can't buy, order or dream up these rare Christmas gifts from anywhere else but our Bear Creek Orchards. We pretty 'em up in fancy wrappings and ship them with your *personal* greetings—at no extra cost!

YOU'LL BE DIFFERENT! Each gift is designed to make you the most thoughtful, best-loved and "what'll-he-think-of-next" giver they'll know this year!

YOU'LL BE IN GOOD TASTE! Bank presidents, movie stars and famous people who can't take chances know they can rely on Harry and David for gifts in perfect taste!

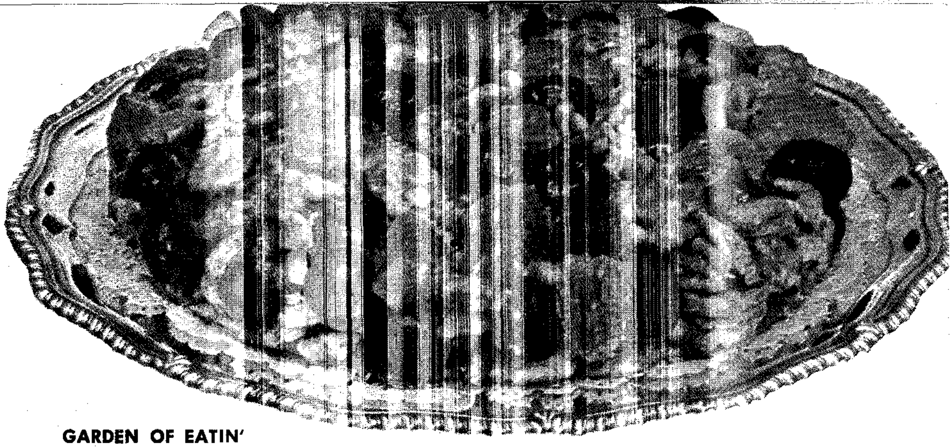
YOU'LL SAVE AND SAVE! Every year folks write and tell us it's impossible to sell such fine, unusual gifts for such low prices. But we go right on doing it! Secret is we grow our own fruit, make our own packages, do all the work ourselves and ship straight from Bear Creek Orchards to your friends!

YOU'LL FIND IT SO EASY! Just send us your list: show how to sign your name for each gift selected; enclose check or money order. Then relax. Harry and I will wrap, ship and deliver at just the right time. And you'll enjoy a shamefully lazy and happy Christmas and bask in showers of thanks for months to come. (No charges, no COD's, please.)

*Harry and David**
BOX 10, MEDFORD, OREGON

P.S. Please do ORDER EARLY! *Our gifts are* ALWAYS SELLOUTS.

*® H&D ENTIRE CONTENTS © 1957 BY HARRY AND DAVID



GARDEN OF EATIN'

Fruit Cake

Glorify your greetin's with glamorous eatin's...

Send the cake that's baked for goodness sake! There's nothing else like it in the whole wide world! That's 'cause it isn't a fruit cake at all . . . it's lots nicer! Golden pineapple nuggets, crisp pecans, red Maraschino cherries and a gourmet's dream of other delectables all in one extra elegant extravaganza. *Thank you's* will be so glowing you'll need sun glasses to read them.

GIFT No. 33, 1½ Pounder	**Postpaid**	**\$3.85**
GIFT No. 35, Big 2 Pounder	**Postpaid**	**\$4.55**
GIFT No. 36, Whopping 3 Pounder	**Postpaid**	**\$5.95**

Have several on hand for those last-minute gifts and unexpected gifts. Be good to yourself and your family, too!

BOTH GIFTS AVAILABLE THE YEAR 'ROUND

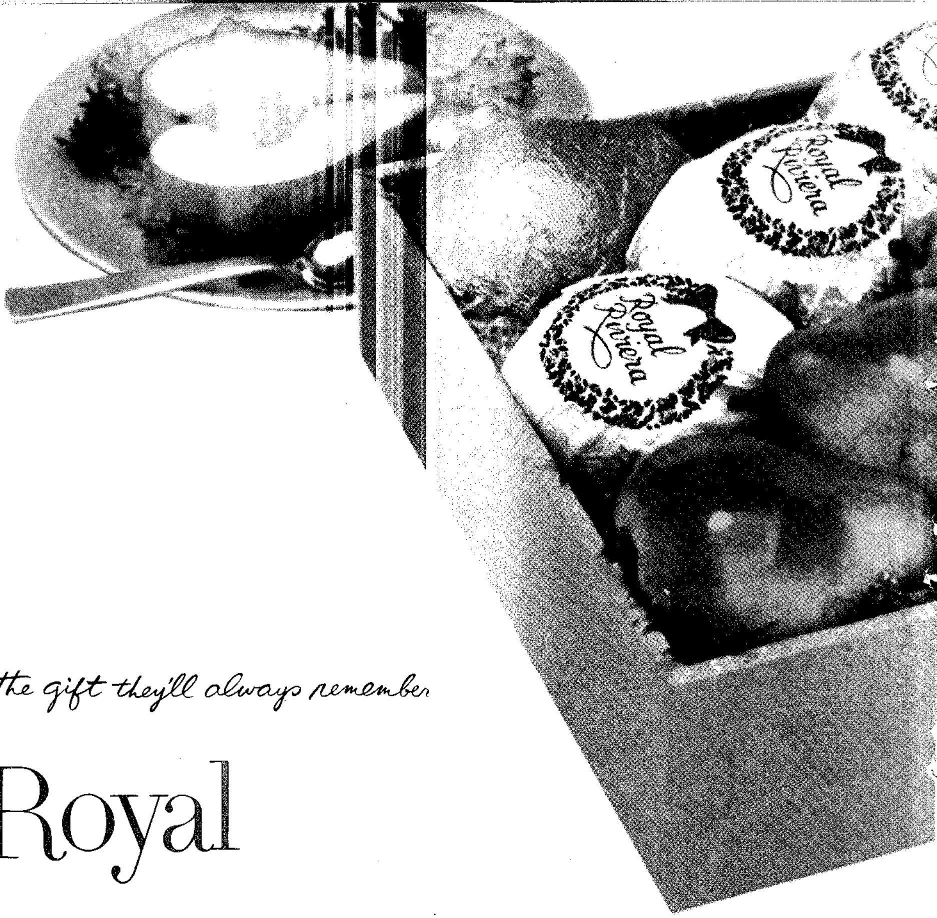
America's Finest

FANCY PANTS

Preserves

Here are the preserves that grandma serves! (We know—we send 'em to her regularly.) Stunningly packaged in red and gold, your Preserve Gift Box contains the four rare treats voted tops by Fruit-of-the-Month Club members. A full, fresh, half-pound jar each of Wild Plum, Wild Mountain Blackberry, Oregold Peach and Strawberry. People who haven't tasted these haven't lived. Folks who have can't get enough. You're a sure-as-shootin', high-falutin' Santa either way.

ORDER GIFT No. 53 **Postpaid** **\$3.95**



The gift they'll always remember

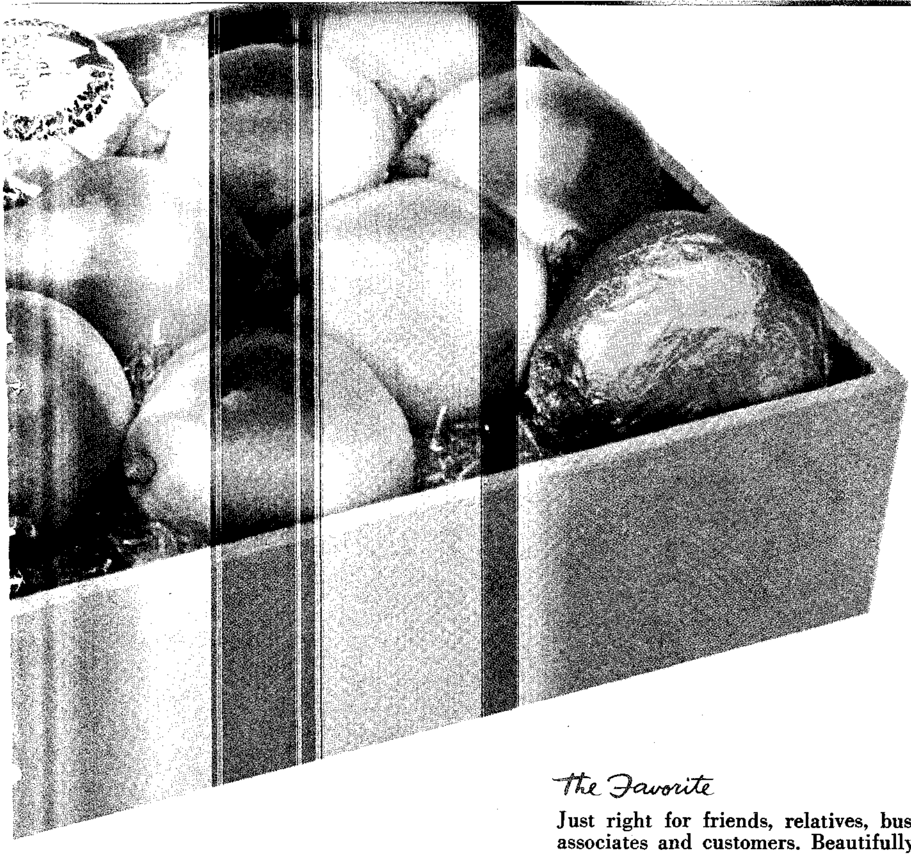
Royal

Riviera Pears*

America's rarest and Finest Fruit

Ninety-nine Noah Websters trying night and day couldn't come up with enough words to describe how beautiful and surprising these pears look and taste. You just have to spoon into one before you can believe it. Even then it may stagger your imagination, your taster and gosh knows what all. We positively promise they'll make you long remembered as a thoughtful, original giver. And how wonderfully yet inexpensively it takes care of *everyone* on your Christmas list, guaranteed to arrive perfect anywhere in the U. S. A.

HARRY AND DAVID, BOX 10, MEDFORD, OREGON



Why ROYAL RIVIERA PEARS hit a high note

Exclusive and impressive. This gift says for you, "I've sent all the way to Oregon, so you can enjoy America's finest."

Sure to please. Everybody says, "A case of love at first bite." If you let folks taste them once, they can't live without 'em.

Low cost. They look like a million, taste even better. All at a real down-to-earth price.

In good taste. Lots of famous folks who can afford far more expensive gifts give these pears year after year. So perfect in taste you could send them to Emily you-know-who.

Ideal for business gifts. Here's a gift that goes straight into homes and hearts. The whole family sings your praises.

The Favorite

Just right for friends, relatives, business associates and customers. Beautifully gift boxed. Contains 10 to 14 large pears. Shipping wt. about 10 lbs.

ORDER GIFT No. 1 **Ppd. $3.95**

Deluxe

An all-time choice for extra-special gifts. A third more fruit by weight for only 80 cents more.

ORDER GIFT No. 2 **Ppd. $4.75**

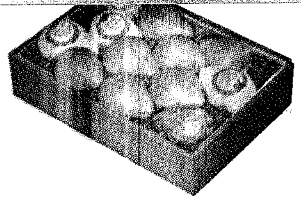
Family Affairs

A natural for family gatherings at Christmas and Thanksgiving. Lots of Royal Riviera Pears (20 to 25). They're definitely smaller, but just as juicy and luscious.

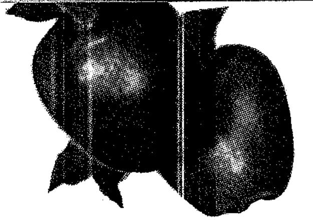
ORDER GIFT No. 3 **Ppd. $4.65**

Shipping season Nov. 1 to Jan. 25

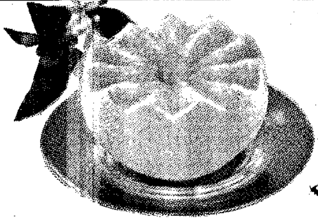
ORDER EARLY!



CHRISTMAS: Memberships start with Royal Riviera Pears; so rare hardly 1 person in 1,000 has ever tasted them.

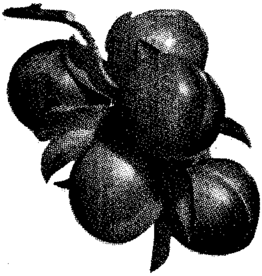


JANUARY: Crunchy, crackle-happy, big red Apples from a high mountain valley.



FEBRUARY: Big fancy showoff tree-ripened Grapefruit, just poppin' with sweetness.

MAY: 4 jars of Wild 'n Rare Preserves picked by tame Indians along the old Oregon Trail.



JULY: Generous box of Quetta Nectarines or Royal Plums, exotic, delicious and refreshing.

GIVE THE FAMOUS, ORIGINAL, ONE-AND-ONLY

Fruit-of-the-Month Club*

The Gift that Creates Excitement and Praise for you the Whole Year Through.

IT'S SO EASY . . . you order *once* . . . we deliver a *whole series* of gorgeous gift boxes, brimming over with America's rarest 'n finest fruits and delicacies . . . each carrying your personal greeting.

WINS REPEATED THANKS FOR YOU . . . your friends receive a handsomely engraved Certificate of Membership, inscribed with your name, announcing your gift and telling in advance of all the good things to come. Then month after month, as the boxes arrive, each with your name and greetings, your gift keeps going strong and growing in appreciation long after ordinary gifts, regardless of cost, have been forgotten.

A PERFECT GIFT . . . in perfect taste for every important name on your list. Ideal for friends, relatives, business associates and customers, folks who have everything and all those hard-to-buy for people. Just think how easy these continuous reminders can keep you in warm and friendly contact the year 'round with people important to you or your business.

THREE POPULAR MEMBERSHIPS

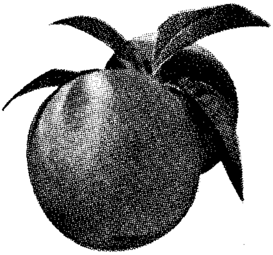
3-Box (Gift No. 11) Ppd. $11⁹⁵
Riviera Pears at Christmas; January. Apples; February, Grapefruit.

5-Box (Gift No. 14) Ppd. $19⁹⁵
Riviera Pears at Christmas; January, Apples; February, Grapefruit; May, Preserves; September, Peaches.

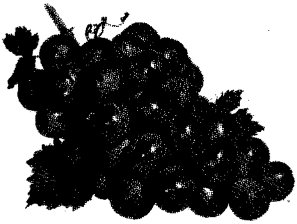
8-Box (Gift No. 15) Ppd. $31⁹⁵

The Favorite

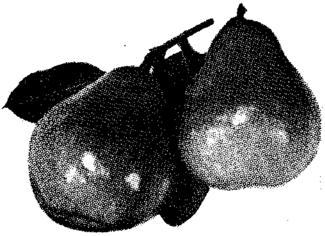
Pears at Christmas; January, Apples; February, Grapefruit; May, Preserves; July, Nectarines; September, Peaches; October, Grapes; November, Royal Riviera Pears.



SEPTEMBER: Positively the peachiest Peaches! Matchless Oregolds, so big one's almost a meal.

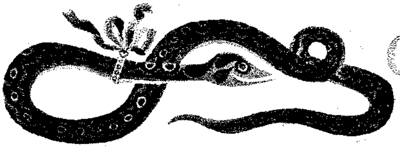


OCTOBER: A gift package of big, hothouse-type Alphonse LaValle Grapes.



NOVEMBER: An encore of America's rarest and finest fruit—Royal Riviera Pears.

Harry and David, Box 10, Medford, Oregon



GIFTS with a twist

by Frank L. Remington

IF YOU ARE BORED with giving conventional presents, take a tip from bestowers of some bizarre gifts. A California swain, for example, wrapped up a four-foot boa constrictor and presented it to his girl friend. "Just wanted to give her something different," he explained.

A Dewey, Oklahoma, tyke had a unique brainstorm, too. He handed his first-grade teacher a neatly tied package. "Here's a present for you," he said, beaming broadly. "It's rat poison." And it was!

When a New York radio announcer expressed a desire for a new tie, he got it pronto—a 200-pound wooden one of the railroad variety. An ingenious listener sent it along.

Cinema celebs frequently become recipients of strange presents. Once Bob Crosby presented his bald-pated brother Bing with a gray-templed toupee replete with built-in money pouch. Jack Benny gave George Burns a smog eradicator for his cigar holder.

History records some pretty singular gifts. From his admiring troops, Ludwig I of Bavaria once received a super-soft, velvet-covered mattress—stuffed with hair from the soldiers' beards and mustaches. When England's naval hero, Admiral Horatio Nelson, defeated the French fleet, he was presented with a magnificent coffin carved from the mainmast of the French flagship by his ship's carpenter. Extremely pleased with this gruesome contribution, Lord Nelson kept it in his cabin for years—and was ultimately buried in it.

It takes a husband and wife, though, to think up really unique gifts. A Warren, Ohio, man gave his pet-loving marital partner a 1,800-pound elephant for her birthday. Another Ohio husband presented his spouse with a nickel slot machine, because every time they went out she played the one-armed bandits. The long-suffering man had decided to profit from his mate's expensive hobby.

But a San Pedro, California, couple takes the prize for gift-giving ingenuity. Sportsman Louis Conway presented his wife with an expensive salt-water fishing rod and an outboard motor complete with an accompanying 14-foot boat and a trailer to haul it. "Nothing's too good for my Margaret," he remarked, loading the new gear for a stag outing.

Apparently overcome by her mate's generosity, Mrs. Conway reciprocated in kind. She presented him with a ribbon-tied package bearing his name on a card. Tearing off the wrappings, he found a lovely fur stole, price tag attached, and this note: "Hope you like your new gift. Love, Margaret."

ABC

A QUARTER CENTURY OF CORN

by Leslie H. Horn

With stale wheezes as a staple, Don McNeill's radio Breakfast Club keeps cooking up hilarity for 2,000,000 housewives year after year

BACK IN 1933 a hungry, Depression-battered young radio announcer inaugurated an early morning Chicago variety show which the wiseacres said would never click.

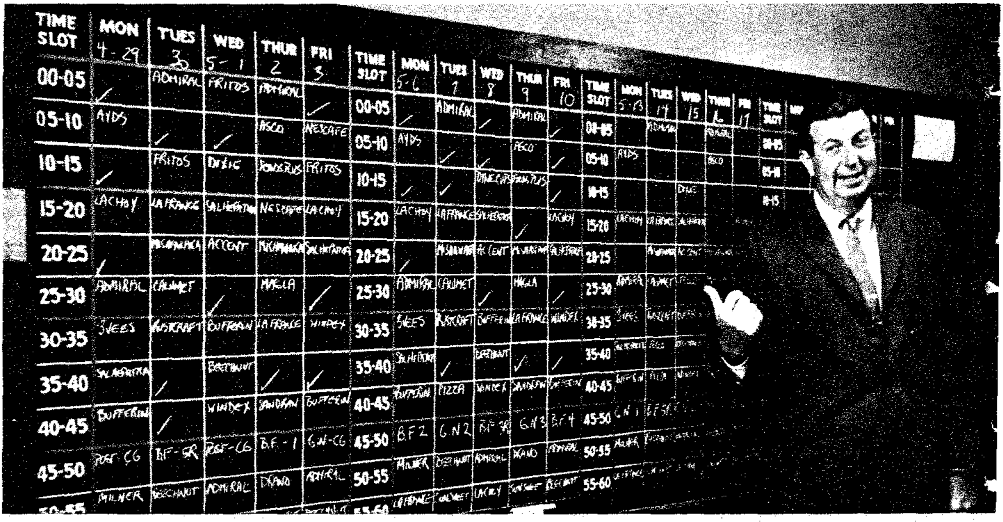
It almost didn't. For six years the Breakfast Club went sponsorless as Don McNeill struggled to get listeners out of bed in time to tune in on his program between 8 and 9 A.M. Finally, the warm, pervasive cheerfulness generated by McNeill and his troupe found an answering echo in the average American housewife.

Today, that hungry young man is a 50-year-old, well-fed, self-styled and widely acknowledged "King of Corn," who shares breakfast five mornings a week with 2,000,000 American women. As one of the oldest, most esteemed programs in radio, the Breakfast Club's format has changed little since that June morning nearly 25 years ago.

Now heard coast to coast over between 300 and 350 American Broadcasting Network stations, the show brings McNeill—one of the industry's top salesmen—more than $250,000 a year from radio alone.

The Breakfast Club—now 9 to 10 A.M.—operates on the premise that old gags are good gags, and buffoonery is provided by Sam Cowling (left), often with an assist from McNeill. (Above) Members of the audience shriek as Cowling clowns around with show's singer Dick Noel.

"They pay the freight," grins McNeill, displaying a list of his sponsors in their time slots.



Many a star got his first real taste of success as a "Breakfasteer"

MCNEILL FLOPPED on television. He couldn't project his casual style in front of the cameras. But the Breakfast Club remains ABN's most valuable commercial daytime radio show. ABN grossed $5,000,000 from the Club's advertisers (about 30) last year.

Forty-seven persons are required to stage the show, of whom five have put in 20 or more years of service. Listeners literally write their own scripts: much of the non-commercial material is culled from the mail, and several members of the audience are interviewed during each program, which consists of four 15-minute segments, and includes a Memory Time, March Time and Prayer Time. Listeners send in over 1,000,000 letters a year.

Many popular entertainers got their first big break with McNeill. Fibber McGee and Molly are old Club favorites, as are singers Alice Lon, currently with Lawrence Welk; Johnny Desmond; Johnnie Johnston; the Merry Macs; the Escorts and Betty; the Vagabonds; and Homer and Jethro.

Screen stars often make guest appearances on the program, and McNeill hasn't recovered yet from the antics of comedian Jerry Lewis, who set fire to a commercial script McNeill was reading.

Fortunately for McNeill, he was able to recall the unburned balance.

Aunt Fanny, glamour girl of the gaslight era, who tells McNeill the hot gossip about Bertie Beerbower and Nettie Kennicut, her imaginary Hometown, USA, neighbors, is Fran Allison, ex-La Porte, Iowa, school mar (left) McNeill clowns with Jerry Lewis

The homey McNeill personality found no welcome mat in television

When McNeill took a fling at televisio in 1950, he tried to add glamour and punch to his evening program with Gloria Swanson (above) and Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis (left). But th public had no appetite for the Don McNeill Club à la TV.

McNeill grouchily staggers out of bed in the early hours, breakfasts with his wife, drives to the studio and by showtime regains his bubbling personality.

Breakfast Clubbers travel hundreds of miles in hope of witnessing a broadcast. In New York, 17,000 jammed sidewalks outside Madison Square Garden and stayed in line most of the night.

"As you desire me, so I must strive to be—but not at 5:45 a.m."

DURING ONE BROADCAST McNeill mentioned his love for home-made lemon meringue pie. In the next few days loyal listeners sent him 73 pies. Another time he casually mentioned alligators. Later he found four large ones in crates outside his door. Then there were the two sets of false teeth, the sack of sea shells. . . .

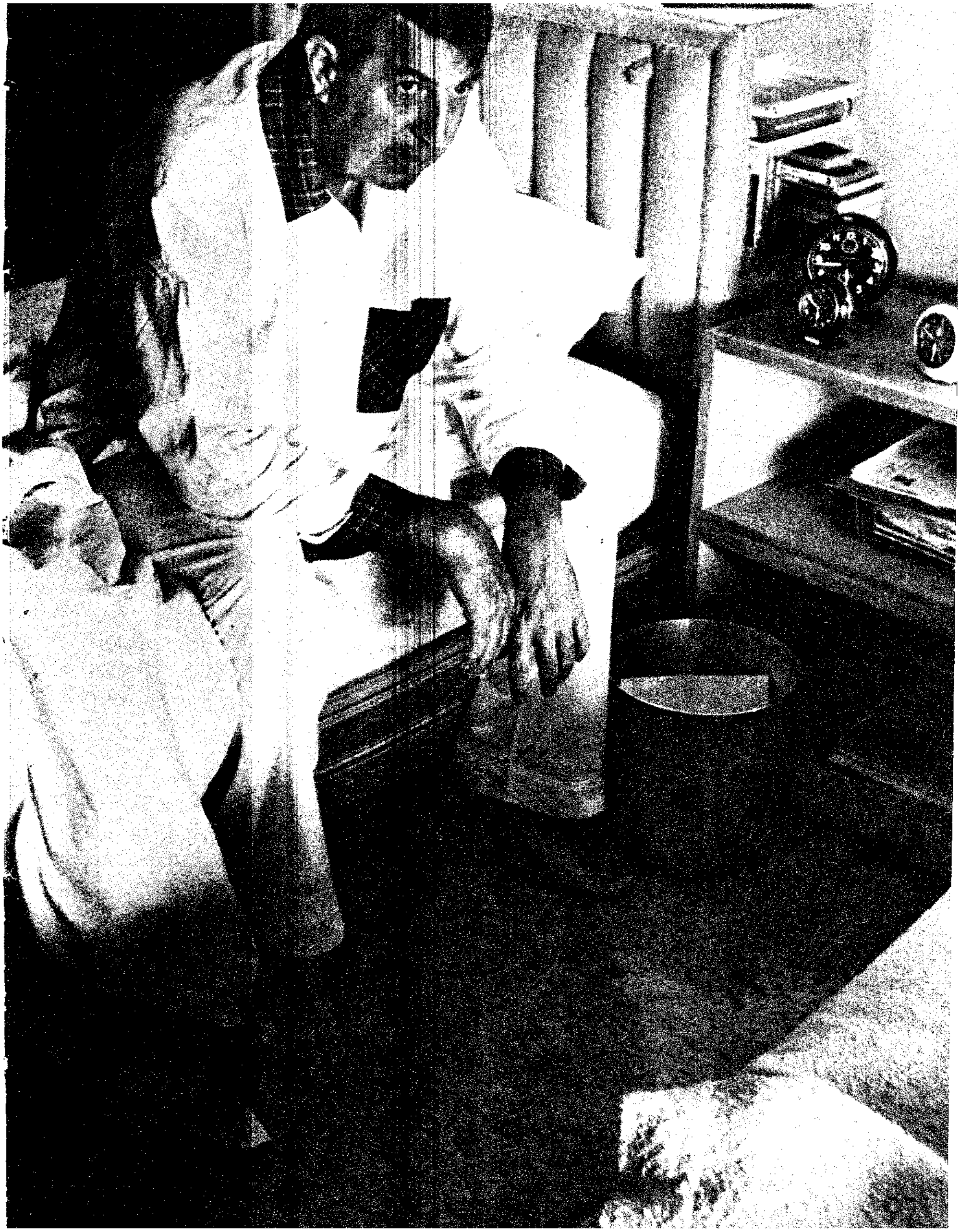
During the year a total of 100,000 persons pack every broadcast in the Porterhouse Room of Chicago's Hotel Sherman, and tickets are always scarce when the show is on the road.

Jolted awake about 5:45 A.M. by a battery of alarm clocks, McNeill shakes his own early morning grouch by the end of breakfast, and drives to Chicago from his home in nearby Winnetka about half an hour before showtime.

After the show, he and his staff have a second breakfast in their hotel suite and talk over tomorrow's business. By 3 P.M. he is usually ready for a game of golf. His wife Kay, and his three sons—Tom, 23, Don, junior, 21, and Bob, 16, often join him.

Inclined to be a "loner," McNeill frequently withdraws to his private woodland 45 miles north of Chicago. It has a small lake and a lodge which is called "Himself," a name given him in affection by Kay and used by close friends.

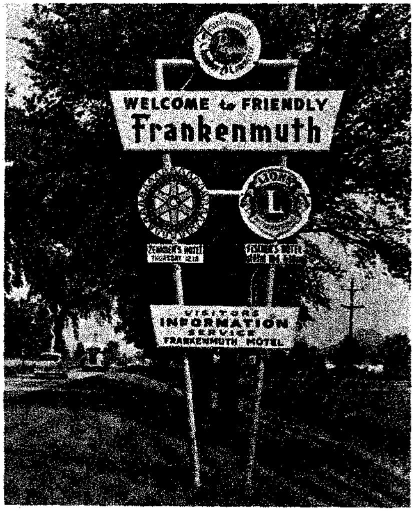
The future? Probably another 25 years of breakfasts, and another crack at television. . . .



The town that cares and shares

Built upon the simple credo "Service to Others," Frankenmuth, Michigan, has no crime, no jail, no debt, no poverty—in short, a dream town to live in

by Roob H. Allie



OFFICIAL WASHINGTON was astounded in 1952 when the villagers of Frankenmuth, Michigan, spurned Federal funds and built their own flood-control dike, without going into debt.

But Frankenmuth was merely staying in character. For this unique community has neither asked nor accepted favors since the 1840s when its founders, fewer than a score, put their axes to the cork pine woods to make a clearing for a town.

Frankenmuth began in a unique experiment and has continued unique to this day. To spread the gospel to the American Indian, a Lutheran missionary society in Bavaria, Germany, decided to send not just a missionary but an entire congregation. The pagan Indians then would have not only the words of a preacher but the example of practicing Christians to bring them into the faith.

The preacher, Pastor August Craemer, and the 15 men and women who volunteered for the venture, called themselves "The courage of the Franconians"—Frankenmuth—coming as they did from the region along the Main River where the inhabitants were called Franken.

The first chore on arriving at the Cass River in Michigan, at a spot approximately 80 miles north of Detroit, was to build a log church and living quarters for the pastor. Their first pledge was that their individual and collective lives would always be the personification of the injunction contained in Galatians VI: 7 and 10. The promise was kept.

The results have made Frankenmuth, population 1,620, a place apart. It has no crime. (Its jail has been turned into a warehouse.) Its one policeman devotes himself mostly to traffic matters. Everyone pays his taxes in full and on time.

In 1952, when Frankenmuth decided to dike the rampaging Cass River, most of the funds came from the village and township treasuries. Folks along the river were assessed for the balance. There were a few complaints—by those who felt that others were benefitted more than themselves. A Frankenmuth businessman, believing that all property owners profited from the improvement, agreed to pay the bills of those who thought the assessment inequitable. It all worked out satisfactorily.

Frankenmuth has no poor people. Few businesses have ever failed, no one ever has been on public relief. Even during the Depression it had no unemployment.

Service to others is the keynote of this remarkable town's philosophy. If a man has always done his share of service to the town, the town is ready to aid him when he needs aid. "In Frankenmuth," its people say, "we care for each other, we don't 'grow weary in well doing.' "

Some years before the dike was built, the river flooded through the town and crumpled Albert Hetzner's new garage. Everyone suffered heavily, but Hetzner lost everything.

On the basis of the Biblical injunction "let us do good to all men," the business district began a collection. (The first contributor was Hetzner's keenest competitor.)

In just four days the collection totaled $3,100, and work on a new garage was begun immediately. Frankenmuth's extensive public improvements have always been on a pay-as-you-go basis. It is debt free.

For its youngsters the town has provided excellent schools, a $125,000 recreational hall with 12 bowling alleys, an ice-skating rink, a new park and swimming pool, lighted baseball and softball diamonds. The way the town feels about its youngsters is summed up by former Mayor Otto Trinklein: "Our sons hunt and fish with us and our daughters and wives are friends. These are reasons why we never have any serious juvenile problems."

Frankenmuth's code of conduct began with the town's founding, when each adult gave one day a week to work for the village. This idea of service has continued right up to today, though progress and scientific development have cut down the amount of such work. But the spirit survives. Frankenmuth never lacks volunteers for any project.

And because its citizens invest in each other, practically all of Frankenmuth's considerable industry is not only locally but family owned, and operated by third and fourth generation descendants. Nearly everybody owns a "piece" of the town's biggest industry, Universal Engineering Company, the two mutual fire and automobile insurance companies, the flour and woolen mills.

Frankenmuth stubbornly maintains its Bavarian traditions (even today German is spoken in almost all of its households) but its Americanism ranks high. Nor has it forgotten its religious origin. St. Lorenz Lutheran Church is a center for activities. Founded in 1845, it has given the denomination 68 ministers and 71 lay teachers. For a long time it was almost obligatory that every family have at least one member dedicated to religion. Although the village is 95 percent Lutheran, "we look to the day when the spires of all faiths will tower above our trees."

FRANKENMUTH retains the *gemütlichkeit* which first made it famous through a broad section of Michigan and the Middle West. Ask a villager what *gemütlichkeit* means and he will struggle with "comfortableness." He will finally agree it is a way of life that tastes the full flavor of good food, good home, good businesses—all earned through honest labor and pride of craftsmanship.

This *gemutlichkeit* has made it the nation's only town to give its name to an entire meal. Boston named baked beans, Frankenmuth chicken dinner. For 50 years "Frankenmuth chicken dinners" have been famous. Now, 10,000 persons weekly—5,000 to 7,000 on the average Sunday—descend on the town's three major restaurants for their all-you-can-eat chicken dinners.

More than half a million chicken dinners a year come under the head of "big business" in a community this size. Yet the town hasn't a single professional chef. The cooks are from the surrounding homes and farms, as are the several hundred other people employed in "this chicken dinner business."

William Zehnder, restaurant proprietor, puts it this way: "These folks love life and find joy in giving their best to each meal. Their neighborliness and natural service help explain why 100-mile journeys for a Frankenmuth chicken dinner are not uncommon."

Change has been slow, if any, in the ownership of the town's businesses and industries. The names of many of its founders are still conspicuous in its business district.

Frankenmuth's oldest continuous business is Hubinger's Grocery, begun when the town was only two years old and operated today by Miss Hattie Hubinger, granddaughter of the first owner, George Hubinger. He and his bride honeymooned on the ship which brought the town's founders to America.

Frankenmuth's lumber yard, offshoot of the sawmill built to clear the townsite was, until recently, operated by four great-grandchildren of the mill's first owner. Most of the district's prosperous farms are in the hands of the same families that cleared them from the virgin forests.

Many rural communities complain about the profits taken by middlemen on farm products. Frankenmuth processes its own, and keeps the profits. Its grain is ground in its own 87-year-old mill with the poetic name, "Star Of The West." Its wool becomes blankets or batting for stuffing comforters on the ancient looms installed 75 years back primarily to weave heavy fabrics for clothing, and horse blankets for the men and teams working in Michigan's pine forests. Local pigs and cattle end up in dozens of types of sausages produced by the three sausage plants.

A seeming alien note in Frankenmuth's industrial picture is the multi-million-dollar Universal Engineering Company, which turns out precision parts for Michigan's busy auto plants and employs nearly 500 persons. It was started in 1925 by a Detroit industrialist who had heard of the town and the high caliber of its workers.

Clinton Grainger, co-publisher of the town's weekly newspaper, explains why the firm, today the world's largest producer of drill bushings, was welcomed by the community: "It was just another phase of our program to assure employment for our young folks and encourage them to stay home, just as building our $125,000 recreation center was part of that plan. As a result, our youngsters stay here and we've got more jobs in our town than we have citizens."

Hospitality and friendliness are a part of the Frankenmuth heritage. One feels at home the instant he sets foot in the town.

Richard Rummel, the village photographer and over the past 20 years president or secretary or board member of the Chamber of Commerce, says, "Outsiders are very welcome here. We want them as businessmen, as residents, or both. We welcome anyone who will bring in a type of business or industry not competitive with one already established here. It's natural that we want to protect our own business people. We give every encouragement to those who want to raise their children in a community where juvenile delinquency is nil."

Further evidence of the warm welcome awaiting "outlanders" comes from the fact that it is not necessary to be a native or Bayerisch (German for Bavarian) or a Lutheran to be a town official. Mayor Jim Wickson, for example, misses out on two counts—he is Canadian born, his forebears were Swedish and English.

H. J. Schluckebier, auto dealer, great-grandson of one of the town's founders, will tell you that Frankenmuth is what it is because: "Our businessmen do the things most Chambers of Commerce, commercial clubs and service organizations just talk of doing. We believe in each other, seek to be fair to each other, believe in hard work."

But the actual secret lies in Galatians VI, verse 7, which long ago became the village's code of conduct: ". . . for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

* * *

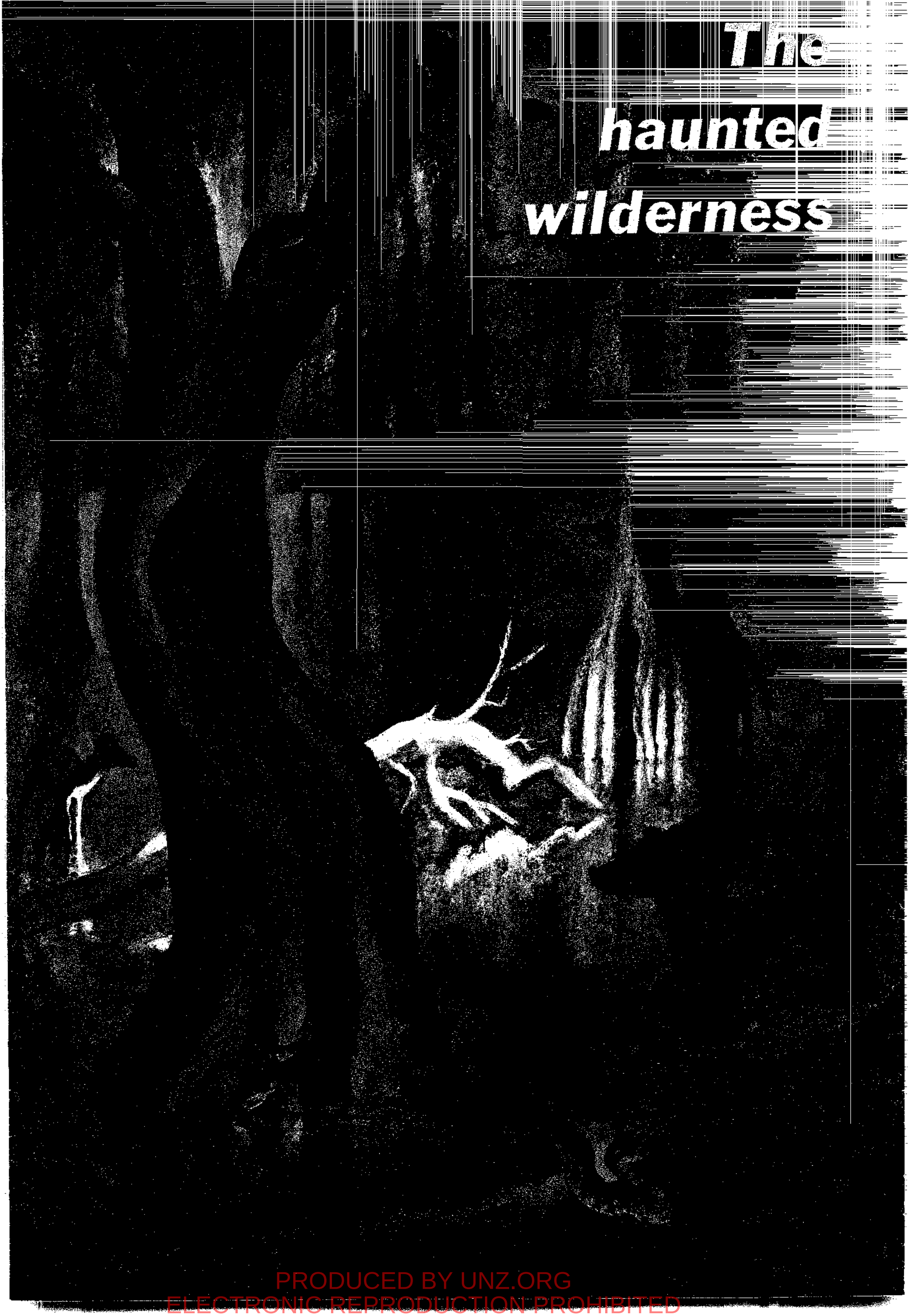
Improving on the Dictionary

AN EGGHEAD: Someone who refers to Marilyn Monroe as Mrs. Arthur Miller. —LEONARD LYONS

DIPLOMACY: The art of letting someone have your way. —*Nassau*

MIDDLE AGE: When you can do just as much as before, but don't. —*Postage Stamp*

The haunted wilderness



The incredible is commonplace in the vast Great Dismal Swamp

by **REED MILLARD**

A VIRGINIA GAME warden, pushing his way through the tangled underbrush of Great Dismal Swamp, suddenly cried out and before the eyes of his astonished companion disappeared into the earth. Above the spot where he had stood a moment before rose a choking gray cloud.

He had fallen into one of the weird traps of the Dismal, a fire pit. For, strange as it may seem, in certain places in the 480,000 haunted acres of this swamp the soil can actually burn, creating holes filled with flimsy ash over which creeping vegetation grows.

Fortunately for this particular warden, he was not alone and his companion was able to get him out. By himself he might have met the fate of other lone travelers of the Dismal who never escaped from such naturally camouflaged pits.

Soil that burns is only one of the bizarre features that has earned the Dismal its reputation as America's most bewildering wilderness. For it is indeed a freakish land where everything—the soil, the plants, the water, the very air—seems off key and somehow strange.

More than 200 years ago, Col. William Byrd, who gave the swamp its name, described it as a "vast body of dirt and nastiness," and expressed the opinion that it would be long before it would be fully explored. He could hardly have been more right. Even today, though millions of Florida-bound tourists go through it on main U.S. highways, parts of the swamp are still as little known as stretches of African or Amazonian jungle.

No roads or highways penetrate the real depths of the swamp, which lies astride the border of Virginia and North Carolina, although sportsmen seeking good hunting and fishing enter its fringes afoot.

You can get into the heart of the swamp by way of a logging railroad laid into its interior to tap the vast supply of hardwood that two centuries of logging have scarcely dented. Or you can reach it by boat, on a canal that is a lineal descendant of the Dismal Swamp Canal dug more than a hundred years ago and now modernized with locks maintained by the Corps of Engineers as part of the storm-free Inland Waterway for small craft.

This touch of the 20th century is only a scratch on the primitive surface of the Dismal. There is no place for man and his works in this tangle of lush vegetation so dense that people who live nearby speak the truth when they tell you that in winter, when the greenery is comparatively sparse, you cannot see a man or beast standing more than six feet away. Summertime par would be closer to three feet. Riotous growths of fantastic vines fight for existence, as they try to choke the life out of the 35 different kinds of trees that flourish with almost frightening vigor.

In the depths of this lost green world is Lake Drummond, one of the strangest and least known lakes in the world. It has been claimed that its water is unlike that in any other.

Natives of the area like to tell about a visitor at the hotel which once stood on the shores of Lake Drummond. This stranger walked into the dining room and noticed two decanters on the sideboard. Holding one to the light, he admired the rich bronze coloring of the brandy and poured himself a substantial potion, diluting it slightly with the clear liquid in the adjoining decanter.

As he downed it, a strange look spread across his face. He'd never tasted brandy like that before, though he had to admit it was a little on the nippy side. He watered the second drink considerably more, but it was still strong. The third he made weaker still, and so on, marveling at the potency of the brandy.

When he awoke the next morning with a king-sized hangover, he learned that the clear liquid, which he had thought was water, was actually "corn likker," almost pure alcohol; the bronze-hued "brandy" was water from Lake Drummond.

His mistake was understandable. For Dismal water, though it is ordinary H_2O, contains a large amount of foreign matter. It once gave the swamp a world-wide reputation, causing sailors to go far out of their way in order that their ships might put in at Virginia ports to pick up casks of it.

The reason is that Lake Drummond has a "wooden bottom," covered as it is with layer upon layer of trees that have fallen into it and piled up in places to a depth of 20 feet. This gives it its unique flavor, its golden coffee color, and its name, "juniper water." A blend of leachings from juniper, maple and cypress, seasoned with another variety, it has a taste that defies description and a pleasant aroma vaguely like that of a cedar chest.

Most of the Dismal's water is in its remarkable Lake Drummond, but there is also a lot of it in the dark brooding waterways that course through dim tunnels never penetrated by sunshine. Out of the Dismal flow seven rivers—yet not a one flows in.

In many places the Dismal is just plain bottomless mud, though not quicksand. Oddly enough, however, many areas are not swamp-like at all. They are, in fact, dry enough to burn, because the soil there is actually a kind of peat, made up of deposits of vegetation.

Fires that burn for weeks, even months, defying efforts to put them out, are not unusual. The record Dismal fire broke out in 1923. A year later, experts were still trying to find a way to extinguish it. Finally they just let it burn, taking steps to contain it. The last wisp of smoke rose from it in 1926, almost three years after it had started.

Many geologists believe it was just such a fire which brought into existence the giant bowl in which Lake Drummond lies. For it is indeed a bowl, its rim 22 feet above sea level and higher than the surrounding swamp, which slopes away from it on all sides. To anyone afloat on the lake in a boat, this gives a curious impression which has been described as "floating in the sky."

The soil of the Dismal has enormous fertility, a fact which has made the swamp the graveyard of hopes for many agriculturalists. One of the first of them was George Washington, who, as owner of vast acreage there, formed a company called "The Adventurers for Draining the Great Dismal Swamp."

It proved easy enough to drain, but afterwards the soil created strange and monstrous plants. Blackberry bushes which might reach a height of five feet elsewhere shoot up to 20 feet—but have few berries. A few hours of hot sun shrivel the lushest leaves of non-native plants growing in the drained soil, as happened to George Washington's early rice-growing attempts.

Efforts to raise cotton had even more startling results. The plants burgeoned like the proverbial bean stalk, reaching a height of ten feet. They had bolls of cotton too, only they turned out to be not white, but blue and yellow.

THE STRANGENESS of the Dismal does not stop with its water and soil. There is an eerie quality to the very air, a curious deep quiet that fascinates and haunts the newcomer and gives rise to odd acoustical freaks.

Sitting in a boat in the middle of Lake Drummond, in a world of utter silence, you suddenly hear a crash so close that you jump.

"Tree falling," your guide explains. "Lot of them come down because the high water undermines them. That one's about five miles away."

Sound carries strangely on Lake Drummond. A gunshot ten miles distant has the sharp crack of one a few hundred yards off. An automobile horn sometimes blasts out with a clearness that makes it hard to believe what the map shows—that the car must be at least ten miles away. Natives report that the voices of two men talking to each other 30 yards apart on the shore on a foggy morning can be heard clearly three miles across the lake.

On the other hand, in the swamp itself sounds are strangely deadened and distorted. Men a few yards apart have been unable to hear each other's shouts at all. Even gunshots at close range are often oddly muffled, seeming to come from great distances.

A mournful cry from far off in the green jungle will often send chills down a visitor's spine. His guide explains, "Lost dog."

When a hunter goes into the swamp he is all too likely to discover, after a few minutes, that he can't see his dog. He hears him, off some place, and calls him. Sometimes the dog doesn't come. If the hunter is an old hand and really knows the swamp, he fights his way a few yards through the jungle-like growth and may find the dog. More likely, he stays where he is and keeps on calling until the cries of his canine companion die away.

Nobody knows how often this has happened, but old-timers set the number of lost dogs of the Dismal at several hundred. Those that have been seen have obviously fattened on the abundance of game and are plainly satisfied with life in the swamp.

Hunters are eloquent about the Dismal's giant bears, king-sized squirrels, uncounted fat and sassy deer, but less enthusiastic about the fact that it crawls with an uncommon number of venomous snakes.

On the morning of December 12, 1955, William Haywood, an experienced hunter, his son Alton, and their small black dog, went near the Dismal to hunt squirrels. When their dog ran into the swamp, the two men followed, hoping to rescue him. Late that night they had not come out, and soon telephone lines and two-way radios were humming with the dread news: men lost in the Dismal. By morning, W. Shelton Rountree, a Virginia warden, was marshaling his forces—word of men missing in the swamp always brings a swift response.

The rescuers followed a carefully worked out plan in a foot-by-foot combing of the area in which they believed they would find the Haywoods. They fired off shots, shouted themselves hoarse, maintaining silence at times to hear any answering cries. Helicopters flew hundreds of miles back and forth, close above the treetops.

When they were finally found, the dazed and exhausted hunters explained that they had heard the shouts and shots of the searchers and had seen the helicopters, yet had somehow never been able to make contact. The odd acoustical characteristics of the swamp had fiendishly kept them from making their whereabouts known.

The lost men were found just three miles from the edge of the swamp, in exactly the area in which Rountree and the army of searchers had concentrated their efforts. Yet it took close to 400 men—a contingent of National Guardsmen, a group of U. S. Marines, a number of Virginia State Police, hundreds of individual volunteers, two Indian guides, and helicopters of the Navy and Coast Guard—*three days and two nights* to find the Haywoods.

Once again the Dismal had proved its right to be called America's most bewildering wilderness.

Adam vs. Rib

A FRESNO, CALIFORNIA, woman asked for a divorce on the grounds that her husband charged her fifty cents a day for driving her to work.

A MAN IN WASHINGTON, D. C., went to Municipal Court seeking a "six month marriage license." When informed that the only legal kind was binding for life, he declared: "I don't want anything like that. I couldn't stand her for more than six months or a year."

A SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, woman complained in domestic court that her husband offered to sell her to a friend for $495 on the installment plan.

IN LONDON, a landlord and the barman he confided his troubles to decided to swap wives.

—HAROLD HELFER

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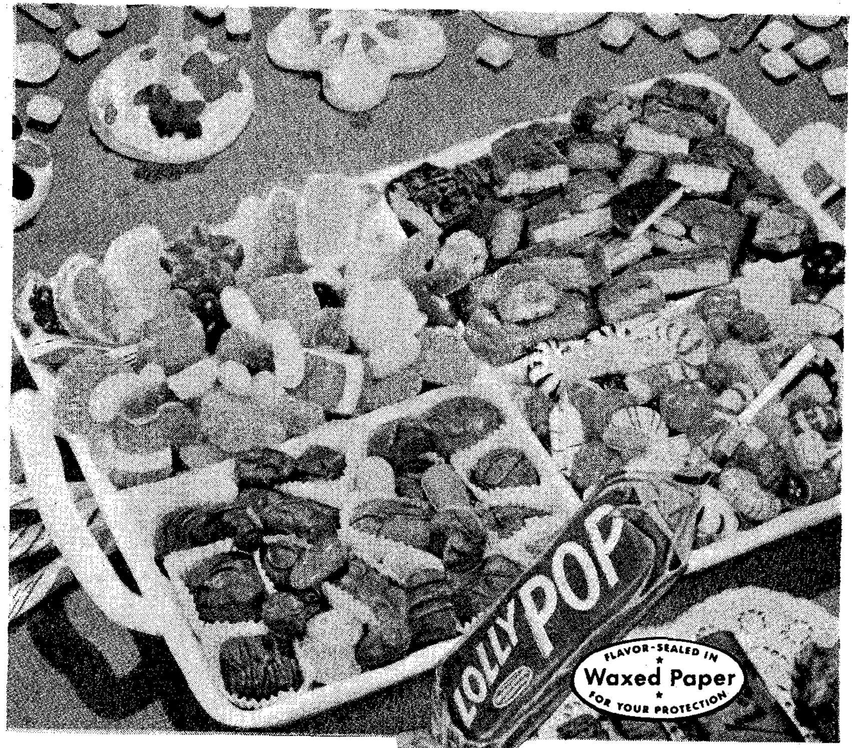

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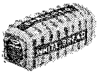

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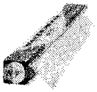

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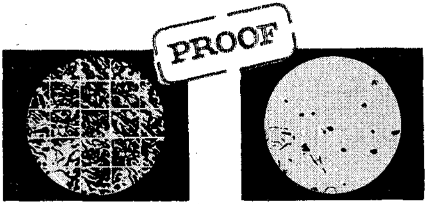

Mouth bacteria, chief cause of decay, build up overnight like this.

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Only GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

No matter how much you earn, the secret of your family's future security may depend upon your knowing . . .

How to make your money make money

by Sidney Margolius

"WHAT DO YOU want most?" a skilled New Jersey worker who earns $105 a week was asked.

"A thousand dollars in the bank," he answered unhesitatingly.

This man, his wife and their one child lived in a walk-up to keep down expenses. But he had never been able to accumulate the modest backlog he wanted so badly.

In an era of almost-full employment and booming business, Americans still worry more about money than anything else. And the big problem for most people still is building some permanent financial security out of a pay check that has too many demands on it.

To make the problem more difficult, most people do strange things with their money. Both the Institute of Life Insurance and the Federal Reserve Board, for instance, report a trend in recent years for people to borrow and buy on installments while holding on to their own cash, thus leaving their money idle, or at 3 percent or so, while they pay 12 to 40 percent to use other people's funds.

An official of a New York bank says he is always amazed to see people deposit money week after week in no-interest Christmas accounts when his bank would pay them 3 percent if they would step over to the regular savings-account window. Similarly, families shell out as much as 20 percent extra to pay insurance premiums monthly instead of semi-annually or annually. Too many young families buy E Bonds for unsuitable goals, a Federal Reserve Board survey has revealed. A California legislative investigation found many people paying mortgage brokers 15 percent for "trust deed" loans secured by their homes, when many might have gotten orthodox mortgages from established savings institutions for 6 percent.

Families who adjust their planning to 1958 conditions, and learn a measure of financial sophistication, actually have their best chance in recent years to hatch a nest egg. Interest rates are the highest in 22 years and never has there been such hot competition to borrow your savings at a fatter fee.

There are more savings and loan associations and they are offering higher interest rates. Savings banks too are putting more raisins in their interest buns. You can now buy more insurance or get a bigger annuity for the same dollars. Cities and states are offering higher interest in their school and road bonds. Even Uncle Sam was forced to up his E Bond yield.

At the same time, the penalties for financial innocence are stiffer than ever. The family that chronically borrows capital for living must pay the highest fees in a generation, for it is competing with a world-wide demand for business loans. Almost gone, at least for now, is such easy financing as no-cost charge accounts that ran up to 90 days without complaint from the store, and the 4 percent GI mortgages of only five years ago.

WE ARE in an era of tight money, and a family aware of this has a better chance to provide itself with that universally wanted financial security. But it also needs a program based on what is happening in the world today.

Financial experts offer the following program for hatching a nest egg keyed to today's trends:

1. *When possible, use your own money.* Tight money has raised the price of borrowing. In 1958 you must pay credit charges of approximately 13 to 14 percent on new cars, 24 to 40 percent on used ones, and often 15 to 30 percent for household appliances. New mortgages now generally command 5½ to 6 percent, and second mortgages as much as 15.

A leading finance company reports that rising interest rates and high costs of handling little accounts have made it difficult for lenders to charge less than 2 percent a month (24 percent a year) on small installment debts and loans.

Significant, too, is the trend of large department stores to shift customers from traditional no-cost charge accounts to the new revolving-credit "budget accounts" which charge interest fees of 12 to 18 percent a year.

Few families can finance themselves completely. But the techniques that can help you finance yourself are (1) use your own money first; and borrow the least you can, not the most you can get; (2) arrange to repay as promptly as possible; (3) avoid even the smallest debts.

2. *Get an Early Start.* The sooner you start, the bigger your nest egg will grow from the same amount of savings, advises John Sandstedt of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks.

An early start puts to work for you one of the mightiest forces in accumulating money: compound interest. One man of 25, for instance, starts investing $500 a year in a balanced assortment of investments averaging a 5 percent yield and reinvests the earnings. At 45 he has $17,300. Another man starts at 35 to invest $1,000 a year. At 45 he has only $13,200, despite the fact that both he and the first man have put away $10,000.

A dramatic example of the power of compound interest is an account a woman started in 1859 in the Western Savings Fund Society of Philadelphia. She deposited $100 and left it there to be handed down to the members of her family. After 90 years the original $100 had grown to $16,431.

3. *Feather the Right Nests.* The most frequent mistake people make

is to try to hatch their nest eggs in the wrong places.

Next to life insurance and savings accounts in commercial banks, U.S. E Bonds are still America's favorite way to save. A Federal Reserve Board survey found that young people especially, however, tend to buy them to save for immediate goals like furniture. One young father, for example, regularly bought a bond a month last year on the pay-roll deduction plan. But at the end of the year he had only three left. The rest were cashed as soon as the family got its hands on them.

E Bonds are really suitable only for long-range savings. They now yield 3¼ percent if held for eight years and 11 months. But they earn only 2.3 percent the first year, 2.8 the second and not until the third, 3. In contrast, the interest harvest offered by savings banks and associations, and credit unions, has outgrown that of savings bonds in recent years.

E Bonds do have a special advantage for long-range nest eggs, as for education or retirement. You do not have to pay income tax on their increase in value until you cash them in. If you hold them for a period of low income, as retirement or unemployment, you might escape the tax altogether. That makes 3¼ percent from E Bonds just as good as 4 percent from a taxable investment.

Nowadays, many sophisticated savers seek well-feathered nests far from home. Insured savings and loan associations in the West and South —and especially California—often pay 4 percent and in one or two cases even 5 percent. The mutual savings banks in New Hampshire and Massachusetts also pay higher interest than those elsewhere.

People buying shares in mutual funds sometimes choose the wrong nests, reports Arnold Green, executive for a leading investment firm. He finds that older folks sometimes insist on buying mutual funds that have been developed for young people who are seeking capital growth, or for businessmen who can afford speculation.

Mutual funds are really investment pools. Small investors buy shares in them, the managers buy stocks and bonds with this kitty and, after deducting their management fee, distribute the earnings. One feature common to many is a periodic purchase plan in which the same amount of money is invested every month or every quarter of the year or thereby balancing out the average cost of the shares over a period of time.

What is important to know, Mr. Green advises, is that mutual funds have quite different investment objectives which they must state in their prospectuses. Generally there are three main kinds: *Balanced* funds hold bonds and preferred stocks as well as common stocks, yield moderate dividends but fluctuate least. *Income* funds specialize in high-paying common stocks, and the value of their shares tends to rise and ebb with the stock market. *Growth* funds invest in corporations expected to boom in the future, but at the present yield only low dividends.

Experts generally recommend

growth funds for younger people building for the future, and income funds for senior citizens who want cash now.

The chart of yields on page 120 shows only the "investment income" mutual funds currently pay. In the case of balanced funds, it runs only about 3 to 4 percent. It does not include the additional "capital gains" income you might get when the fund managers sell stocks at a profit. This additional income might double your annual yield but it is not counted here. There is no assurance that, because mutual funds produced such capital gains income over the past ten lush years, they will in the next ten.

4. *Diversify Your Investments.* Along with the incentives, the pressures to invest have multiplied. Local investment clubs which pool members' funds and do their own investing have increased. The Stock Exchange now lets people buy corporation shares on a pay-as-you-go plan. Syndicates have been organized to enable little investors to participate in big rental-income ventures like apartment houses and shopping centers.

While banks and insurance companies plead for basic family protection, mutual-fund and securities sellers drum at you that the only way to protect against inflation is to buy stocks. Some of the more aggressive securities dealers delight in pointing out that if you bought an E Bond for $75 in mid-1955 you could cash it in for $78.20 now. But that $78.20 is worth only $73.50 in 1955 purchasing power.

It is true that historically there has been a perpetual rise in living costs, and with them, stocks. It is also true that if your father had bought certain stocks in 1914 or 1927, and held them, you would be rolling in dollar bills today. But the fallacy is that there also were long intervening dips in stock prices. In such periods you cannot postpone things like sending your children to college, retiring, or doing whatever you invested for.

The trick is to get a foot in both camps. For example, the non-profit Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association provides college professors with both guaranteed-income annuities and a retirement plan based on investment in common stock.

The chart with this article can help you diversify your investments. It shows the comparative risks in popular investments. Those graded "low to none," such as savings accounts, Government bonds and annuities, guard you against deflation —a business depression. Corporation stocks and bonds, mutual funds and real estate hedge you against inflation. If prices of living necessities go up, their prices generally ascend too. Usually, preferred stocks are considered less volatile than common stocks, and corporation bonds safer than preferred; but occasionally the common stocks of some companies may be safer than the preferred or bonds of others.

One lesser-known way to throw out anchors against both inflation and deflation, recommended by Benjamin Graham, a noted counselor, and other authorities, is convertible preferred stocks and bonds, which can be exchanged for the same company's common stock at any time you choose.

Thus if inflation should shoot the value of common stocks up, you already have your reservation for the flight.

Tax-exempt municipal and state bonds offer their fattest return since 1935. These were formerly a favorite investment only of big taxpayers, but now that these bonds yield a tax-free 3½ percent and even 4 percent, small investors are buying them too.

A more traditional investment is rental-income real estate. Until recently, small savers have been balked by the meagerness of their capital—and real estate knowledge—from large investments such as apartment houses and shopping-center projects. Now, rental-property syndicates enable a number of smaller investors to pool their funds to buy a large property.

But be warned that real estate investment is not as liquid as savings accounts, bonds and securities. That is, you may not always be able to sell a property right away if you need cash. The syndicates attempt to overcome this problem by maintaining a waiting list of prospects who want to buy in, but in spite of this there is still no guarantee of liquidity.

Eliot Janeway, economist and financier, warns against current misconceptions about investments. He advises moderate-income families to invest in stocks on the basis of long-term value and not try to beat the market hour by hour. The safest technique for hatching a nest egg in stocks is what Janeway calls "averaging your purchases downward." A family invests a small amount in their stocks, for instance, and as dividends arrive they are allowed to accumulate in a savings account. When stocks go down, the family uses these accumulated dividends for additional investment in the same stocks. Some of its purchases may be overpriced, some bargains, but its average investment cost is reasonable over a long period of time.

Mutual funds do not take the risk out of buying stocks but they do diversify your investment by spreading your risk among many stocks, and they also provide experienced management, points out John Straley, author of "What About Mutual Funds?" and associate editor of *Investment Dealers' Digest*. But if stocks in general drop, shares in mutual funds drop too. You might squeeze more yield out of your money by investing directly in common stocks, but you will be taking a chance on getting hurt more badly too.

All our experts advise: don't buy stocks or even mutual-fund shares until, and unless, you have a backlog of cash, insurance and safe equity in your home; in fact, don't buy stocks or fund shares at all unless you are prepared to accept losses as well as gains.

5. *Make your money make more money.* After you accumulate some savings, you can exploit the conflicting arguments of competitive investments by putting your eggs in several nests.

Here, for example, is how a savings of $5,000 can be invested to diversify your nest egg:

	Annual Yield
$1,500 in common stocks @ 6%	$ 90
$1,500 in mutual funds @ 5%	75
$2,000 in insured savings @ 3½%	70
	$235

One of $10,000 can be diversified even further, and get a higher yield:

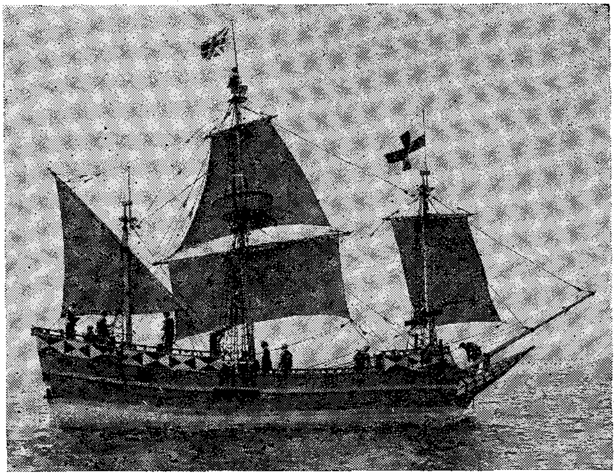
	Annual Yield
$4,000 in common stocks @ 6%	$240
$2,500 in mutual funds @ 5%	125
$1,000 in municipal bonds @ 4%	40
$2,500 in insured savings @ 3½%	88
	$493

Thus today you can diversify for safety and still get close to the 5 percent yield which, if reinvested, can double your nest egg in 14 years, or more quickly provide you with smaller nest eggs needed for short-range goals.

WHAT DIFFERENT INVESTMENTS NOW PAY*

Type of Investment	Typical or average yield	Comparative risk	Investment care required
Government "E" bonds	3.25%	low or none	none
Mutual savings banks	3%	low or none	none
Insured savings & loan associations	3½-4%	low or none	none
Credit unions	3½-4%	low or none	none
Insurance settlement options, annuities	2½-3%	low or none	some initially
Mutual funds	3-5%	medium	some initially
Common stocks			continual
Average of all dividend payers	5.2%	high	
Average of long-time payers	5%	medium to high	
Preferred stocks			some continually
High grade	4.3%	low	
Medium grade	4.9%	medium	
Convertible	4.7%	low to medium	
Corporate bonds			some initially
High grade	4.2%	low	
Medium grade	4.8%	medium	
Convertible	4.5%	low to medium	
Tax-exempt local government bonds	3.5%	low	some initially
Rental-income real estate			
Syndicates	8%	medium to high	some initially
Self-managed	8-15%	medium to high	continual

*as of July, 1957



A new Coronet film spectacular commemorates the 350th anniversary of

The Jamestown Colony

(1607 through 1620)

. . . authentic in colorful costumes and settings of the first permanent English settlement in America. Coronet Films, the world's leader in 16mm sound motion pictures for the classroom, brings to the screen this anniversary year, a deeply moving account of the Jamestown story, just as it happened so long ago.

The Jamestown Festival of 1957 and participating organizations, putting the authentic restorations of the Colony at the producer's disposal, insured a truly spectacular motion picture for the schools of America. The film opens with three hardy ships sailing to the new land, and we meet some of those who were aboard. We share the excitement of sighting the Virginia coast in 1607 and as the story develops, we watch the adventurous group establish a community and build a new life. The minor successes and frequent disasters of the early years are graphically illustrated. We see the community overcome these setbacks, however, and establish a permanent colony.

For full information on how you may purchase or rent this 16-minute film, either in full color or in black-and-white, simply write to:

Coronet Films • **Dept. JC-117** • **Coronet Building** • **Chicago 1, Illinois**

The World's Largest Producer of Educational Films

New deal for old hands

by Kenneth Lamott

New milestones in education are being set at this unique institution where you can't get a job until you've reached your 65th birthday

A PROFESSOR at an Eastern law school recently wrote to Dean David E. Snodgrass of the University of California's Hastings College of Law to ask about an opening on the faculty. The professor explained that he was 63, and, although he was approaching retirement age, he wanted to go on teaching.

"He was flabbergasted," Snodgrass says with a smile, "when I told him that he was still too young for the job."

For the past 17 years, Dean Snodgrass has, with two exceptions, hired professors only *after* they have been forced out of their jobs at other schools by iron-clad retirement rules. Because every one of the ten full-time professors at Hastings is over 65, its faculty has become famous as the "65 Club." The oldest member was hired in the winter of 1957 at the age of 80. The average age is 73.

"This notion that a man is through just because he has celebrated an arbitrary number of birthdays is idiotic," Snodgrass says.

He must be right, for his topsy-turvy hiring policy has converted Hastings from a relatively unknown local school into one that is drawing its students and faculty from all over the country. Thanks to the 65 Club, Hastings has become not only the largest approved law school west of Chicago, but also one of the most respected anywhere.

The change was summed up recently by the most famous living American professor of law, the venerable Roscoe Pound, who was once Snodgrass' law dean at Harvard. Dean Pound stated, "On the whole, I am inclined to think you have the strongest law faculty in the country." Dean Pound, 87, has good reason to know—he spent a summer session on the Hastings faculty himself.

Last January, students assembled

in a classroom in Hastings' handsome modern building in downtown San Francisco to hear the first lecture by Snodgrass' newest—but in age oldest—recruit, Merton L. Ferson, then 80 years old, who for 20 years had been dean of the University of Cincinnati law school.

"When Dean Ferson came into the room," one student recalls, "we saw a small, slight, gray-haired man. But when he opened his mouth to talk, his voice was so strong it sounded as if it were coming over a public address system."

His students did not know that a year earlier Dean Ferson had apparently been dying of pneumonia. In the ten years since his retirement, he had managed to find teaching assignments for 19 out of a total of 20 semesters, but he seemed to have reached the end of the road. Then a letter came from Dean Snodgrass inviting him to Hastings.

As Mrs. Ferson reported later, the letter acted like a glass of water from the fountain of youth. The knowledge that there was a school that still wanted his ripe wisdom was exactly what was needed to lick the pneumonia and put Dean Ferson on his feet again.

Hastings students are being taught by men whose collective experience, prestige and authority could hardly be matched at any other law school in the country. Five of the ten members of the 65 Club are former deans of major university law schools. Almost every member of the faculty is the author of casebooks and textbooks used in law schools from Los Angeles to Boston.

"It's a fine idea to have bright young men on a law faculty," Snodgrass says, "but they're often still learning themselves—at the expense of their students. There's no such danger at Hastings."

In fact, many of the Hastings professors are actually giving more time to teaching than they have ever done before in their lives. Recognition and promotion on a university faculty depend largely on a professor's publishing books and articles in scholarly journals. With these time-consuming chores behind them, the members of the 65 Club can devote all their energy to their students.

THE STUDENTS have discovered that their professors are not only uniquely dedicated teachers but that they are also more tolerant and understanding than most younger men would be. Dean Snodgrass says wryly, "The 65 Club is always trying to hold me down. Whenever I think that a student should be kicked out, they try to talk me out of it. Sometimes they succeed."

Associate Dean Arthur M. Sammis, a mere youngster of 46, remembers a meeting with Yale's great Ernest G. Lorenzen during the late Lorenzen's first exam period at Hastings. When Professor Lorenzen asked about the school's grading policies, Sammis remarked airily, "Flunk out as many as you want."

Lorenzen looked sharply at Sammis and said quietly, "I don't flunk my students. I *teach* them."

Dean Snodgrass, the man responsible for this unusual and happy state of affairs, is only 63 himself. He is neither a philanthropist nor a starry-eyed dreamer. Under the battered green eyeshade which he constantly wears, his eyes are as innocent and trusting as a Las Vegas blackjack dealer's. He is, in fact, one of the shrewdest and hardest-headed administrators in the business.

As original ideas often do, the 65 Club grew out of direct necessity. In 1940, Hastings' dean died suddenly. Snodgrass, then a professor, was without warning saddled both with the deanship and with the knotty problem of trying to keep Hastings going. Although the enrollment was slowly rising, it was hard to keep good men on the faculty. From the teacher's viewpoint, the worst trouble with Hastings was that it had always been too poor to set up a retirement system.

In an inspired moment, it occurred to Snodgrass that what looked like the school's greatest weakness was actually its greatest strength. Without retirement pensions, he couldn't hope to attract and keep younger professors. But, with no retirement program to hamper him, why not hire outstanding teachers already on pension from other schools?

The first of these was a retired Stanford professor who came to Hastings in 1940. He was followed three years later by a retired Harvard professor.

During the lean World War II years, Hastings' student body dropped from 272 to 37. But as soon as the war ended, veterans began coming—483 of them crowded in during 1946 and this jumped to 915 three years later. Students even sat on the platform during lectures.

After 1949, enrollment dropped. But Dean Snodgrass says that during the past several years the number of students has risen about 10 percent per year, and an increase to some 525 is anticipated for the coming year.

Dean Snodgrass assembled a faculty of professors whose names are remembered with affection by generations of lawyers all over the country. They came from Yale, Harvard, Stanford and such great state universities as Michigan and Illinois. And this eminent faculty began to attract students who might otherwise have gone to better-known schools, even after the post-war boom was over.

One of the 24 top-flight law teachers Snodgrass has lured to San Francisco since 1940 is Everett Fraser. Nine years ago, Fraser had been forced to quit, after 28 years as dean of the University of Minnesota law school, simply because he had reached the age of compulsory retirement. He had remained at the University in an administrative capacity but, because he refused to stop teaching, he continued to carry a full schedule of classes, even though the University couldn't legally pay him a penny of salary as a teacher. So Dean Fraser was literally teaching for the love of it. It didn't take much thought to convince him to accept Dean Snodgrass' offer of a job, and he has been teaching at Hastings since 1949.

Another faculty member with much the same idea is 71-year-old Professor Lawrence Vold, who keeps in trim by frequently walking the five miles from his home. He is the only teetotaller in the 65 Club and the only out-of-state member who has gone to the trouble of taking (and passing) California's notoriously stiff bar exam. This once led Professor Fraser to remark dryly that Vold was the only member of the Club who could be relied on to pass any bar.

The members of the 65 Club are alert, brisk, vigorous and salty-tongued, and they are clearly getting a whale of a kick out of life. For they are doing what they like best.

When asked how long he intends to go on, 78-year-old Professor Fraser smiles and says, "I've been told that there are three things that improve with age: a song, a wine, and a lawyer."

Hastings thinks he's right—on that third count, at least.

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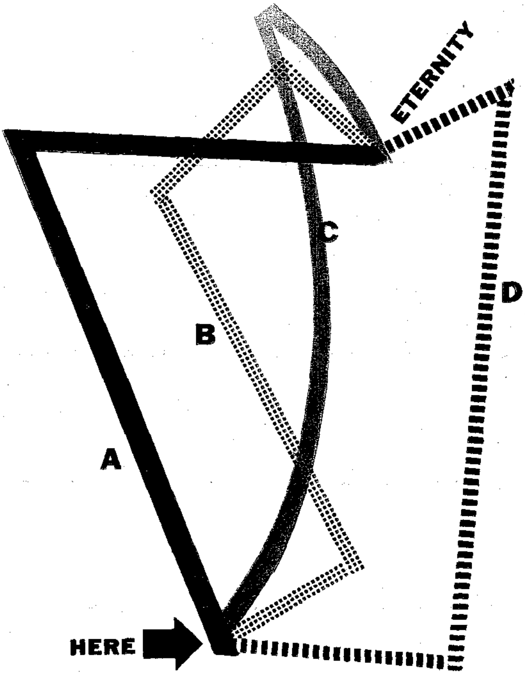
from here to eternity

THE SHORTEST distance between two points is a straight line, but from Here to Eternity, there are no straight lines. Which route do you pick as the shortest? Time: 1 min., 30 secs. Check your answer below.

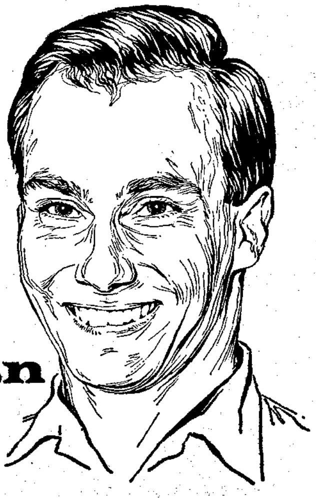
—LES WAAS

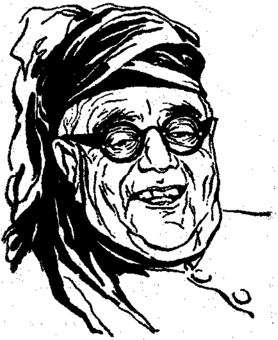


Answer: **B.** *A was second, D was third, and C was the longest route.*

Wielding power from the grave, the old chief stirred up a tense family drama by naming the young student as the spiritual head of 20,000,000 Moslems

Aga Khan of Harvard





by Geoffrey Bocca

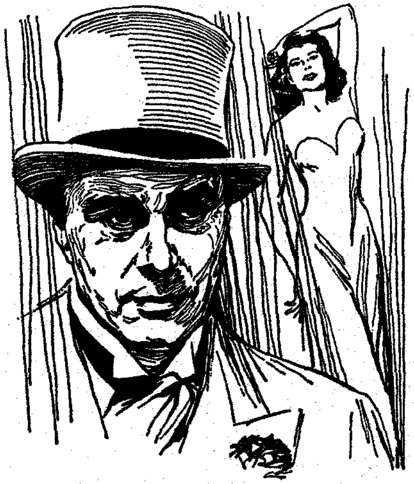
NO ONE PARTICULARLY noticed the young man who drove Aly Khan to the deathbed of the old Aga Khan at Versoix, Switzerland, last July. The youth was tall and slender, with profound, dark eyes and a gentle, humorous mouth. In his open-necked shirt and rolled-up sleeves he was dismissed as Aly's chauffeur; and as the photographers and reporters closed in on Aly, Prince Karim, Aly's son, uncurled his six-foot frame out of the driver's seat of the black Thunderbird and walked, unheeded, away.

A few days later, Karim, aged 20, became unexpectedly the new Aga Khan, 49th Iman of the Moslem Ismailis. This time it was Karim who had to push his way through the newspapermen, and seat himself beside a uniformed chauffeur in his grandfather's car while Aly, forgotten now, sat dejectedly beside him. Overnight, Aly had lost his power and his future, and had to take second place to his son even in the most minor details of routine life.

Behind this curious transformation lies a drama in which five people, almost entirely European in background and thinking, were cast by a capricious destiny to play important parts in determining the fate of 20,000,000 Moslems, all of whom, thousands of miles away in the heat and the sand of the East, now look to Karim of London and Harvard as the direct descendant of Mahomet, and their religious leader.

Karim is the central figure in the drama. The others are his step-grandmother, the widowed Begum; Aly Khan, his father; Sadruddin, his uncle; and Princess Joan, his mother, all of them suddenly at the mercy of forces they once controlled.

To understand this situation, un-



Ignored: Aly Khan (with ex-wife Rita Hayworth).

precedented in modern history, one must first of all understand the personality of Prince Karim, and then the nature of his religious following.

So far, the new Aga Khan has led a completely unobtrusive life. In fact, he scarcely seems to belong to this colorful family at all. Events, momentous, vivid, absurd, have swirled around him leaving him untouched. His grandfather's horses have won most of the classic races of Europe. A fleeting stepmother, Rita Hayworth, met him on a ski slope in the Alps and kissed him maternally on the cheek. His father has broken the hearts of some of the world's most beautiful women. In a milieu of movie stars, royalty and international café society, he has grown up a handsome youth with his feet planted firmly in the sober 1950s.

"I don't know what I will do with my grandfather's horses," he said after the old Aga Khan's death. "I don't go for sport much, except for skiing and soccer." And as for following in his father's footsteps, "Karim will never be a playboy—unless he changes," a former teacher commented.

Outside of a small set of friends, Karim was an almost unknown figure at Harvard. He was a member of the Hasty Pudding Club and the Islamic Association. He played soccer on the freshman team and at hockey for his house. He was a "straight A" student, his name appearing regularly on the Dean's List, which indicates high scholastic achievement. His roommate, and one of his best friends, was John Fell Stevenson, son of Adlai Stevenson, and he has visited the Stevenson home in Libertyville, Illinois, as a house guest.

It is probable, in view of the enormous responsibilities which have now fallen on his shoulders, that he will look back on his three years at Harvard as the happiest period of his life. One of the first things he said after learning he was the new Aga Khan was, "I hope I can go back to Harvard." It sounded very much like a cry from the heart.

Before Harvard, Karim attended the fashionable Ecole de Rosey in Switzerland, locally known as the Ecole des Princes, where he learned to speak French fluently. Yet oddly enough, despite his Oriental background and his Swiss-American education, he remains a typical Englishman.

His mother, Aly Khan's first wife, is the former Joan Barbara Yarde-Buller, a great beauty in her day, who has brought Karim up in the English aristocratic tradition. He travels on a British passport, moves quietly but confidently in London society, calls the Duke of Kent, "Eddie." Yet even today he is able to walk round London unnoticed and was seen recently browsing over a book titled "The Called and the Chosen" in a Piccadilly bookstore.

Karim hates nightclubs, rocking and rolling, and futile conversation. He has little small talk but he is attractive to girls and—displaying a little of his father's *savoir faire*—he does not mind admitting it.

"Girls take to me," he says cheerfully. "I don't know them very well, but those I do know are good friends—platonic friends, of course."

Karim has always been cautious about money, to an extent that it has been remarked on by others. "He never threw his weight around," says a Harvard acquaintance, "or his dough either." At Harvard he had no car.

In short, it can be said that this Karim to whom an important religious sect now turns for spiritual leadership is a thoroughly agreeable, civilized and quite unextraordinary young man.

BY MOSLEM standards, the Ismaili sect is not large—20,000,000 out of the 350,000,000 Moslems in the world—but it is extremely powerful.

After the death of the Prophet Mahomet, two major Mohammedan sects emerged. One was the *Sunnites*, who thought that the answers to all the problems of the world were contained in the Koran and two other religious documents. They were unconcerned with who assumed temporal leadership.

The other was the *Shiites* (meaning a branch), who placed greater importance on leadership, and insisted that only a blood descendant of the Prophet should rule. For leaders they took descendants of Mahomet's daughter.

All went well until the sixth Imam when political splits developed inside the *Shiites*. Only a small section remained faithful to the Prophet's descendant, Ismail, and it broke away and founded the Ismaili sect which spread over the Near, Middle and Far East. The Ismailis prospered, united only by faith. Like the Jews, they derived their strength from their community spirit and willingness to help each other wherever they found themselves.

Today, Ismaili communities exist all the way from South Africa to the Great Wall of China. What makes them unusual for a religious sect is that they like fun. They believe that life should be lived to its fullest, which explains how the Aga Khan and Aly were able to change wives so frequently.

However, the task of leading the Ismailis poses unique problems. The Imam, though not a constitutional monarch, must guide them. Consequently, he must be possessed of wisdom. He must tread a narrow line. On the one hand, he must avoid any suggestion that he is interfering in the internal affairs of other countries; and there are Ismaili communities in India, Pakistan, Africa, Persia, China and even the USSR. On the other hand, the Imam must remain their spiritual leader.

The old Aga Khan handled all this brilliantly. He constantly warned Ismailis to be loyal subjects of the states in which they lived, but he commanded their allegiance to the end—or almost. He helped them with financial and personal advice, endowed them with hospitals, schools, social centers.

The Aga Khan thought of everything, including the ideal person to succeed him. He wrote and rewrote his will before he decided finally on the successor to guide the Ismailis through the atomic age. And it is all the more paradoxical that in his last will and testament he made mistakes which may tear the whole edifice apart and bring it down on the head of Karim.

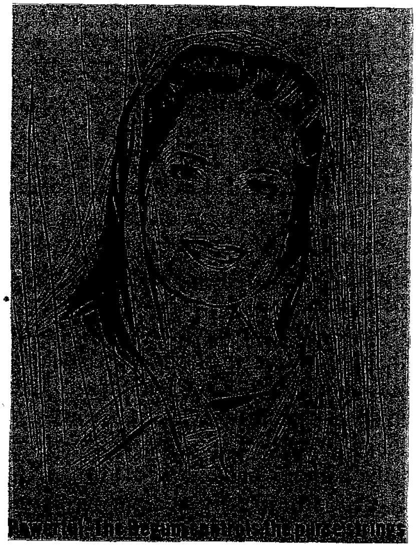
The Ismailis expected that the task would be given to Aly Khan whom they knew and who knew them. In spite of Aly's playboy reputation, he was for ten years his father's personal representative in the Ismaili communities, and an able one. Whatever the Ismaili chiefs thought of Aly's private life, they trusted him as a good Moslem and an efficient administrator.

But instead, the Aga Khan not only chose Aly's son as the new leader but he bestowed the privilege of guidance on the Begum. The indignation this has caused in the Ismaili world has not until now been known, because the Ismailis are loyal people, and do not like to air their private differences. But the crisis has been verified by impeccable Arab, European and British sources.

The old Aga Khan decreed that for the next five years at least, Karim must look to the Begum for advice and financial assistance. She alone controls the purse strings of the incalculable fortune left by the Aga Khan. In fact, she has become the virtual head of the family.

Loyalty to the memory of the great Imam has so far stilled the voices of protest. But one of the Ismaili leaders ill-concealed his dismay in the statement he made after the news was released. "We know nothing of the information according to which Karim would be placed under the Begum," he said cautiously. "We think our new Imam is a young man full of common sense, very intelligent and pious and quite capable of assuming his own responsibilities."

The Begum is a Moslem Convert, but basically she is a French bourgeois girl. Ismailis remember her as Yvette Labrousse, brought up a Catholic, a dressmaker from Lyons, a salesgirl in a Cannes dress shop,



Yvette the Begum [illegible] the purse strings who, before the Aga Khan married her, appeared in a tight swimsuit to win the title "Miss France." The marriage itself was not easy for Moslems to swallow, and now she is effective leader of the whole sect.

The Aga Khan apparently felt that the Begum would have a greater influence over young Karim than she could possibly have over mature and rebellious figures like Aly or Sadruddin. But he had forgotten one thing: Karim was already under a woman's influence—that of his mother.

The former Joan Barbara Yarde-Buller had married, at the age of 19, RAF Wing Commander Thomas Loel Guinness, of the brewing family. The marriage was dissolved nine years later, and in 1936 she married Aly Khan. This marriage was dissolved in 1949, and she took an apartment in London's elegant Eaton Square.

Karim grew up, a typical English boy, with his mother. And it is to her that he would naturally turn for guidance, rather than his remote step-grandmother. His other great friend is his uncle Sadruddin, who is only four years older and who also went to Harvard. Until now, Karim has never made an important decision without consulting his highly intelligent and sophisticated 24-year-old uncle.

Sadri, as he is called, himself is deeply conscious of the new barrier between them. "Our friendship," he confessed recently, ". . . I wonder if it can ever be the same again?"

In other words, a woman the Ismailis cannot fully accept has been placed in a position of power over their new Imam, whom she can control but whom she is psychologically incapable of influencing.

The unreality of the situation was typified by the family group that gathered at the Aga Khan's villa just before he died. Aly had with him his fiancée, Bettina, a French model. Sadri had his fiancée, Nina Dyer, a former British model (whom he married a month later). There was Yasmin, Aly's daughter by Rita Hayworth, his second wife. There was Karim, acting as chauffeur to his father.

THE PROGRESSIVE dilution of family strength in the great dynasties, whether royal, religious or commercial, is well known to history. But in few families was the strain scattered so prodigally as when the Aga Khan, a man of Persian blood, born in Karachi, bequeathed his heritage to a grandson half English, one-quarter Italian (Aly was the Aga Khan's son by his second wife, an Italian) and one-quarter Persian.

When the will was read, the impact on its hearers was startling. Aly sat sick and stunned, realizing he had been cut right out of it and cast adrift. Then an odd feeling came to him that could only be described as relief, as if a burden he had been carrying in his heart for years had all at once lifted. It was only his pride that was hurt.

Sadri's reaction was almost diametrically opposite. It was with a sigh of relief that he learned he was being given just what he expected, no spiritual responsibilities.

Karim had had a pretty good idea of what was coming, but the only person completely in the Aga Khan's confidence was, in fact, the Begum. Seven-eighths of the Aga Khan's private fortune was left to Aly and Sadri, but the fortune itself is so diversified that its extent can only roughly be guessed.

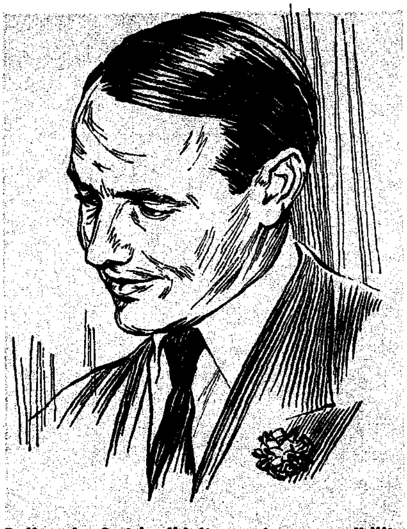
Nina emerged from the affair with new dignity. A former London model and showgirl, she had been married to the German millionaire Baron von Thyssen. After her divorce she fell in love with Sadri, a situation uncomplicated by any ambition because of the fortune given her by Thyssen. She is worth $1,200,000 in jewels alone, which she never wears now. There was little chance that Sadri could become the Aga Khan, so she could never be Begum. For her, marriage to Sadri meant primarily the title of Princess instead of Baroness.

When Karim became the Aga Khan he received 50 Ismaili chiefs and told them, "My religious duties start today." This means that, like his father and grandfather, he must visit his various congregations and meet his people, to whom he is Allah's representative on earth. Merely seeing him is almost the equivalent of a pilgrimage to Mecca, a promise of going straight to Paradise.

The Times of London wrote when Karim began his rule: "Perhaps the greatest task awaiting the new spiritual leader will be to preserve the rigid discipline which was such a remarkable feature of the widespread Ismaili communities during his grandfather's rule." The question is, can he do it?

The old Aga Khan represented for too many Moslems the 19th-century establishment, the British Empire and Imperialism. He had never swerved in his friendship to Britain. He and his family were English citizens. His 72-year rule had begun under the British raj in a land of feudalism and mysticism, and had ended in world-wide socialism and virulent anti-colonialism. Towards the end of the Aga Khan's life there were mutterings against him, and only the force of the old man's personality and wisdom kept the dissatisfaction from becoming open.

A strange and evil attack was made by an Egyptian journalist on the Aga Khan shortly after he died. It could be dismissed as a piece of worthless obscenity if it were not significant in that it reflects both in style and tone the Arabs' hatred of the Imperialism, with which they now lump the Khan dynasty. The Aga Khan was at least a Persian.



Relieved: Sadri didn't want responsibility

Karim is an Englishman, product of the race that worries the Arabs the most.

It should be said that Karim is a good Moslem and does not drink. He speaks Urdu, literary Arabic and several Hindu dialects, but he is still an Englishman. He has even been granted the title "Highness" by Queen Elizabeth, for Britain still administers several million Ismailis within her colonial territories.

While threatened on one side by Arab passions, Karim's empire is threatened on another by Indian acquisitiveness. Premier Nehru has already intimated that he hopes to get millions of dollars from the Aga Khan's estate in death duties. The Imam, ruling only communities and not provinces like the other Indian princes, had always been just beyond Nehru's reach. Nehru now also wants to take over the Ismaili schools, hospitals and clinics, which are rented by the Khans to the communities at 10 percent of their rentable value.

All these threats might be fought, and perhaps overcome; but the fact remains, and the Khan family are realizing it for the first time, that they, like so many other remnants of outmoded dynasties, are on their way out. Their existence by any modern standards has been far too lush.

And it is going to be Karim who will have to bear the burden of change. His stature in history will depend on how he handles his own fate and that of his followers.

"It is a long and lonely task for such a young man," said Karim's mother recently. "But I think he has the courage to do it."

Gold Rush

(Answers to quiz on page 75)

1. b; 2. c; 3. a; 4. a; 5. a; 6. a; 7. b; 8. b;
9. c; 10. b; 11. b; 12. a; 13. c; 14. c; 15. b; 16. a; 17. b.

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), showing the ownership, management, and circulation of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1957. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Arthur Stein; Editor, Lewis W. Gillenson; Managing Editor, Bernard Glaser; Business Manager, A. L. Blinder, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. 2. The owner is: ESQUIRE, INC., 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock are: The Smart Family Foundation, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart Trust, c/o City National Bank & Trust Company, 208 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; John Smart, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York; Edgar Richards, 2754 Monte Mar Terrace, Los Angeles, California; Florence Richards, 2754 Monte Mar Terrace, Los Angeles, California; Vera Elden, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, 231 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Northern Trust Company, John Smart and Edgar Richards as successor trustees (Sue Smart Trust, Joan Elden Trust, and Richard Elden Trust), 50 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; A. L. Blinder, 5 Horseguard Lane, Scarsdale, New York; Arnold Gingrich, 273 West 12 Street, New York, New York. Stock to the *extent of more than 1 per cent is registered in the names of the following companies, but the companies* are nominees for a number of stockholders, no one of whom is known to own more than 1 per cent: Wood Walker & Company, 63 Wall Street, New York 5, New York; Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, 70 Pine Street, New York, New York. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person *or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show* the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. A. L. Blinder, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirtieth day of September, 1957 (Seal) Dorothy R. Rogich. (My commission expires March 30, 1958.)

THE RIGHT TO TRAVEL

A thoughtful senator charges that the State Department's control over your passport is both arbitrary and illegal...

by **THOMAS C. HENNINGS, JR.**
U.S. Senator from Missouri

IT WAS THE day after Christmas. The late Judge William Clark, Chief Justice of the Allied High Commission Courts in Germany, was spending a leisurely holiday with Mrs. Clark in the Canary Islands.

The Clarks were awaiting the plane which was to take them back to Madrid, when they were approached by the Police Commissioner of Las Palmas who said he had been instructed to seize their passport. Just then Robert Hale, United States Consul General in Madrid, approached the group, and Judge Clark demanded an explanation.

"I'm sorry," Hale explained. "The Secretary of State ordered me to get in touch with the police authorities and have your passport seized. If you will look out the window you will see Spanish gendarmes who are prepared to search you and seize your passport by force."

Judge Clark peered out the window. There stood a group of 20 armed gendarmes. Judge Clark surrendered his passport. In return, Hale gave him one good for four weeks, and good only for return to the U.S. by the shortest possible route.

This happened in 1953, after Judge Clark had become involved in a controversy with Dr. James Conant, then our High Commissioner in Germany. Just before leaving for the

Canary Islands, Clark had been informed by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles that he would not be reappointed.

The episode involving Judge Clark is but one of many that has come to the attention of the Senate's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights (of which I am chairman), indicating that the State Department, acting arbitrarily or capriciously, has ignored or violated the rights of American citizens through the exercise of passport controls.

THE AVERAGE CITIZEN who wants to go abroad fills out a passport application and sends it to Washington with a check for $10. Usually, he gets his passport. But some never do; others succeed only after long struggle or appeal to the courts.

The Secretary of State, when he desires, exercises almost complete control over who may leave the U.S., where they may go, how long they may be gone, and what they may do while abroad. He can cancel or withdraw a passport at any time, even while the traveler is abroad. He can deny a passport without specifying why it is denied. He can withhold the names of informants on whose information denial was based.

The Secretary can—and does—delay the issuance of passports for months or years without actually *denying* a passport. It is just held up until the applicant loses interest, or until the occasion for a particular trip abroad has passed. Most victims don't fight; they simply resign themselves to their fate and are not heard from again.

The State Department holds that a passport is a purely political document addressed to foreign powers. Its issuance or denial therefore is an aspect of foreign affairs under the control of the Secretary of State and not subject to judicial review.

The Federal courts have consistently refused to sustain that position. The Department has been upheld on only one point—its right to require non-Communist affidavits from passport applicants. In no case that it lost has the Department tested its powers by appealing to the Supreme Court.

Personal whimsey and caprice in passport matters is not peculiar to any one administration.

Until she retired in 1955 after 27 years as head of the Passport Division of the State Department, Ruth B. ("Ma") Shipley ruled her domain with a will of iron. "Ma" frankly admitted to a Senate committee in 1947 that she maintained what she called a "black list"—a secret roster of Americans whom *she* did not want to go abroad.

The Passport office's controversies have been less spectacular since Mrs. Shipley was succeeded by Miss Frances G. Knight, whose work in streamlining and reorganizing the operation of the Office has won the commendation of the Senate Government Operations Committee.

Although the U.S. has been issuing passports since 1796, it is only in recent years that a passport has become necessary for foreign travel. It was formerly an identification that was sometimes useful, but not at all indispensable. This began to change in 1918 when Congress passed a law making it a criminal offense for a citizen to leave the country during time of war or other emergency without a passport.

The World War I statute was permitted to lapse. But in 1926 Congress authorized the Secretary of State to issue passports. And since 1929 the U.S. has warned its nationals that travel abroad without a passport would be difficult or impossible because of restrictions imposed by other nations.

Passport regulations became tighter in 1941 when President Franklin D. Roosevelt used his emergency powers to forbid departure from the country without a passport. Presidents Truman and Eisenhower continued this "national emergency" policy. The Internal Security Act of 1950 directed the Secretary of State to deny passports to members of those organizations held by the Subversive Activities Control Board, in a final ruling, to be subversive. This statutory provision has not come into effect because there has been no final ruling. But 1952 State Department regulations forbade the issuance of passports to Communists and their supporters, and to persons whose activities abroad, in the opinion of the State Department, might advance the Communist movement. The McCarran-Walter Act of 1952 made it a crime for anyone to depart or attempt to depart from the U.S. without a passport in times of war or national emergency. We have been living with "national emergencies" continuously now for nearly 20 years; and there is no indication that the situation may soon change.

In 1956 the State Department issued regulations denying passports to those who, in the opinion of the Department, would violate the laws of the U.S., be prejudicial to the orderly conduct of foreign relations, or otherwise be prejudicial to the interests of the U.S. Should such vague standards be used to encroach upon the rights of American citizens?

When confronted by resistance to its arbitrary decisions regarding passport rights, the Department occasionally yields, but not without bitter struggle. Judge Clark—who gave up his passport to the Spanish gendarmes—demanded a new one on his return to this country. In the application, describing the purpose of his intended travel, he added a paragraph reserving his right to speak out on the controversy in which he had been involved with the State Department and Dr. Conant.

The passport was denied, but Judge Clark was told that if he withdrew the paragraph he could have his passport. Instead, he sued for it, and the Federal Court in the District of Columbia ordered the State Department to hold a formal hearing on the application. Instead, the Department issued a passport, but marked it not valid for travel to Berlin. This Judge Clark refused to accept. Finally the State Department issued him one without the restriction. A bureaucratic bluff had been called.

The Department's reluctance to permit court tests of the powers it claims is nowhere better illustrated than in the tribulations of Professor Martin Kamen, of Washington University, St. Louis.

In 1947 he had obtained a passport to enable him to teach and lecture abroad. Then, before his departure, it was revoked. For eight long years he tried without success to have it reinstated, or to obtain a new one. Finally he went into Federal District Court to force the issue. One half hour before the case was to be argued, Kamen's counsel was informed that the passport would be issued after all.

This was not surprising in view of the remarkable stipulation, signed by the State Department's attorneys, which Kamen's counsel had obtained for use in the trial. The stipulation said that the State Department's decision not to issue the passport *had been based on information given by informers whose identity was not known to those who had made the decision!*

EVEN MORE shocking to us on the Constitutional Rights Sub-committee was the experience of Dr. Linus Pauling, head of the Department of Chemistry and Chemical Engineering at California Institute of Technology, holder of the Presidential Medal for Merit (the highest award the U.S. can give a civilian), and winner of the Nobel Prize for chemistry in 1954. The Medal for Merit was awarded for highly classified work on rockets and in other fields during World War II.

Professor Pauling had obtained passports for travel abroad on several occasions between 1926 and 1952. But beginning in 1952, the State Department started to play cat and mouse with him.

At first the passport was denied "since the Department is of the opinion that your proposed travel would not be in the best interests of the U.S."

When the State Department asked Pauling to submit evidence to answer the charges against him, he replied, "What charges?" The only answer he got was that his anti-Communist statements had not been strong enough. When Pauling had to cancel a lecture engagement before the Royal Society of London because he could not get a passport, other scientists and some congressmen protested. The result was that Pauling got his passport—too late. Furthermore, it was not the standard two-year passport, but a two-and-a-half-*month* passport good for travel only to France and England.

This merry-go-round continued; in order to get his passport validated for subsequent trips, Pauling had to send a steady stream of non-Communist affidavits. In October, 1954, Pauling's request for a passport was refused on the ground that he had been a consistent follower of the Communist Party line. He vigorously denied the charge.

Finally the Pauling affair reached a comic-opera climax. The scientist was notified that he had been awarded the Nobel Prize and that it would be presented to him at Stockholm by the King of Sweden. This time Pauling got his passport without delay. And, furthermore, it was the standard two-year passport.

Professor Pauling had submitted no new evidence to the State Department to refute the charges against him. What happened, it is apparent, is that someone in the State Department realized that the U.S. would be in an awkward position before the world if it were to take the attitude that one of its distinguished scientists was not to be trusted to go to Sweden to accept a Nobel Prize.

The State Department, however, never explained its inconsistency or admitted its error. So far as the record stands, it still holds that Professor Pauling is a follower of the Communist Party line. Therefore it must be true that the passport was issued in violation of the Department's own regulations.

Until August, 1955, there was no established procedure in the State Department to afford a formal hearing to those who had been denied passports. Following two court decisions upsetting State Department passport denials, a new State Department regulation was drawn up. It provided that, when a tentative decision to deny a passport was reached, the applicant should be informed of the reason for denial "as completely and specifically as security considerations permit," and that the applicant should be informed of his right to a State Department hearing at which he might be represented by counsel.

My own view on passport control follows closely the reasoning of Chief Judge Edgerton and Judge Bazelon of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia in their dissents in the recent complicated case of Dr. Walter Briehl. As Judge Bazelon expressed it:

"The broad power to curtail the movements of citizens of the U.S., to the extent that our Government possesses it, is vested in Congress, not in the President. Travel is being controlled today for purposes of internal security. To call it a matter of foreign relations is mere pretense."

Congress has been utterly remiss in the exercise of its power. It has let it go by default to the State Department, which has not only used it but enlarged upon it with little regard for recognized standards of due process of law. There is considerable reason to believe that the State Department's abuse of this power has resulted in more harm to our foreign relations and national security than if there were no restrictions on passports at all. It would seem wiser to have let Dr. Briehl, even granting his leftist political leanings, attend the world Mental Health Organization Congress in Istanbul, rather than give the Communists the opportunity to make political capital over the denial. This applies to the recent furor over allowing American newspapermen and students to enter Red China. Had there been no restrictions there would have been no debate and no fine opportunity for the Reds to make propaganda.

As I have indicated, the passport situation is worsening.

It is imperative that Congress reassert its authority and assume its responsibility in this vital matter. We need rules to serve as guides for the issuance or denial of passports—rules not subject to change at the whim of any Secretary of State. I believe that the categories of persons to whom passports may be denied should be very few and should be defined as explicitly as possible.

And when a passport is denied, the statute should require that procedural due process of law must be adhered to, in accordance with provisions of the Administrative Procedure Act.

Finally, the statute should make provision for an American citizen, who wishes voluntarily and deliberately to do so, to relinquish temporarily his right to protection abroad by the U.S. if he chooses to enter a country with which we do not maintain diplomatic relations. Such a provision, for instance, would make it unnecessary for the Secretary of State to take upon himself the responsibility for determining whether American publications may, through their own correspondents, undertake to inform the American people about developments in Red China.

This bill must be drawn up, introduced and enacted if Congress is to regain its rightful powers over passport matters and if our precious American liberties are to be safeguarded. It is for these reasons that I intend to have such a bill ready for consideration by Congress soon after the new session begins in January, and I intend to battle for it.

American Tragedies

THE KEYBOARD of a new tabulating machine received by the City Treasurer of Roswell, New Mexico, lacked a dollar sign.

A 118-POUND Baltimorean applying for a divorce testified his 450-pound wife was too big for him to boss.

A FLORENCE, South Carolina, woman sued a shopkeeper when her bathing suit became transparent after her first dip in the ocean.

A DALLAS fortune teller complained to the police that somebody had stolen her crystal ball.

THE SPORTSMAN'S Association of Jefferson County, Alabama, had to cancel a scheduled fish fry because the members failed to catch enough fish.

MRS. CLYDE POPP of Jefferson City, Missouri, named her baby son Soda.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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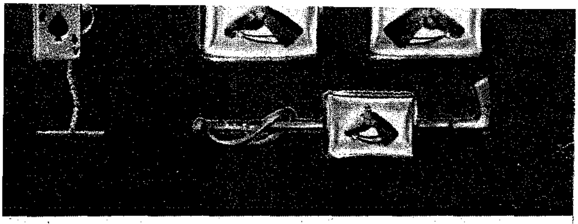

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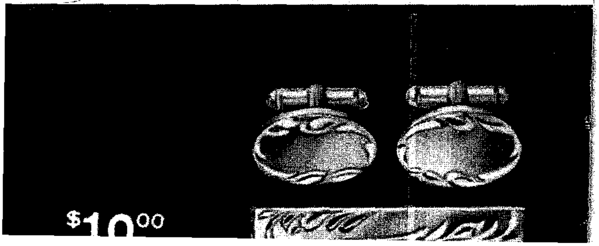

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merry mixups

AN OLD SOUTHERNER, being questioned by the census taker, having trouble remembering the birthdates of all his grandchildren, asked his wife when one of the girls was born. "Well, I know she was born in 'tater time," his wife said thoughtfully, "but I'm blessed if I can remember if it was diggin' or plantin' time." —*Topeka Capitol*

WE WERE DELIGHTED with the part of our trip that took us to rural Japan. There we ran across two little Japanese women doing their laundry. Following the custom of their country, they laughingly called out to one of the tourists in our party: "Ohio—Ohio," the Japanese expression for "good morning."

The tourist, not understanding the meaning of the word, hesitated, then replied:

"Well, not exactly; I come from Kentucky—just across the river."

—JESSLYN TUNNICLIFF

WHEN MY DAUGHTER, at the awkward age of 12, returned home from a party I asked her how she enjoyed it.

"All right," she answered, "except a couple boys got into a fight over dancing with me."

"Oh, really?" I asked curiously, feeling pleased at my daughter's apparent popularity.

"Yes. The fight started when one of them punched the other in the side with his elbow and said, 'You dance with her.' Then the other one punched him back harder and said, 'No! *you* dance with her.' "

—MRS. DOROTHY NESMITH

IN ONE of Boston's larger department stores, a fussy little old lady was making a prolonged selection at the perfume counter. She had the poor saleswoman almost at her wit's end as she hesitated, questioned, selected, discarded and selected again.

Finally she narrowed the selection down to Apple Blossom perfume, but before she made her purchase wanted to know, "What kind of apple trees were used? Baldwin or MacIntosh?" —ESTELLE I. FINEBERG

IN CELEBRATION of Kathy's fifth birthday, the family all went out to dinner, and the birthday girl was allowed to order whatever she wished. When her shrimp cocktail was placed before her, Kathy stared at it with a look of great disappointment. When her puzzled mother asked her why she didn't eat it, Kathy cried: "I don't want this! I thought a shrimp cocktail was a drink for little people."—KATHY CHAPMAN

WHEN JUNIOR came home from college for Christmas vacation, he walked with a decided stoop. His troubled father asked: "Been bending over your books too much?"

"Nope," was the honest reply, "been kissing too many short girls."

—*Wall Street Journal*

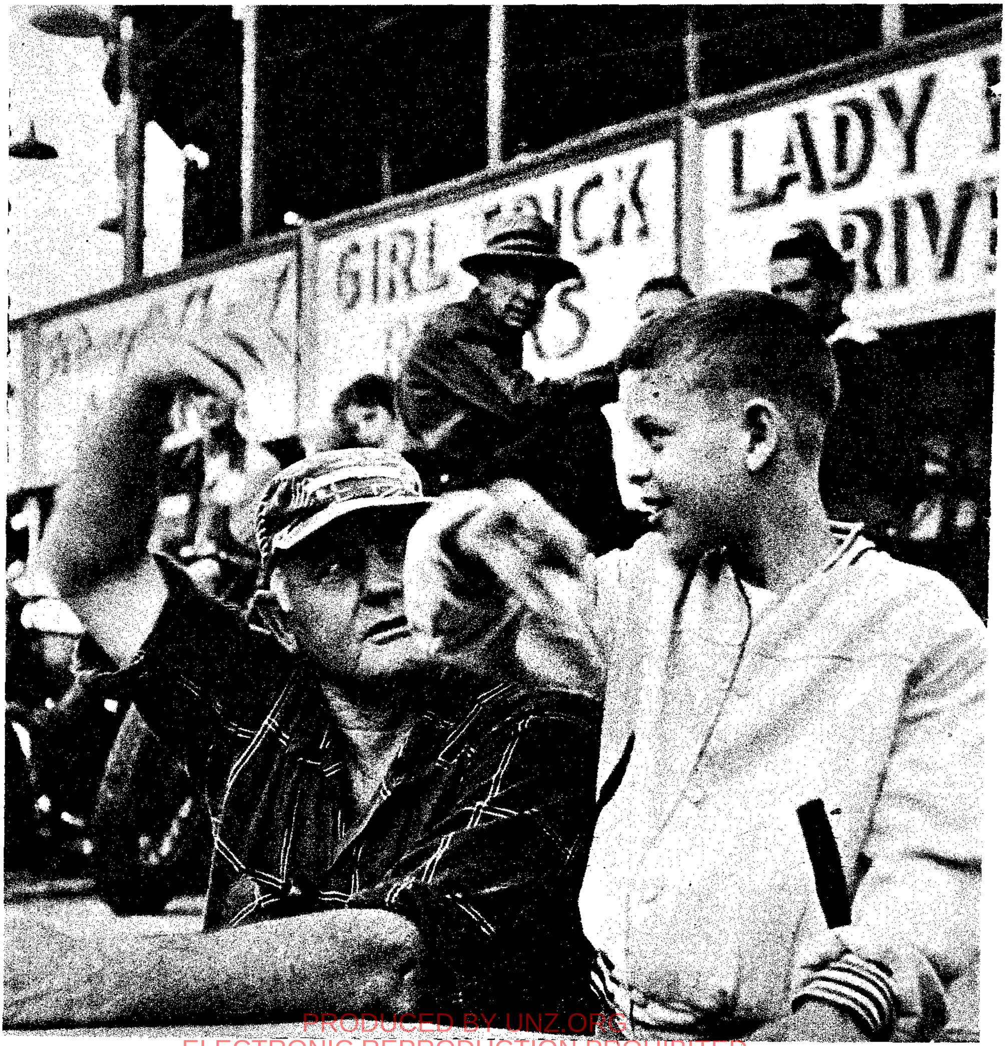
AVAL

"carny" kids

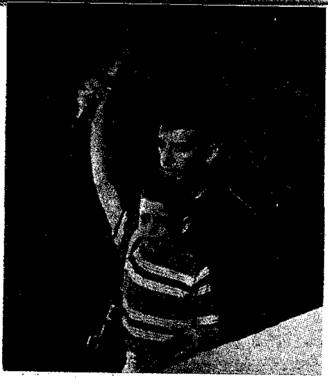
EVERY YEAR, between May and October, the lights of the Royal American Shows—the world's largest carnival—brighten the sky over 18 cities from Tampa, Florida, to Edmonton, Canada. Over 1,200 people travel with this strange, shifting little world, including some 60 children. But none are more excited about the hectic, kaleidoscopic life than guitarist Joe Nave's kids—Joe, Jr., 11 (called Tommy); Mary Jane, 9; John, 7; and Mark, 5. For, as the show's owner, Carl J. Sedlmayr, puts it, "The new ones have the star dust in their eyes." This is borne out on these and the following pages as the youngsters try everything from sword swallowing (*left*) to living in a pullman (*below*) with parents.

by James A. Skardon photographs by Arthur Shay

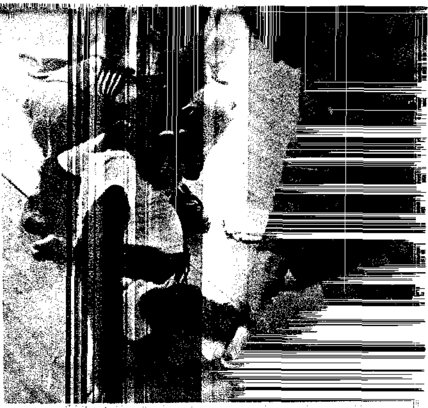
FOR THE YOUNGSTERS, the carnival is a fairyland come to life. There is always something new and exciting to see and do in this gaily lit world of dancers, stuntmen, musicians, monkeys, freaks, pitchmen and "talkers." The kids are popeyed at the mountains of hot dogs and clouds of pink cotton candy. They marvel at the dazzling booth prizes that seem so easy to win on the spin of an arrow or crack of a rifle. They whirl themselves into dizzy ecstasy collecting their free rides on the merry-go-round. And best of all they are allowed "backstage," where they meet the performers and learn the fascinating secrets of the carny trade.

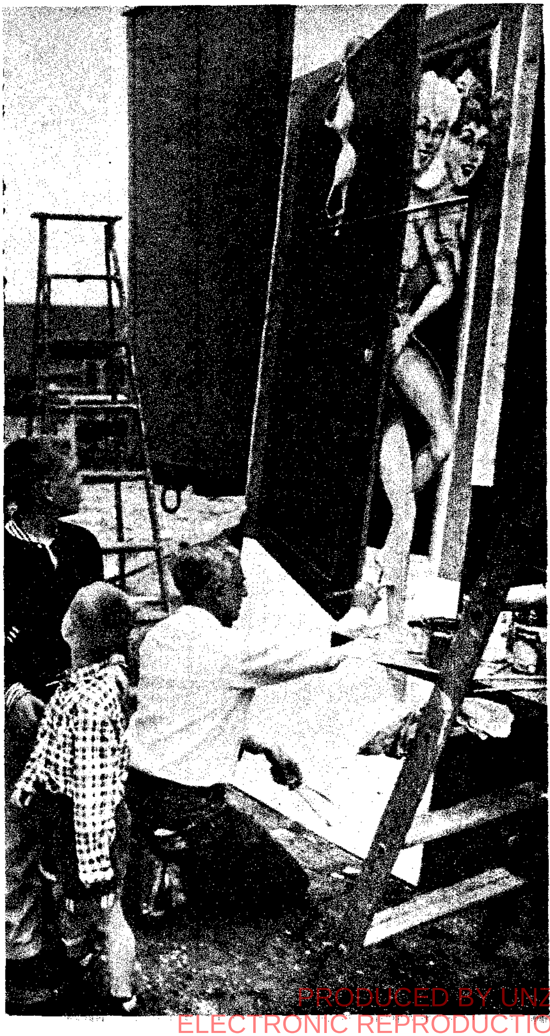


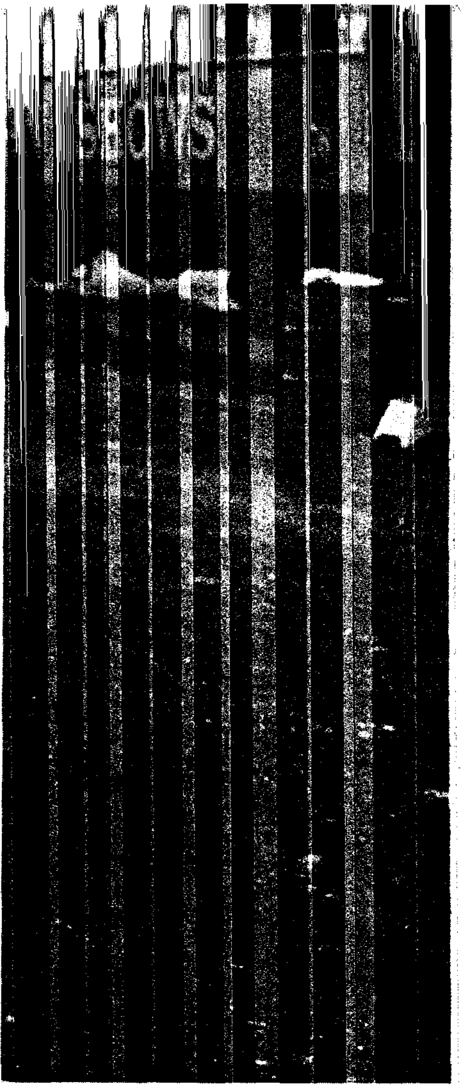
It is a rare treat for Tommy (right) when cowboy star Lash LaRue shows him how he cuts bits of paper with a whip. And (lower left) Tommy has a natural bent for the "talker's" gestures. (Below) Playing with a bongo drum at band rehearsal convinces Mark (left front) that being a drummer is the life for him.



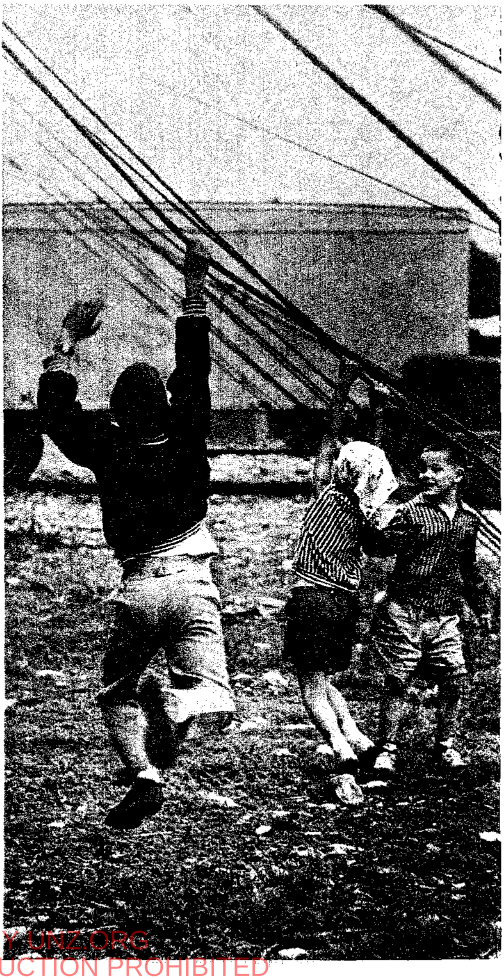
More to marvel at. Mary Jane (far right) is awe-stricken at the sight of performers practicing their acts. Tommy (right) watches monkey being dressed, while (below right) he learns to curry a pony; and the youngsters (below) all gape at lurid painting of chorus girl used to advertise the show in which their father plays in the band.



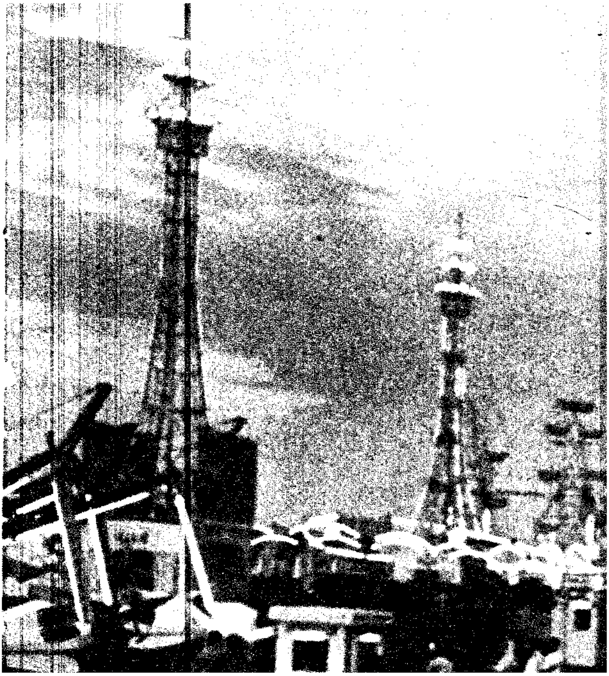


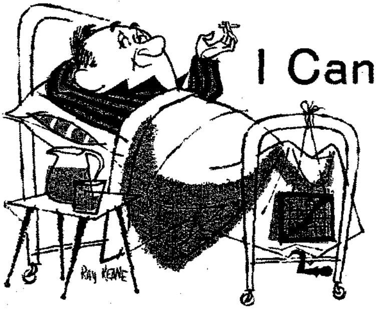


When they run out of marvels to stare at, the children make their own fun. Mark and Mary Jane (left) romp with pup in railroad yard near their pullman "home." (Below) Tommy, Mary Jane and John, inspired by the acrobats, get in a little trapeze work on tent ropes.



"I'd like to be a dancer," decides Mary Jane (left) learning step from chorus girl. But she already knows, like the rest of the Nave family, that life behind the glitter of the midway can be much harder than it was back in their Norristown, Pennsylvania, home. The $100-a-month cubicle offers little privacy, and the constant traveling can be wearying. Food in the commissary car or chow tent is not exactly home cooking. The hours, too, are hard, with the carnival day running from around noon to 2 A.M. or until the last customer has spent his last dime. Meanwhile, the kids never cease to be fascinated by carny life, including the sword swallowing (left) and the brilliant blossoming of colored lights at twilight. But when the crowds come swarming in, that is the loneliest time for the carny kids. For their parents and their new friends are hard at work, and now the kids are mere spectators, looking on—alone.





I Can't Afford to Get Well

by JOEL BERG

MY FRIENDS stood about the hospital bed where I had lain for a month with a wrenched back after falling off our roof while fixing the TV antenna. All were exuding sympathy—Rod Stanley, an accountant; his wife, Jean; Warren Seymour, once my fraternity roommate and now my insurance broker.

"Doctor was in to see me again this morning," I said. "He gave me a full report. It's worse than I feared—he ordered me back to work Monday."

"Delighted to hear it," smiled Warren.

"I meant every word," I told them dolefully. "It's the worst thing that could happen to me. For the first time since I got married I've been able to save money. We're planning to finance next summer's vacation with what I've saved because of the accident."

"According to my calculations," Louise, my wife, added brightly, "we'll have enough left over to swing my new fall wardrobe."

They all looked at me, puzzled. "I've found the answer to the eternal question: How to grow rich without working," I said. "Listen—I earn $7,500 a year, or $625 a month, before taxes. In my bracket, every month's pay I earn raises my Federal income-tax bill by exactly $137.50. The state gets another $12."

Jean began jotting numbers on the back of an old envelope. "That leaves you $475.50 a month. It's quite a drop, but still better than the big zero you earned while in the hospital, not to mention the crushing expenses."

"You forget we're living in the age of the Fringe Benefit," I grinned. "First, let's look at the crushing expenses when I go to work.

"Because I tried to fix my own TV antenna, the Long Island Railroad sold one less commuter ticket last month. That's a saving of $27.50. Occasional cab and bus fares around town and gas for the car probably comes to another $30, but we'll be conservative and mark up a round $55 to savings in transportation.

"Hospital life wasn't much fun, but we did save money on our night life. We had to cancel a pretty heavy schedule last month, but it would be fairer to use an average month for comparison."

Rod, the accountant, took the

envelope and pencil from his wife. "About $40?" he asked. I agreed.

"Then comes the matter of food," Louise broke in. "His luncheons for the month would have come to at least $25. And our family food bill was about $40 lower than average. We saved another $10 on the month's laundry."

Jean protested, "But all you've shown so far is that it's cheaper to stay in bed than to get up and go to work. Your family must have something to live on besides the money they save on your lunches."

"Oh, they had plenty," I said. "Much more, in fact, than when I'm well. I had just about a month's accumulated sick leave at my company. I drew full pay during the whole time in bed. Not at all unusual in this day and age."

"Well, there goes one of your big 'savings,'" Jean smiled sweetly. "You still have to pay taxes."

"Not quite," said Rod. "Under Section 105 (d) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954, wage continuation payments are excludable from gross income to the extent of $100 a week. Putting that into English, he didn't have to pay taxes on $100 a week because he was sick and unable to work. That saved him $101.20 in taxes."

"What's your total so far, Rod?" I asked.

His practiced eye swept quickly down the column of figures. "By my count you've saved $271.20 through your enforced vacation."

"But it's fantastic!" Jean exclaimed.

"The most fantastic part is still to come," I told her. "My group medical and hospitalization insurance took care of everything but the phone bill here. And three years ago Warren talked me into an accident policy that pays $50 a week, for every week or portion thereof I am unable to work because of accidental injury. For the month, it paid me $230." (I could see my friends were not nearly as sympathetic now.) "Furthermore, nobody seems to have thought of state disability benefits. You know, that payroll deduction sandwiched in between social security and Federal taxes. After an eight-day waiting period, it pays $45 a week for accidents or illness off the job. I'll get $162."

"All tax-free," Rod said wistfully. "In other words, the net gain—the amount you received in benefits, plus your tax savings and the money you usually spend when working is—$663.20."

Rod did a few more computations.

"Of course, to have that much after taxes, you'd have to earn much more, exactly $825.90. Taken together with your regular salary, it's as if your gross income for the month were $1,489.10."

"As you can see," I said, "this month has been the highest-paid month of my life. I'll admit it couldn't go on forever, but while it lasted . . ."

Louise put her arm around me protectively. "The heck with the money," she said. "We'll get a repairman for that antenna now."

"Oh, no," said Jean thoughtfully. She turned to her husband. "You'll help him put up the antenna, won't you, dear?"

* * *

Therese Neumann of Konnersreuth

by David Sureck

Sanctity or hysteria—what impels this strange woman to relive the Crucifixion?

IT IS FRIDAY MORNING and the weekly pilgrimage to Konnersreuth has begun. By noon, thousands of visitors will have poured into this Bavarian village, so small it does not appear on most maps.

They have come to see strange happenings—which some call miraculous, others attribute to natural causes.

The strange happenings will take place in an upstairs room of a pink-tinted stucco cottage on the town square. The sign on the door reads, "Ferdinand Neumann, Tailor."

Soon a line of people starts to move slowly into and through the main room of the house which is the combination tailor shop, living room and dining room. Atop the narrow stairs to the second floor stands Father Naber, the 86-year-old village priest who greets the new arrivals and ushers them into a small bedroom.

In it are a cabinet, a few chairs, a bird cage and a fish bowl. On a narrow white Bavarian bed, a white scarf over her head, lies the tailor's 59-year-old daughter Therese, who, it is claimed, lives without food or drink. On Fridays she suffers the agony of Christ's passion and, like St. Francis of Assisi, her body bears the stigmata of His wounds as she relives the Crucifixion of nearly 2,000 years ago.

Most visitors first notice Therese Neumann's eyes. Streams of black coagulated blood wind from them down her cheeks.

The visitors crowd around the bed. The stigmata on the hands, moist black crusty wounds about the size of a dime, begin to bleed slightly. The feet carry similar marks covered by a transparent film-like growth.

Suddenly Therese's body, propped up on pillows, starts to writhe. Agony drains her face of color while eight crimson spots appear on the white scarf over her forehead. Father Naber explains that in a vision Therese is feeling the crown of thorns thrust on Christ's head.

Without warning, Therese jumps with such convulsiveness as to fling herself nearly out of the bed. In her vision the Roman soldiers are now flogging Christ. Therese receives each blow with a twist of the body and muffled groans. Once. Twice. Twice more. And again. The beating over, she breathes heavily.

Now the procession moves towards Golgotha. A patch of blood appears on Therese's right shoulder. To a young boy along the way, she says, "Run home to the mother and tell her He will come home." She speaks Aramaic, the language of the period.

As the executioners begin the awful ordeal of nailing Christ to the cross, Therese feels every stroke. Black blood streams afresh from her eyes. With each hammer blow, her body tenses. Her head turns from side to side, violently at first, weaker as the minutes pass.

The left sleeve of the nightgown and the eider down saturate with blood. Therese has received the thrust of the Roman spear in her side. This is the deepest of her wounds and supposedly extends clear to the heart. She writhes as the spear is brutally withdrawn, her face ashen, her jaws clenched in torment.

Then, exhausted, she falls back against the pillows, whispering, "It is finished."

The death rattle is heard in her throat. If she breathes one cannot see it. Minutes later, from the blood-soaked covers, comes a long sigh. The ecstasy is over.

After a brief rest, Therese slips into a somnambulistic-like state in which extraordinary gifts have been attributed to her. It has been claimed that she can describe events taking place miles away; can describe the contents of unopened letters and is able to distinguish genuine religious relics from fakes.

She describes biblical events in great detail and frequently at variance with accepted knowledge. She claims to have seen excommunicated persons in Heaven, which is a contradiction with her Church's doctrine. Allegedly she is able to speak and understand a variety of languages, none of which she normally knows. When she awakens she has only vague recollections of what took place.

Therese Neumann insists she has not had a bite of food or a drink of water since 1927. This has caused bitter controversy, for medical authorities assert that it is impossible to survive without food or water for 14 days.

To controvert this, the Archbishop of Regensburg ordered the Neumann family physician, Dr. Seidl, and four nurses to maintain a strict 24-hour surveillance of Therese for 14 days. Records were kept of her blood pressure, pulse, temperature, urine and weight. She was bathed with a damp cloth, was not permitted to feed her pets, was followed inside the house and out.

Dr. Seidl's findings, released in the *Munich Medical Weekly Journal* and the Regensburg Diocese official paper, stated that at no time during their meticulous investigation had Therese Neumann been found taking nourishment, or even trying to. He reported no change in weight except for a few pounds lost on Friday which were always regained on Saturday, and noted that she remained cheerful and in no way altered her normal active manner of life.

Her own explanation is quite simple. "Food is good," she admits, "but it makes me sick to my stomach. I have no appetite. I have no need for it."

Though now the center of international controversy, Therese's earlier life was quite ordinary and circumspect. She revealed no unusual aptitudes, neither did she show neurotic tendencies.

Then on Sunday, March 10, 1918, a fire broke out in a neighbor's house, and after two hours of lifting heavy buckets of water to help combat the flames, Therese felt a sudden sharp pain in the small of her back. In the following months she suffered many falls, resulting in serious internal and head injuries.

Her condition grew worse and on October 22, Father Naber administered the final rites. Soon afterward, she became almost completely paralyzed, all bodily functions were impaired. She grew blind, deaf, dumb; she was tortured by pain throughout her body and afflicted with stomach ulcers so that she ate with great difficulty.

No improvement was noted for five years. Then at 6:30 on the morning of April 29, 1923, Therese opened her eyes. To the amazement of family and doctors, she could see. Two years later, she sat up in bed for the first time, moved her legs, and found she could walk.

Her general health improved; and she says that on March 4, 1926, her first vision came to her. "All at once," she recalls, "I saw the Redeemer before me at the Mount of Olives. Suddenly I felt such a pain in my side that I thought I would die. At the same time I felt something hot running down my side. It was blood."

THUS BEGAN the visions and the bleedings; and when, about ten months later, she found she could do without nourishment, the pattern for the Therese Neumann legend was set.

Therese has received the Apostolic Blessing of Pope Pius XI and Pope Pius XII, and has been investigated by many priests.

The late Primate of Bavaria, Cardinal Faulhauber, declared that she is "the living image of the Crucified." The Church, however, has thus far remained neutral.

While theologians agree that there are souls given to suffering and some, usually described as mystics, are privileged to enter into a particularly close and perceptive association with God, the Catholic Church has been careful to distinguish between holiness and phenomenon. And since it has been sharp in denunciation of pretenders, the absence of a negative report on Therese is considered by some quarters significant in itself. Unquestionably it will be only after her death that the Vatican will make its official position known.

Since St. Francis of Assisi in the 13th century, 341 cases are recorded in which one or more marks of stigmata appear. Of these, 300 were women, nearly all suffering from extreme physical or neurotic disturbances. Therese Neumann provides the first case of a stigmatized person whom trained doctors as well as psychiatrists can study.

Some are skeptical. They do not deny what they see—the stigmata—but they suggest natural causes: some form of hypnosis, somatic compliance, auto-suggestion, mass psychosis, convulsions or complementary menstruation—conditions provoked by hysteria.

Some medical authorities believe that certain persons can train and control their minds (or souls) in the same way an athlete trains his muscles. It is well known that through special conditioning Indian fakirs and Yoga-trained persons can control vital organs for long periods, and that they can force bleeding or inversely inhibit it even when the skin is pierced by a sharp instrument.

As for the visions—the apparent extra-sensory perception and the knowledge of languages—many doctors agree that a study of Therese's unconscious memory might produce the key to understanding these phenomena. All memories, impressions, half-forgotten books, pictures, images, bits of conversation are stored in the cortex of the brain, to reappear, under certain conditions, years later.

Some authorities hold to the possibility of telepathy. Father Naber, Therese's father confessor since the age of 13 and her constant companion, is a learned man with a knowledge of languages and ancient history. It has been suggested that wittingly or unwittingly, he transmits thoughts to her.

Then there are those who consider the events of Konnersreuth a hoax. Professor Martini, director of the medical clinic of the University of Bonn, for instance, is unconvinced of the authenticity of the visions and maintains that the bleedings could be manually produced. Describing Therese as possibly being a "pious fraud," Dr. Martini says it had all been advertised too early without being understood, and now it is too late to retract since it involves her reputation, the family's and that of the Church. In addition, says Dr. Martini, an admission of deceit would harm those who have been spiritually moved. Therese Neumann's mission, he asserts, is to save souls, to make converts for the Church and to claim sinners.

However, doubters of Therese's personal sincerity are few, for it is known she could have made millions of dollars by commercializing on her mysterious gifts. Meanwhile, the Regensburg Archdiocese has requested Therese to undergo an examination, this time in a hospital.

Father James H. VanderVeldt of Catholic University in Washington, D.C., points out that while all phenomena in the case *may* be divinely originated, they can probably be explained naturally—all, that is, except the prolonged fast. However, if it is established that Therese survives without nourishment of any kind, then it is indeed a miracle.

Reports say that Therese has agreed to this second test, but her father refuses to permit it. He is being urged to change his mind, and if the urgings are successful, the world soon may have an answer to the dilemma: Therese Neumann, miracle or hysteria?

◆

Think It Over

PAST EXPERIENCE *should be a guide post, not a hitching post.*

—ELMER LETERMAN

THE TRAGEDY of our time is that we have succeeded in splitting the atom before acquiring the wisdom to unite humanity.

—DR. JULIUS MARK

by Paul Jacobs

At 37, this apple-cheeked extrovert-scholar is considered by many to be America's ablest lawyer

Edward Bennett Williams
COURTROOM VIRTUOSO

DEFENDANT JAMES R. HOFFA stood up as the jury filed into a crowded Washington, D. C., federal courtroom last July 19th. If that jury convicted him of attempted bribery as charged, he was through as a vice president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. If, by an outside chance, they found him not guilty, he could probably succeed Dave Beck, corruption-tainted president of the Teamsters, and go on to form one of the most powerful combines in labor history.

The United States Government's case against Hoffa had seemed so air-tight, however, that it was almost a foregone conclusion he would be convicted. The Government had even shown the jury a movie, made by the FBI, of Hoffa in the alleged act of carrying out the bribery. John Cheasty, the former naval intelligence officer whom he allegedly bribed to steal documents from the Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field, had been the chief witness against him. Senator John McClellan, Chairman of the Committee, had testified for the Government, as had Robert Kennedy, the Committee's counsel.

Beside Hoffa stood his lawyer—young, handsome, wavy-haired and now very weary Edward Bennett Williams. For four weeks Williams had bitterly fought Hoffa's case, using every weapon in his legal arsenal and concluding with a summation so moving that two jury members wept.

In that two-hour summation speech, Williams had ripped into whatever inconsistencies existed in the Government's case, concentrating his attack on the credibility of Cheasty, who had admitted during a grilling cross-examination that he had lied to Hoffa.

"The Ninth Commandment in the Bible is 'Thou shalt not bear false witness,'" Williams told the jury. "Can you believe a man who violates that Commandment? Can you convict James Hoffa on the testimony of a liar?"

After only three hours and 45 minutes of deliberation, the jury returned to the courtroom with a verdict of—not guilty.

Once again, the seemingly impossible had happened. The Government had lost another case to the man called by some "the most brilliant lawyer in America today."

Edward Bennett Williams slumped into a chair and rested his head on the defense table. To those around him it looked as if he had given way to exhaustion. But Williams was praying.

Praying after a spectacular legal victory is not a usual habit of lawyers. But then, Williams is in many ways most unusual. Though only 37, this full-faced, apple-cheeked young man has already achieved incredible success representing a remarkably varied group of clients including Frank Costello, the gambler long reputed to be one of the chief figures in the underworld; the late Senator Joseph McCarthy; Hollywood ex-Communists; *Confidential* magazine; Faye Emerson; Congressmen accused of malfeasance; Dave Beck; and even Polly Adler, the former New York madam.

But few of his friends along Broadway and in the sports world, who know Williams as a gregarious and friendly extrovert, realize that he is also Professor Edward Bennett Williams, sober scholar of legal theory, guest professor at the University of Frankfurt in Germany, full professor of law at his alma mater, Georgetown University, and also the University's General Counsel.

IN WASHINGTON, Williams is better known as the man who, at 34, defended the late Senator McCarthy in the censure proceedings debated before the U.S. Senate; than as the defender, without fee, of men charged with being security risks; or as a member of the National Board of Directors of the American Civil Liberties Union, an organization always bitterly opposed to McCarthy.

To Williams, defending McCarthy against the Senate censure while, at the same time, attacking him for the procedures followed by his committee, did not represent a conflict. For Williams believes every defendant is entitled to the best defense his counsel can provide, without respect to that lawyer's own viewpoint.

"He's tops in the business," says Frank Costello, who has been defended so successfully by Williams that the New York gambler remained in jail four days more than necessary waiting for Williams to wind up another case. In fact, during the Hoffa trial, Costello backed his faith in Williams' legal ability by betting $1,000 at reported odds of 100 to 1 that his young lawyer would win that case.

"I've hired lots of lawyers in my

life," says Hoffa, "but Ed Williams is tops. He listens to what you say, he thinks about it, and then he comes back with the answers."

It was this grasp of complicated legal problems that also inspired Aldo Icardi, a former OSS officer, to ask Williams to defend him against a perjury charge before a Congressional subcommittee. This rose from Icardi's denial that he had participated in the murder of Major William V. Holohan, another OSS officer, 11 years earlier in Italy, allegedly in the interests of the Communist Party.

"It is absolutely astonishing," says Icardi, who is himself a lawyer, "the fantastic amount of time Williams spends working up a case, time that his clients never know about and can see only a little bit of in court."

In the Icardi case, Williams relentlessly hurled questions in a clear, even voice at Representative Cole, chairman of the House Armed Services subcommittee which had charged Icardi with perjury. Eventually Cole admitted that the subcommittee had looked into the Icardi case not for any legislative purpose but, instead, only in order to provide a forum for discussion. The Congressman also admitted that he and his staff had discussed indicting Icardi for perjury even before he was called to testify. These admissions were then made the basis for Williams' successful motion that the federal judge in the case direct the jury to acquit Icardi without further trial.

"While arguing for that motion," Icardi recalls, "Williams stood before the judge and cited case after case bearing on the problem. He must have had at least ten volumes of cases in front of him and he went from one to the other without a moment's hesitation. He had obviously read every case on the subject and knew every detail in each. He never looked once at a note."

Williams' success in this unpopular case catapulted him into national prominence.

When Williams is trying a case, the lights burn late in the Washington office he shares with eight associates, or in the midtown hotel suite in New York he maintains on a year-round basis. Endless discussions and research in the office library precede each case and continue all during the trial.

"The logic of a case is what Ed is always seeking," says Edward Cheyfitz, one of his associates, "and that's what we try to get in these long discussions."

It was this combination of logic and research that paid off in the Costello case. In getting a deportation order against Costello, the Government had charged the New York gambler with fraudulently obtaining his citizenship in 1925 by concealing his real occupation of bootlegging, and pretending to be a respectable businessman.

Williams discovered, by patiently digging through old records, that some of the Government's evidence against Costello had been obtained through illegal wire-tapping done by the New York Police Department. The lawyer then obtained a ruling from a higher court that evidence obtained through wire-tapping cannot be introduced into federal proceedings, and the Government's deportation case against Costello was dismissed.

"Ed follows the tradition of a British barrister, who is not allowed to reject a client in a criminal case," says Morris Ernst, famous Civil Liberties Union attorney and himself well-known for taking up unpopular causes. "Williams believes, above all else, that the state always has the obligation of proving the crime. His attitude is pretty rare these days, when most lawyers are afraid to represent unpopular clients because they might lose some of their more respectable and well-paying business."

Williams himself puts it more bluntly. "Defending some corporation's bank roll seems to be the highest ambition of most lawyers today," he says. "The mark of a supposedly good lawyer is a man who never gets soiled by being in a courtroom for a trial. And as for standing up to defend someone charged with an unpopular crime—why, that's downright déclassé!"

Williams does not fit into the stereotyped pattern of the successful criminal lawyer. All his life he has been a conservative, in his Republican politics (he was a Stassen and then an Eisenhower supporter) and in his dress. Furthermore, he is the kind of philosophical conservative who profoundly believes that, in America, all men accused of crimes, including gamblers, ex-Communists and legislators, are presumed innocent until proved guilty. In support of that belief, Williams, as an attorney, fights hard to get every possible proper protection of the law for his clients and presses for every possible defense in the law.

When the jury was being selected in the Hoffa trial, it became obvious to many in court that Williams was attempting to make it all Negro, probably in the belief that Negroes in Washington were members of a minority group and perhaps also because Cheasty, the chief witness against Hoffa, had been involved in ending a boycott by Negroes of a bus company in Florida.

The Government, for its part, seemed to want an all-white jury. After both sides had exhausted their challenges, eight Negroes and four whites were finally empaneled.

Williams had good reason to believe that Negroes in Washington were themselves subjected to prejudice. For five years he had led the fight, which finally ended in success, to admit Negro lawyers into the District of Columbia Bar Association. Nevertheless, he quickly demanded a mistrial in the Hoffa case when his cross-examination of Cheasty seemed to backfire and he felt that the Government witness had attempted to prejudice the eight Negro jurors in his own favor and against Hoffa.

The violent conflict between Williams' private opinions and those of some of his clients was clearly demonstrated in his defense of McCarthy. One of the most important reasons Williams had taken on the Icardi case earlier was because it directly involved the problem of the proper behavior of Congressional committees, later, a crucial issue in the McCarthy censure proceeding.

"I think the Icardi case was one

of the most important I ever tried," says Williams, "because it involved the question of the limitation which should be placed on Congressional committees, and it was on this question that I most violently disagreed with McCarthy."

Interestingly, the McCarthy Senate censure was the first really big case that Williams lost. And some observers believe that the censure would never have been voted if McCarthy had permitted Williams to handle the case entirely in the way the young lawyer felt proper.

After the committee hearing ended, Williams sat for a month, in silence, while the censure motion was debated on the Senate floor. "Not being able to speak up in defense of my client was one of the most terrible experiences I've had in my professional life," Williams says.

EVER SINCE he was a boy, growing up in Hartford, Connecticut, Williams had been speaking up. His father was in business there and Ed, the only child, was a busy and active student leader in high school and later at Holy Cross University, a Jesuit school. After graduation, he became an aviation cadet and served two years in the Air Force. He then took his law degree at Georgetown University in Washington, graduating in 1944. At Georgetown he decided he wanted to be a trial lawyer.

"I'd almost quit law school," he recalls, "because I found subjects like real property and commercial law so uninteresting. In fact, I did leave a couple of times and stayed away for a few weeks, but I always came back. Even then, trial work fascinated me so much I sweated out the rest for it."

After graduation, Williams went to work for a large Washington law firm. His first case, given him because he was the newest member, was to defend an elderly bicyclist being sued by a pedestrian he had knocked down with his bicycle. Williams, in that initial lawsuit, aggressively countersued the pedestrian, took the case to trial and was awarded a judgment of $500 for his client, the bicycle rider!

For five years Williams was a corporation attorney, serving a voluntary apprenticeship as a trial lawyer. But he was restless. He began to feel that his future lay outside the practice of corporation law.

So, in 1947, three years after he had married the granddaughter of his firm's senior partner, Edward Bennett Williams began practice for himself in a small one-room office. Today, he and the eight lawyers associated with him occupy the whole tenth floor in a Washington building.

His wife, Dorothy, and their two children, a boy, three, and a girl, two, take up all of Williams' little spare time. When he leaves his office, he goes home to a good-sized modern house surrounded by a few acres of land in nearby Maryland. "When it comes to sports or hobbies, I'm a great spectator," he says.

Defending people charged with crimes isn't the only part of Williams' practice which keeps him away from home so much, but it certainly is that portion about which he feels most strongly.

"If a lawyer is defending a corporation bank roll, he has all kinds of rights before trial," states Williams. "But a criminal lawyer is up against a blank wall. His clients have practically no rights before trial. But I just don't believe that the founding fathers meant the law to protect property rights more than human liberty.

"Today 90 percent of the people who are accused of crimes are convicted in our courts and 99 percent of the people who don't take the stand go to jail," angrily points out Williams, who attributes these high figures not so much to successful police work, but to what he describes as an "organized assault" upon the Fifth Amendment which has been made by Congressional committees.

"The presumption of innocence has been nullified by these committees for anyone who utilizes the Fifth Amendment," says Williams, "and this, together with the lack of proper procedural safeguards, now results in almost automatic conviction of persons accused of crimes.

"In addition, lawyers these days are also faced with 'guilt by client.' Nobody would think any the less of a doctor who operated on a man accused of being a Communist or a criminal, but the lawyer who defends such a man is somehow associated, in the public mind, with the client's ideas or actions."

Williams believes deeply in the procedures and sanctity of the law, and it is this quality of emotional belief that helps him win cases. He seems to communicate to a jury his own deep intellectual and emotional feeling that justice cannot be served except through just methods. Yet he sees no contradiction in the fact that in front of a jury he often comports himself like an actor; he feels his histrionics are sincere and spontaneous.

At 37, Williams is still a very young man with many trials yet to come. But perhaps his biggest trial will be a personal one—his battle with fame.

"It's the pressure for victory that ruins so many criminal lawyers," he admits sadly. "When they get so big that they can't afford a defeat, then they do tricks with witnesses and juries. We haven't lost a big case in a couple of years, but we're due, we're due."

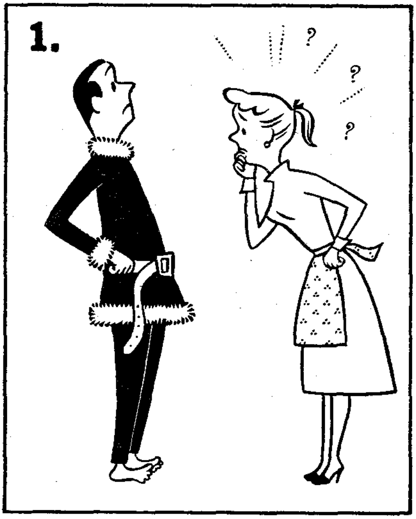
The prayer that Williams, a devout Catholic, uttered that day last July when he won Hoffa's acquittal and sat with his head in his hands over a courtroom table was: "Good God, give me the grace to handle this victory."

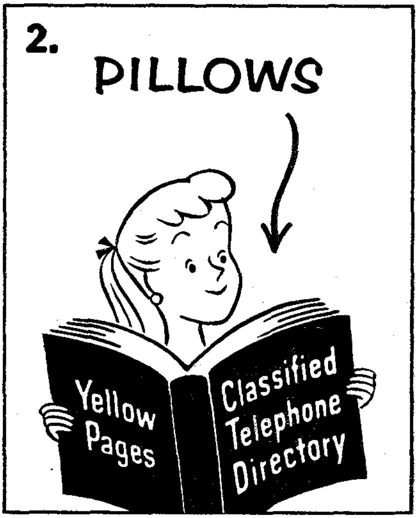
Do-It-Yourself Trend

A SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, woman suing for divorce testified she had been forced to make her own false teeth because her husband wouldn't pay dentist fees.

A NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, hospital furnishes its outpatients with stethoscopes and sphygmomanometers and teaches them how to take their own blood pressure. —DR. W. E. FARBSTEIN

Looking for Something?

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PILLOWS
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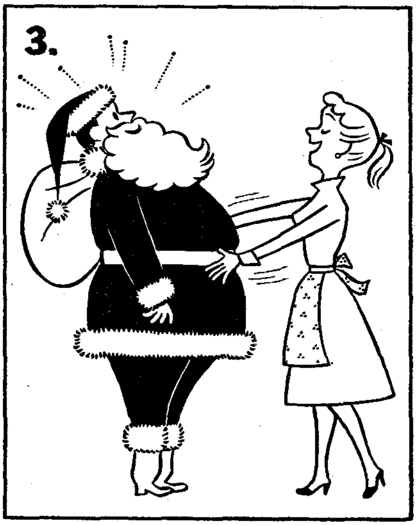

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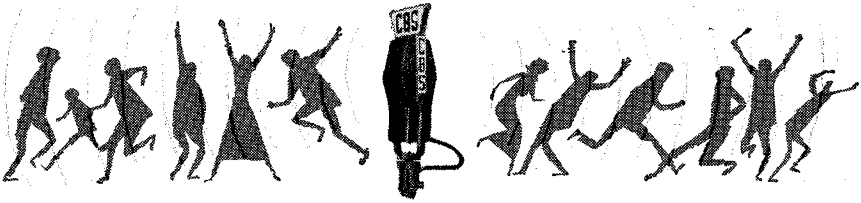

Millions panicked when they heard the weird and terrifying "news"

SHORTLY AFTER 8:00 P.M. on October 30, 1938, Homer Ridger sat by the radio in his Newark, New Jersey, home, trying to tune in the Charlie McCarthy program when he was stopped by a strangely commanding voice:

"*. . . across an immense ethereal gulf, minds that are to our minds as ours are to the beasts in the jungle, intellects vast, cool and unsympathetic regarded this earth with envious eyes and slowly and surely drew their plans against us. In the 39th year of the 20th century came the great disillusionment. . . .*"

In New York City, at the CBS studios, Davidson Taylor sat tensely in the control room supervising the broadcast of a program which seldom gave much competition to Charlie McCarthy. This was the Mercury Theatre On The Air, an hour dramatic program whose rating, according to pollster Crossley, was 3.6 percent of the listening audience. McCarthy's was a whopping 34.7 percent.

It was 8:02, and "The War of the Worlds," adapted from Wells, H. G., and brought up to date by simulated newscasts and other modern fripperies, was under way. So were calamitous events far beyond the credulity of studio supervisor Taylor, or even the program's master of bizarre imagination himself—Welles, Orson.

The drama started at a deliberately slow pace with an introductory announcement to set the scene, then a "weather report" to inject realism, followed by casual dance music from "the Meridian Room of the Park Plaza." After the musical interlude, during which late tuners-in got the impression they were listening to a strictly orchestral program, came the first "special bulletin." A certain "Professor Farrell" at an observatory in Chicago had reported "several explosions of incandescent gas occurring at regular intervals on the planet Mars."

The music beamed in again, then faded out for a second meteorological announcement and a switch to Princeton, New Jersey, for an interview with "the noted astronomer, Professor Pierson." Pierson (played by Welles, Orson, who was then only 23) discoursed on the probability of Mars being uninhabited. Then a report was phoned in that a seismograph had registered a "shock of almost earthquake intensity occur-

"WILL SANTA CLAUS COME THIS YEAR?"

Little Klaus asks his father this same question every night before bed. What can his father tell him? For it was Klaus' mother who used to do the little things that made Christmas and Santa Claus a bright spot in Klaus' life, in spite of the family's bitter poverty. But last Spring, his mother died and it is all that Klaus' father can do to keep his family barely clothed and fed. *What can his father tell him?*

Klaus is just one . . . one of the hundreds of little children in the free countries of the world who will be lonely little waifs this Christmas. But you can bring the spirit of Christmas into the life of a child like Klaus.

Make this your best Christmas ever by helping a child

Christmas is a time for children, for a little Child is the reason for Christmas. Won't you open your heart? A child sponsorship through Save the Children Federation costs just $10 a month, but it means food, clothing, cash benefits and most important . . . you will be giving a child the warmth of Christmas all year long, for you may correspond with "your" child and the family.

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Please send me my child's name, story and picture.

I want to sponsor a child in Greece . . . Korea . . . Finland . . . West Germany . . . Italy . . . France . . . Austria . . . or where the need is greatest . . . Enclosed is $120 for 1 year . . . $30 for 1st quarter . . . $10 for the 1st month . . .
I cannot be a sponsor but enclosed is my gift of $ . . .

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Address ....

City .... State ....

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE DEDUCTIBLE FROM INCOME TAX ring within a radius of 20 miles of Princeton."

As Mr. and Mrs. Ridger and their neighbors up and down peaceful Hadden Terrace listened, a panting announcer, one "Carl Phillips," told how he and Professor Pierson had driven 11 miles in as many minutes to the little village of Grovers Mill, where an incredible event had happened. A large, yellowish-white cylinder, 30 yards in diameter, had zoomed from outer space like a meteor and was now "half-buried in a vast pit" on a farm.

In the background, the Ridgers could hear the impatient request of announcer Phillips to people blocking his line of vision to move, please, so he could describe the scene to the radio audience. Then came the buzz of curious spectators, the muffled bark of a policeman ordering, "One side there, one side!" There was the noise, too, of autos arriving as Phillips explained how their headlights were shining grotesquely on the object from another world.

But all sounds faded as he took his listeners "not more than 25 feet away" from the cylinder so they could hear the "curious humming sound" within the metal walls.

To listeners in Bergen County, just to the north, this humming seemed a plausible explanation for what had made their lights flicker and was now causing radio reception to be broken by static. And all the way across the country in the little town of Concrete, Washington, the same type of coincidence started a panic ten minutes later when a local power failure caused appliances to shut off and radios to go dead.

Meantime, after a sober discussion with Professor Pierson in which the "noted astronomer" confessed utter mystification at the events, Carl Phillips gasped hoarsely into the microphone, "Just a minute! Something's happening . . . this is terrific! This end of the Thing is beginning to flake off. The top is beginning to rotate like a screw! The Thing must be hollow!"

All across the country six- to eight-million listeners leaned closer to their sets in varying degrees of suspense. Mildly excited children recognized the voice of Welles as the one they frequently heard in the role of "The Shadow."

But some million and a half terror-stricken adults were convinced that the broadcast was actually live news.

By another odd coincidence, the Charlie McCarthy program suffered doldrums when a singer came in on cue at 8:12. At that point an estimated 13 percent of the McCarthy listeners restlessly twisted their dials until they were stopped sharply at CBS by the weirdest news bulletin they had ever heard. Incredible though it seemed, the event taking place in that corn field in New Jersey was as real to them as the report of Hitler's annexation of the Sudetenland two months before.

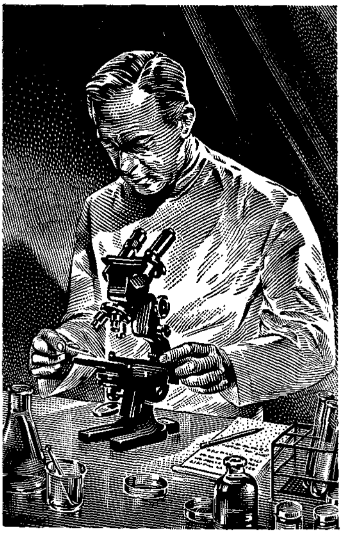
". . . This is the most terrifying thing I have ever witnessed! Wait a minute! *Someone's crawling out of the hollow top.* . . . I can see peering out of that black hole two luminous disks—are they eyes? It might be a face. It might be. . . . Good Heavens, something's wriggling out of the shadows like a gray snake! I can see

(*Continued on page* 178)

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

By James Henry Weston

Finds Healing Substance That Does Both — Relieves Pain — Shrinks Hemorrhoids



For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all — this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug stores. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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the Thing's body. It's large as a bear and it glistens like wet leather . . . !"

From then on, events happened with horrifying swiftness. The crowd drew back. Sirens were heard piercing the mumble of voices and the shouts of police as more squad cars screamed to the scene. The announcer's voice rose and broke hysterically. The Thing had aimed a deadly ray gun at the police, shriveling them to death instantly. Now it was advancing on the spectators, the Professor, the announcer. There followed an intense hum, the crash of a falling microphone, then dead silence.

In the CBS studio at 8:15, Davidson Taylor noted with relief that "The War of the Worlds" seemed to be proceeding smoothly. After the dead pause, the "studio announcer" was cued in to report that "due to circumstances beyond our control, we are unable to continue the broadcast from Grovers Mill. . . ." This was followed by the reading of a bulletin estimating the dead at 40 people, "including six state troopers."

The next actor stepped to the mike. As "Brigadier General Montgomery Smith, Commander of the State Militia at Trenton, New Jersey," he voiced an emergency declaration placing "the counties of Mercer and Middlesex as far west as Princeton and east to Jamesburg under martial law."

He spoke with such authority that he had hardly completed his lines before National Guardsmen throughout New Jersey began phoning the first Army posts that came to mind asking where they could muster. Doctors and nurses began calling too, volunteering their services to help evacuate the wounded.

A strange factor of the broadcast was that it apparently meant nothing to the listeners that within a matter of minutes the State Militia had been mobilized, 7,000 soldiers were marching on Grovers Mill, Professor Pierson had somehow escaped being cremated and had "established an emergency observation post" at a nearby farmhouse, and heavy artillery was being brought within range in case rifle and machine-gun fire should prove ineffective.

At approximately 8:20, patrolman John Morrison at the switchboard at Bronx Police Headquarters in New York was told by a voice shaky with panic, "They're bombing New Jersey!"

"How do you know?" he snapped.

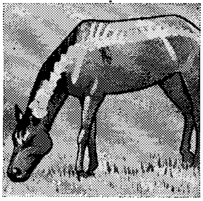
"I heard it on the radio. Then I went to the roof and I could see smoke from the bombs drifting towards New York. What shall I do?"

Many people—even those who were at first skeptical and went outside to check—were similarly deceived by their own senses. One woman as far away as Boston, called the police to report she could see the "glow of great fires all over the horizon."

Any number of people were positive they smelled poison gas, as a substitute announcer, supposedly rushed to the scene in a matter of minutes, began telling how the Martian invaders were decimating the American troops with a deadly, quick-acting gas. He soon added that metal monsters on stilts were wading across the Hudson River.

In town after town throughout

Animals with Backbones (11 min.)



An exciting visualization of the five vertebrate classes—fish, reptiles, amphibians, birds and mammals—this film shows the similarities and the differences in the structure of these animals. Living examples, combined with clever animation, create a clear and provocative scientific study for young naturalists and for the plain curious. *Intermediate . . . Science.*

Ireland: The Land and the People (11 min.)

Young Americans of Irish ancestry will be especially interested in this geographic overview of the fabled land, Ireland. Beautiful photography portrays an industrious people living in fascinating cities and charming rural areas. We witness traditional patterns of society as well as the new industrial developments which may revolutionize Irish life. *Intermediate . . . Geography.*

The Big Sun and Our Earth (11 min.)

This film instills our familiar sun with new, dramatic meaning. It presents fundamental concepts which increase our understanding of the sun's relation to our earth. Set as it is in the context of an average boy's curiosity about the world around him, *The Big Sun and Our Earth* is a vivid learning experience for youngsters in their early years. *Primary . . . Science.*

Behavior in Animals and Plants (11 min.)

This film breaks down the complex subject of behavior into more simple concepts. It illustrates tropism, reflex action, instinct, and intelligence and presents familiar examples of each. The film also serves to introduce students to certain aspects of psychology based on plant and animal behavior but applicable to human relationships. *High School . . . Biology.*

Reproduction in Animals (11 min.)

This visualization of the reproductive process from mating to birth is a careful documentation of the subject matter. Clear examples, some of them microscopic, are selected to illustrate each step in the process of reproduction. The vocabulary essential to the study of this subject is included. The actual birth of a mouse is shown. *Junior High School . . . General Science.*

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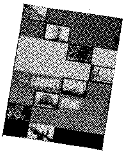

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New Jersey and Pennsylvania, cars careened through the night. When police chased them with sirens blasting and lights blinking, the speeders paid absolutely no heed. Instead, they leaned from the window without slowing down as the police drew alongside and shouted warnings like: "Tell everyone to head for the hills. We're being invaded."

All across the country, police switchboards were completely tied up, a fact which only increased the panic of those who kept getting busy signals.

By the time the "Secretary of the Interior" was cued into the drama by Orson Welles to announce "the gravity of the situation that confronts the country," Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ridger and neighbors up and down the block at Hadden Terrace were subjects of mass hysteria. Some tossed clothing helter-skelter into suitcases and simply ran. Others tried to pile furniture into cars. A few tied wet handkerchiefs around their faces as protection against the "poison-gas attack." Many were on their knees praying.

It required an ambulance, three radio cars and a police emergency truck with eight men to treat the victims in this block alone for shock and hysteria, and restore calm.

This state of panic was strongest in New Jersey, target of the attack, but it was also serious right across the country. The Dixie Bus Terminal in Manhattan became suddenly jammed with people who wanted to board the first bus heading away from the battlefront. In San Francisco, volunteers poured into Army Headquarters asking what they could do to combat the awful menace. In Indianapolis, a woman dashed into a packed church screaming, "New York is destroyed—it's the end of the world! You might as well go home to die. I just heard it on the radio!"

The first 30 minutes or so of the program were what really did the damage. After that the drama became strictly Wells, H. G. The stilt-like monsters leveled New York, arrived in their space ships in cities from coast to coast and so decimated America that there was hardly a soul left. Final salvation came when the Martians, never having been subjected to micro-organisms before, were at the mercy of germs from even a common old cold, and collapsed and expired until the last was dead.

At 9:01, after the show had gone off the air, the studio was suddenly inundated with police. The entire cast, as well as producers and directors, was hustled to an empty studio where they remained a large part of the night in protective custody while authorities tried to calm irate citizens and investigate the extent of the disaster.

Despite initial rumors of heart attacks, mass suicides or injury and death caused by desperately fleeing citizens, casualties later were reported as minor in nature. This was in itself a miracle, considering the breakneck manner in which many people reacted.

One man stopped his wife in the nick of time from swallowing poison. An elderly woman repeatedly ran out onto a heavily traveled highway trying to stop someone who would evacuate her.

A man speeding 80 miles an hour to reach a priest before deadly rays overtook him, careened off the road, flipped over twice and smashed the car into scrap metal. He emerged unhurt, not even affected by shock because his mind had been so strongly focused on the belief death was imminent anyway.

Next day CBS executives and Mercury Theatre On The Air producers began the trying task of explanation, while their lawyers prepared for lawsuits. (These eventually came to about $750,000, but were largely thrown out because announcers had repeated that the show was only a drama four times while it was on the air and three times during the rest of the evening.) And Orson Welles tried to avoid belligerent citizens like the mayor of a panic-stricken midwestern town who threatened to come east and personally punch him in the nose.

The actor was deeply concerned by the strange turn of events, and also puzzled, as the date had been announced at the outset as "1939." The program was a regular Mercury Theatre production, and so announced in newspapers beforehand.

Welles was clearly not guilty of pulling off a "crazy stunt" as many implied.

For some, "The War of the Worlds" actually proved strangely beneficial. For, convinced of its authenticity, they prayed without inhibition or reservation in the belief the earth was doomed, a religious experience they would never forget.

As for Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ridger and their neighbors, their modest life at Hadden Terrace seemed more desirable than ever after their night of terror and the shock of fleeing from their homes in despair.

* * *

Thou Shalt Not Steal

A QUAKER was worried by the theft of apples from her orchards, not because she begrudged the loss of the fruit, but because she was concerned for the souls of the pilferers. She resolved the matter to everybody's satisfaction by placing a large basket of apples outside her house with a poster which read at the top, "Thou shalt not steal," and at the bottom, "Help thyself."

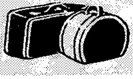
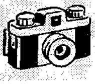
—*Friendly Anecdotes,*
IRVIN & RUTH POLEY (Harper & Brothers)

IN GOLD HILL, North Carolina, someone apparently is trying to put the St. John's Lutheran Church out of business. First, ten pews disappeared. Then recently, 25 more were found missing—along with the pulpit.

—LOIS CORBIN

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.

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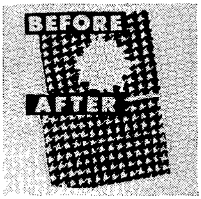

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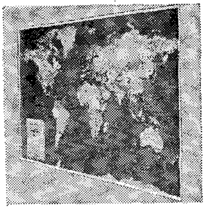

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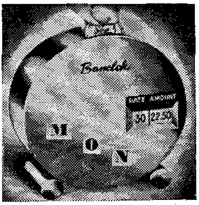

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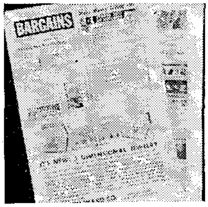

Silver Linings

A TEENAGE GIRL sitting next to me on a Los Angeles bus rose to give her place to an elderly man. He sank gratefully into the seat and smiled up at her a little sadly.

"I guess a fellow is really old when a pretty, young girl gives him her seat," he said.

"Not at all," the teenager smiled back. "It just means you're still young enough to catch a pretty girl's eye."

—SUZANNE GALAMBOS

FOR YEARS, three neighborhood boys used my back yard as a short-cut, usually stopping to take several swings on my garden gate

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(Continued on next page)

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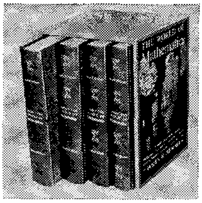

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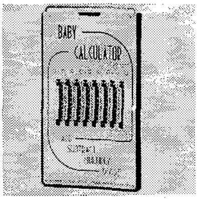

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Silver Linings continued

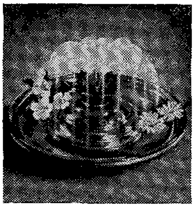
before continuing on their noisy way. Many times I had to go out and close the gate, which they invariably left open, all the while grumbling over their thoughtlessness.

Last September, the day before these three boys left for college, they presented themselves at my front door with a beautifully wrapped box. Inside was a lovely silver tray with this inscription: "In appreciation of your garden gate."

—MRS. CHARLES W. CROW

MY HUSBAND is a quiet, retiring man of few words. During more than 20 years of marriage, the most I ever received from him in the way of compliment or praise was: "This is your birthday. I guess we'll go out to eat." Or else he would

THE GIFT OF GIFTS



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say: "This is our anniversary. We'll go out to dinner and take in a movie." A new outfit or hairdo brought a brief glance and a casual: "Yes, it's very nice."

Then came the day we paid our first visit to our first grandchild. We stood together beside her crib. After my husband had regarded the baby for a few minutes in silence, he said: "She's a very pretty baby." Then he looked up at me, smiled and added: "Her eyes are beautiful. They're just like yours."

—SARAH M. MORGAN

THE TOWN of Danielson, Connecticut, boasts two small barber shops. Last spring, the younger of the two proprietors became seriously ill and was hospitalized. When, at the end of a month, his competitor settled his accounts he found a margin of $80.

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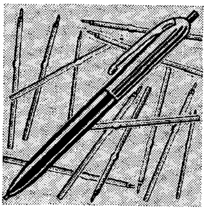

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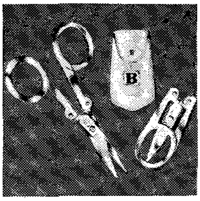

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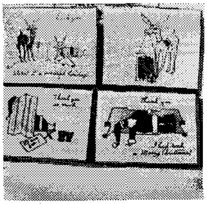

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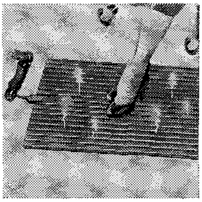

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(Continued on next page)

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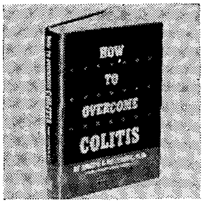

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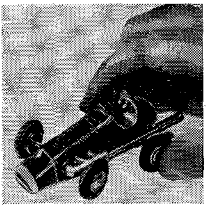
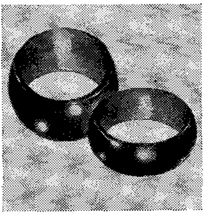
TINY SPEEDESTER



Sleek imported scale model of Ferrari racer is only 4" long, yet goes 20 mph on a straightaway. Beautifully detailed car has micro-sensitive adjustment and differential for precision steering, brake, free-wheeling, crash absorber etc. Mercedes-Benz also available. Nice for $2.95 ppd., each. Chabon Co., Room 411, 60 East 42nd Street, New York 17.

GENUINE JADE RINGS—MEN & WOMEN

An exciting new ring fashion! Hand cut and polished from one solid piece of precious Jade. For ages the oriental token of affection and good luck. Choose from three widths, 5/16" $12.50; ⅜" $15; ½" $20. Tax included and postpaid. Unconditionally guar. Please specify ring size when ordering. International Gem Corp., 17-G Maiden Lane, New York 38.



Silver Linings continued

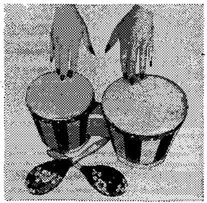
convalescing at home. Opening it, he was surprised and delighted to find four $10 bills wrapped in a blank sheet of paper.

Months later, upon insistent questioning, the senior barber confessed to a friend: "Well, he had split his *trade* with me so I figured I ought to split my *profits* with him."

—THE REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

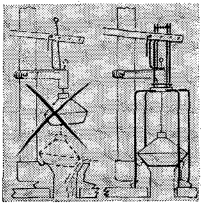
PROFESSIONAL BONGO DRUMS



Not a toy, but an extra large professional instrument. Genuine handmade, fire-tuned Mexican Authentic Bongos. Cured goat skin heads; So. Amer. hardwood. $16.95 ppd. Free $6 pr. of Maracas with order. Also Tenor Bongos 5¼x6¼" $6.95 (with Free Maracas). $3 deposit on C.O.D. Barringer & Co., Dept. 34, 106 Weller Street, Los Angeles 12, California.

HOW TO STOP RUNNING TOILET TANKS

Now! Simple attachment ends annoying tank noise and water waste. New, non-rusting tank ball guide assures absolute sealing of water outlet. Ball cannot "hang-up" or drop off-center as shown. Slips on any tank assembly in minutes. Pat. applied for. Only $1.25, postpaid. Davies Products Engineering Co., 29019 Groesbeck, Roseville, Michigan.



Why editors leave town

NOTED IN Want Ad column: For sale. Twin hollywood beds with beau.

—E. ZINK

FROM CUSHING (Oklahoma) *Citizen*: Candle light and the theme music "Love Is A Many Splendored Thing" was the setting of the basketball coronation Friday night. Queen Margie Black was escorted to her throne by co-captains Jim White and Frank Grubbs. There she was presented roses and drowned.

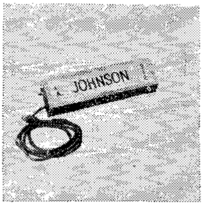
—*Farm Journal*

THIS ITEM appeared in a Canadian newspaper: Registration of beginners in first grade at the — School will be hell Wednesday afternoon from 2 to 4 in the — Memorial Hall.

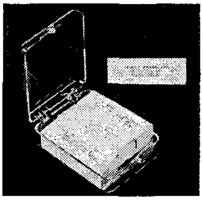
—LEONE OSTROSSER

AIRPLANE BUILDING STEP-BY-STEP

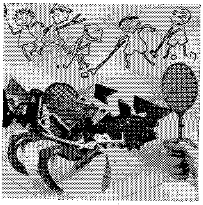
New "Step-Up-Set" makes model-building easy, fun. Starts with glider, then plastic planes and thrilling flying models. 6 true-to-scale all-plastic and E-Z-Built balsa wood models, 2 tubes cement, 20-page book "What Makes Airplanes Fly," filled with pictures, diagrams. $1.98 ppd. For Xmas, order by Dec. 15. L&S Sales, Box 3482, Chicago. 54, Ill.


FOR MOBILE HOMES

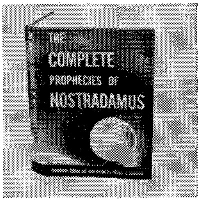
Identification day & night. Use in homes, stores, etc. Metallic grey finish 15" x 4" x 3". Black raised letters on white background. On-off switch. 6 ft. elec. cord. Simple installation. Print Initials, name and lot no. if for mobile home use. Limit 9 letters last name. Satisfaction guar. $9.95 cash with order. Ppd. Name-O-Lite Products, 600 Cleveland Ave., Fremont, O.


$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-B, Lynn, Massachusetts.


GIANT SET OF INDOOR GAMES

Loads of fun! Children love them (so do adults) 12 complete games—Minia. Golf . . . complete 9 hole course—Croquet, Bowling, Badminton, Horseshoes, Shuffleboard—Plus Chessmen, Checkers & Board. Simple instructions and rules. $2 all 105 pieces, postpaid. Guar. Order Now. Tri-United Mfg., Inc., 104 Hussa St., Dept. 1C-3, Linden, N. J.


NOSTRADAMUS SAW THE FUTURE

He predicted Atomic War. Time of Peace on Earth and amazing events to year 3797 A.D. Only existing vol. to give you every Nostradamus prophecy. You'll see how past events have come true with uncanny accuracy. See how the 1000 predictions in "The Complete Prophecies of Nostradamus" will affect you! Vol. $5 ppd. Nostradamus, Inc., Dept. C-12, 380 Canal St., N.Y.C.

BEST VALUES

$1,000,000 in Confederate Money. Be a deep-south millionaire with money to burn. You can do everything with this money except spend it. A million bucks in $10's, $20's, $50's, etc. Light your cigarettes or cigars with a ten-spot. You get a million for $2.98 or four million for $10. Postpaid. Best Values Company, Dept. M-91, 403 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TABLECLOTH

Lifetime gift. Gay festive Happy Birthday Tablecloth. Especially designed to delight young & old. Linen finish plastic tablecloth, beautifully scalloped hemmed edges, will not peel, crack, stain, fade. A riot of colors & eye catching designs, it also says Happy Birthday. Ideal Xmas gift. 54x70. $3.98 pp. Alexis John, P.O. Box 155, New Rochelle, N. Y.

(*Continued on next page*)

MAKE IT A BIG (TEXAS) CHRISTMAS (!)

Order Texas Western Jeans, we include (free) sturdy all-leather belt with child's name branded in! Tough, sanforized blue denim, rivet reinforced, snug Western fit, double knees, extra long turnup, zipper front. Send only $3.29 Ppd. with child's name, age-size (4-12) to Texas Western Wear, 112 Mills St., El Paso, Texas. Cheeriest gift on tree!

BEST VALUES

A Bicycle License Plate *for style and quick identification* is sure to please your child. It bears his name or nickname (up to 8 letters). The plate is heavy steel in baked enamel colors. It can also be attached to tricycle or wagon. $1 postpaid, from Best Values, Department A-65, 403 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey.

FULL SIZE—PHONE AND BANK

Dial turns and bell rings. Latest, official desk type. Full 8½" x 7" x 4½" size. Holds over $100 in coins and bills. Combines play value of a phone, money-saving value of a bank. Secret compartments in hand-piece conceal messages, bills. Molded of Hi-Impact styrene. Red, Yellow, Black. $1.95. Brumberger, Dept. C, 34-34th St., Bklyn 32, N. Y.

SOAPY THE PUPPET WASH MITTS

Soapy's just about the cutest thing ever. Children really love him. Fits over the hand like a real puppet: makes funny faces as you wash with him. A loveable character made of of sturdy-terry cloth. An ideal gift for tots. Order several for Christmas gifts at 2 for $1.00 price plus .10 pstge. Gail Fairweather,-c 8940 So. St. Andrews Pl., Los Angeles 47, Calif.

6 ROOM ELECTRIC DOLL HOUSE—$1.98

Electric split level Doll House with growing front lawn! Over 2 ft. long with 6 rms. all adorably decorated & different. Lighting system is safe—battery operated. Special seed & cellulose grows beautiful lawn in 4 days. Compl. with assembly instructions—only $1.98 plus 45¢ ship. chgs. Money Back Guar. The S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. DH-18, Lynbrook, N. Y.

Good questions

A SMALL BOY, riding on a Miami bus, was half turned around, intently watching an obviously affectionate couple seated behind him. Finally he said, "Did you two get on the bus together?"

"Yes we did," answered the couple, somewhat startled.

"Are you married?" inquired the boy again.

"Yes we are," was the answer.

The boy thought a moment and then asked, "Honeymoon or regular life?"

—CHARLIE COE

A HARASSED-LOOKING housewife approached the operator of a mobile X-ray unit. "I don't need a chest X-ray," she said timidly, "but the label has come off this can. Could you tell me if it's spaghetti or baked beans?"

—*Daily Mirror, London*

AFTER PUTTING my two little people to bed one night, I changed into old slacks and a droopy blouse and proceeded to wash my hair. All during the shampoo I could hear the children getting wilder and noisier in their room. Finished, I hurriedly wrapped a large towel around my head, stormed in and put them back into bed with a stern warning to stay there. As I left, I heard the two-year-old tremblingly ask his sister, "Who was *that*?"

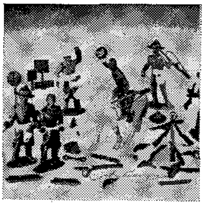
—MRS. PAUL FREELAND

THE BIG CHIEF'S CIGAR HOLDER

THE BIG CHIEFS CIGARS

Give your cigar-smoking big wheel this funny figure that holds a handful of cigars and countless smiles. He's two-tone tobacco brown glazed ceramic. The boss will love that middle-age bulge and smug expression that caricatures your favorite executive. $1.98. Add 27¢ p.p. please. Greenland Studios, Dept. CO 12, 5858 Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

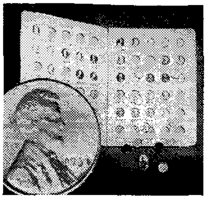
ACTION POLICE & RANGER SET



Fascinating 84 piece set large, unbreakable figs., 4" tall, amaz. realistic. Children Love them. Accessories come off—belts, hats, handcuffs—scale model pistols fit holsters. Tremendous bargain, 84 action packed pieces, $1.25 postpaid. Gift card. Statis. guar. $1.25 ea. set, $4.50 4 sets. Young Ideas, P.O. Box 497, Dept. C, Springfield, Massachusetts.

59 LINCOLN CENTS WORTH $35—$120

according to leading U.S. coin authorities. There are spaces for 59 Lincoln cents in this album ($1). Some easy to find, others harder to come by. All Cents Are In Circulation! Save other sets worth hundreds of dollars. All information sent with 1st album. Send $1 to Hobbies Unlimited, Box 97, Dept. C-6, Oakland Gardens, Station, Flushing, New York.



* FREE OFFER! QUANTITY LIMITED!

THE ESQUIRE CLUB'S VEST-POCKET GUIDE TO FINE DINING FROM COAST TO COAST

150-pg. pocket-size Guide lists 2500 of America's top restaurants. Gives complete "inside" information—cuisine, specialties, entertainment, etc., carefully prepared by editors of Esquire—foremost authority on gracious living. *Send only 25¢ in coin for postage and handling to Esquire Club "Guide," Dept. C12, P. O. Box 402, Radio City, New York 19, N. Y.

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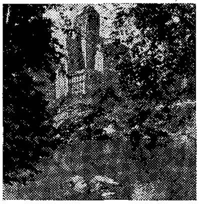
Analyze handwriting for more income, prestige, success! Earn money on radio, TV, talks, helping others. Eunice Smith, Ohio, reports $224 business result one talk. Ezell Eiland, Texas, $20.00 an hour! Exciting, uncrowded field! Write for free 48-page book, Trial Lesson. I.G.A.S., Inc., Desk FS, 2307 National Station, Springfield, Missouri.

RESORT and TRAVEL

Coronet readers planning vacations and trips will find interesting places to visit in this new section.

NEW YORK CITY

FOR DISCRIMINATING MEN & WOMEN



Overlooking beautiful Central Park, the magnificent 40-story Barbizon-Plaza Hotel favored for flawless service, delicious food — near Radio City, Broadway theatres. Every room 100% air-conditioned for seasonal comfort, TV & radio. Single, $8.50-$12. Double, $12-$19.50. Write for free bookletNC.Barbizon-Plaza, 106 Central Pk. South, NY 19. Ph. CIrcle 7-7000.

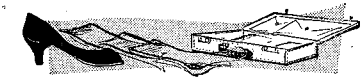
FLORIDA

FLORIDA Keys oceanfront co-op apartments only $9,000 to $12,500, equipped and furnished, in most beautiful Keys' city. Beach, boating, fishing, shopping. For complete information, Studio Co-op Apts., Key Colony Beach, Box CO, Marathon, Florida.

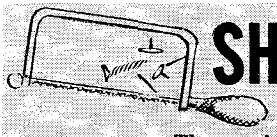
U. S. A.

EXCITEMENT! Fun! Adventure! Companionship! Join National Organization interested in creating a happier life in a better America. For details write American Recreation and Travel Club P.O. Box 202, Shenandoah Station, Miami 45, Florida.

*FREE Offer! Esquire Club's 150-page Vest-Pocket Guide to Fine Dining, lists 2500 of America's top restaurants. Listings include type of cuisine, specialties, entertainment facilities, etc. All restaurants carefully screened by editors of Esquire. Quantity limited. *Send only 25¢ in coin for postage and handling to Esquire Club "Guide", Dept. C12-A, P.O. Box 402, Radio City P.O., New York 19, New York.

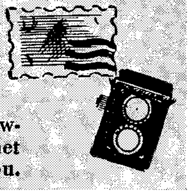


TO RESORT & TRAVEL ADVERTISERS: More than 3,000,000 Coronet families regularly take extended travel vacations. You can reach them effectively and economically through Coronet Family Shopper's Resort Travel Section. For full information write to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

FUR-REMODELING. Send for free Fur Style Booklet today. 50% savings. Direct by mail. Your old worn fur coat in glamorous new style cape or jacket for only $22.95. For this special price we clean, glaze, repair fur, resew weak seams, lusterize to like-new sheen, remodel completely, add new lining, interlining and your monogram. Write I. R. Fox, 146 W. 29th St., Dept. E-14, New York 1, N. Y.

MAKE Money Spare Time, Sewing Babywear—Play-Time Dresses; lacing Leather Moccasins; New Baby Sandals. Make $50-$100 and more fast, easy! No house selling! Rush stamped, addressed envelope. Cutie Cuties, Warsaw 151, Indiana.

WIDE Shoes for Women. Dress-up for Holiday comfort with season's newest styles. Choose from America's largest selection, all heel heights, sizes 4 to 12, widths C to EEE. Only $4.95 to $10.95, comfort, fit guar. Write for free catalog. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

EARN $50 Fast sewing precut products during spare time. $3.00 per hour possible. Information 3¢. Thompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.

WANT to say "Good-bye" to wrinkles? Dry skin—enlarged pores—crepey throat? 'Bye-Line skin serum can really help you do it! Absolutely safe, even for extra sensitive skin. 10 day trial sz. sent air mail, in plain wrapper, for exactly $1.12. No C. O. D.'s. Send cash, or check to: Age-Less Cosmetics, Dept. X; 54 Albion St., San Francisco 3, Calif. Money back if not thrilled.

RELIEF from varicose veins. Sheer nylon elastic hosiery now sensationally low-priced. Open toe above or below knee only $2.99 ea., $4.98 pr. First quality. Small, Med., Large, X-Large. Send calf measurements. Satisfaction guaranteed. Check, MO or COD. Paul Morris Co., Dept. C, 210 5th Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

NEW Narrow Heels for old shoes. Don't discard old shoes. We replace wide or broken heels with fashionable slim ones, and guarantee to match fabric, color, style, height. Price includes new linings, refinishing of uppers. Send both shoes. $4.50 pr. Vinyl $5.50. Alligator or Lizard $7.50. Post-paid if check or M.O. enclosed. Cross Town Shoe Service. Box C, 9 S. 8th St., Phila. 6, Pa.

MAKE pre-cut leather items at home profitably. Write Crown Industries, Dept. 1, Los Angeles 36, California.

MAKE Money Addressing! Full or part-time, days or evenings—longhand or typewriting. Literature Free, Expect something entirely different! Satisfaction unconditionally guaranteed! Lovis C. Cove, P.O. Box 768, Largo, Florida.

ORANGE Blossom Perfume. The scent of the orange groves beautifully bottled for your pleasure. Excellent gift item. Enclose $1 for introductory offer sent to you post paid. Mail to M. Jones, 433 Third Ave. So. Naples, Florida.

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FOR THE HOME

FOAM Rubber furniture cushions. Factory seconds—50% discount. Replace old spring and down cushions with comfortable lifetime Foam Rubber at ½ price. Send for free illustrated catalog. Perma-Foam, 390K Nye Avenue, Irvington, N.J.

IT'S Smart To Shop By Mail. Select gifts of nationally-advertised merchandise from your armchair at low discount prices. Watches, jewelry, appliances, luggage, home furnishings, sporting goods, tools, etc. Write today for big Free Catalog. Midway House, Box 25, Rockford, Illinois.

DECORATE your home with beautiful, original Oil-Paintings. European prices, but value in U.S.A. much higher. Selections of 76 outstanding artists available. Write for free, illustrated Price-List. M. Lehmann, P. O. Box 122, Brockport, N. Y.

FOR THE MEN

OUTSTANDING Physical Development—Any Age! Build a Super-Physique or just keep fit. Amazing new Guaranteed System uses only a Rope! Strength, Health, Muscles. Gain—Reduce. Full details Free. Ropercise, 4834 Art St., San Diego 15, Calif.

GENUINE brand new diamond jewelry at ½ price. We want you to have any purchase from us appraised, money will be unconditionally refunded if not satisfied you're getting a bargain. Send for cat. #42. Hofstede's, 928 Belmont Ave., Paterson 2, N. J.

FOR THE CHILDREN

DANCING Shoes-Costumes, Tap, Ballet, Toe and Acrobatic. Leotards, Tu Tus, Opera Hose, Tights, Fabrics, Skating Skirts, Baton Twirling Supplies, Boots, Plumes, Flame Batons, Uniform Supplies. Catalog 25¢. Quincon, Box 422T, Quincy, Mass.

BOOKS for children and young people. 250 carefully selected titles, classified by age & subject. Free delivery within continental U.S.A. Books are lasting gifts for every occasion. Write for free booklet: Chick Line Co., E. Garden Rd., Vineland, N. J.

LETTERS addressed to your child himself. Illustrated animal and other stories, entertaining for 6 to 10 age group. Gift card sent with 1st letter. For 8 weekly letters send $2 with child's name and address to Maybell, Box 305, Collinsville, Ala.

CHILDREN love to receive Nature Letters telling all about a deer and his friends in the mountains. New letter is mailed every two weeks for one year. Entertaining. Educational. Send $3.00 to G. L. Clark, 664 Oxford, Hawthorne, California.

FOR THE PARENTS

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"CENT-A-DAY brand vitamins. America's greatest vitamin value. Ten vitamins each tablet, supplying 100% min. daily needs. 365 tablets $3.65. Only 1¢ each. Save 300% over nat'lly adv. brands. Formula on request. Cent-A-Day Co., Box 193 Abington, Pa.

FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

NEW! Complete 5-stamp Sports Set for 10¢ to introduce adult stamps for 30-day examination. *Free subscription to illustrated house organ. *Free gift each time. *Free research story on each set. *Post paid both ways. Write now to Philatelics Unlimited. Whitestone 57, N. Y.

FREE—Mint British Colony stamps from Borneo, Cayman Islands, Seychelles, Dominica, Papua, New Guinea, Sarawak, Brunei. These exotic stamps absolutely free to those requesting our famous approvals. Viking, Great Neck 50, N. Y.

BEAT this if you can: 21 famous stamps from 21 different nations, plus 1,000 of all world different stamps. All genuine. Catalogue over $25. For $1.00 to serious adult approval applicants who request our excellent approvals. Please state what you collect. Send references. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cosmophilatelist, 28 N. Pinellas, Tarpon Springs, Fla.

STAMP Collection Free. More than 100 diff. fascinating stamps—Europe, Africa, So. America, Scandinavia, Balkans, Asia, etc., used and unused stamps. Free to approval service applicants for 3¢ postage. Tatham Stamp Co., Springfield 33, Massachusetts.

WE offer Scarce Lincoln Cents 1909 vdb, 14, 15, 16d, 17d, 17s, 18d, 18s, 19d, 19s, 20d, 20s, 21, 25d, 25s, 26d, 27d, 27s, 28d, 28s, 29s, 30s, 31, 32, 32d, 33, 37s, 38s, 39s, 42s—at 10¢ each. Reynolds Coin Shop, 209 E. Kearsley, Flint, Mich.

ONLY 10¢ brings you 115 unusual stamps from all 5 continents incl. Airmails, Dead Countries, Old Classics, Pictorials, etc. Value over $2.00, to introduce our superb Approvals of all U. S. and Foreign stamps. Globus, New York 10, N. Y. Dept. 04.

TERRIFIC Stamp Bargain! Israel—Iceland—Vatican Assortment—Plus Exotic Triangle Set—Also Fabulous British Colonial Accumulation—Plus Large Stamp Book—All Four Offers Free—Send 10¢ To Cover Postage. Empire Stamp Corp., Dept. CO, Toronto, Canada.

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FREE copy of "Prize Ideas" the publication that has launched many successful winners. Packed with prize winning aids, entries that have won, news of current contests. All-American School, Dept. CO, 1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

WIN contest money. Every issue of the General Contest Bulletin has helped others win; gives hundreds of tips. Lists current contests and rules. Sample copy of magazine 25¢. General Contest Bulletin, 1609 East 5th, Dept. 400, Duluth, Minnesota.

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COLOR-PROCESSING—High Quality—Fast Service and Low Prices. Kodacolor developing 85¢; prints 27¢. Kodachrome: 35 mm processing, 20 exposures—$1.45; 36 exposures—$2.25. 8 mm movie rolls $1.25; 8 mm magazines—85¢. Send for complete price list and free mailers. Photo-Mail, Box 216C, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

KODACOLOR Trial Offer, enlarged Kodacolor Prints from your negatives 15¢ each; or your 8 exposure Kodacolor film developed, enlarged only $2.00; 12 exp. $2.50. Return this ad with trial order or send for price list. Bell Color, Dept. C, Englewood, N. J.

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BEAUTIFUL fully titled Kodachrome movies of U. S. Nat'l Parks, Can., Alaska, Fla., Hawaii, historic shrines, weird underground caverns. 8mm. or 16mm. descriptive 150 subject catalog free. World in Color Productions, P. O. Box 392-C, Elmira, N. Y.

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INVENTORS—If you believe you have an invention, you should find out how to protect it. Send for copy of our Patent Booklet "How to Protect Your Invention" and "Invention Record" form. No obligation. McMorrow, Berman & Davidson, Registered Patent Attorneys, 364-C Victor Building, Washington 1, D. C.

INVENTORS—Send for free Patent Information book and Inventor's Record. Registered Patent Attorney. Associate Examiner, Patent Office 1922-29; Patent Attorney & Advisor, Navy Dept. 1930-47, Gustave Miller, 127C Warner Bldg., Washington 4, D. C.

PATENT Searchers, including copies of nearest patents, $6.00. Reports airmailed within 48 hours. More than 100 registered patent attorneys use my service. Free invention protection forms. Miss Ann Hastings, P.O. Box 176-A, Washington 4, D. C.

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(Continued on next page)

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BOOK Manuscripts Considered by cooperative publisher who offers authors early publication, higher royalty and national distribution. All subjects welcomed. Submit MS to Greenwich Book Publishers, Inc., Atten. Mr. North, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

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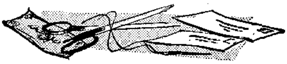

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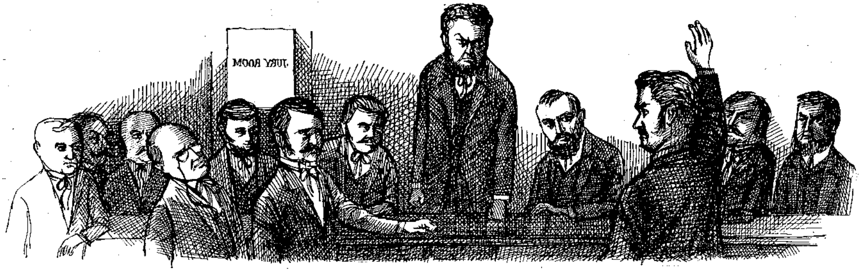

They called it justice

by Will Bernard

IN A TOWN in Maine a century ago, a carpenter went on trial for stabbing his sweetheart to death in the park one night. Although the evidence against him was only circumstantial, it appeared to be an open-and-shut case. Everything fitted the pattern of guilt.

Murder weapon? The defendant admitted that the knife belonged to him.

Motive? That very afternoon, the girl had said she would never marry him.

Opportunity? He had no provable alibi for the time of the crime. He claimed he had been very upset and had walked aimlessly for hours along the bank of the river. But no one had seen him.

The attorneys, prosecution and defense, summed up; the judge charged the 12 good men and true, and they retired to the jury room. Eleven of them, it turned out, were ready to bring in a guilty verdict at once.

But to their surprise, Juror No. 12 demurred.

Was it right, he asked gently, to condemn a man to death on circumstantial evidence? After all, no one had actually seen him plunge the knife into the victim's body. Wasn't there a possibility of error, a shadow of doubt?

Hour after hour after hour, the others hurled arguments at Juror No. 12, but he wouldn't budge. For five long days he kept up his dogged fight to save the defendant from the gallows. And so persistently did he sow the seeds of uncertainty that at last the 11 yielded to the one. When they filed back into the courtroom, they brought a unanimous verdict of not guilty.

The judge, the lawyers, even the spectators, were thunderstruck when the result was announced. But there is no questioning a verdict.

Reluctantly the judge ordered that the accused man be given his freedom.

Thirty-three years later, when Juror No. 12 lay on his death bed, he called for pencil and paper. In a trembling hand, he scrawled these words—as if in answer to the unspoken "Why?" that had hung over his life: "Because I killed her myself."

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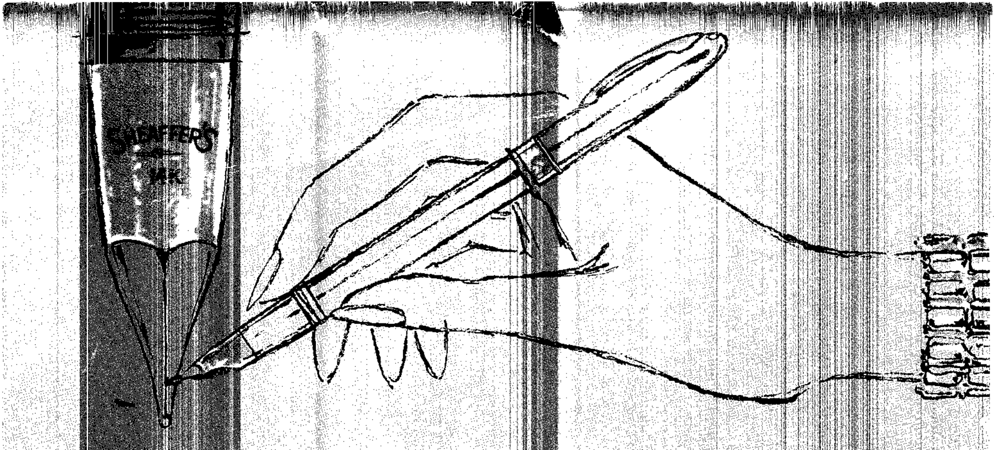

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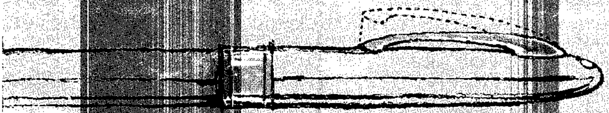

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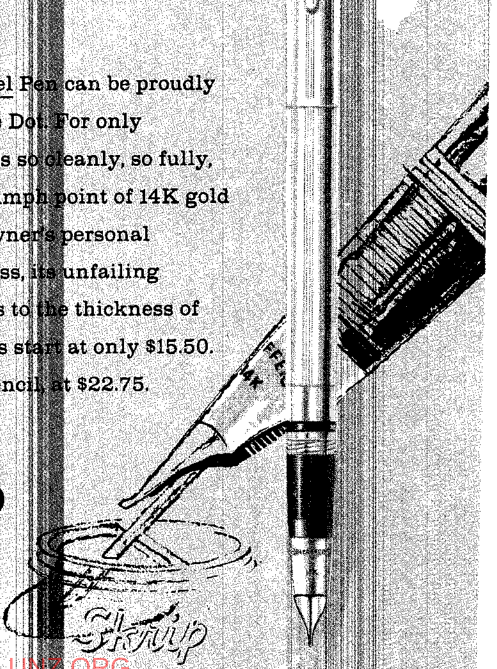

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WHEN IT COMES TO WRITING—COME TO SHEAFFER'S

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